MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

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For what it's worth, here're some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

GRACE AMBROSE

- BARCELONA – Extremo Nihilismo En Barcelona 12"
- MIDNITE SNAXXX – Don't Wake Me Up 7"
- SHITFUCKS – Det Är Ditt Fel EP
- CCR HEADCLEANER – Cokesmoker 12"
- PART 1 – Pictures Of Pain LP / PRAG – Gas EP
- ISOLIERBAND – Keine Gnade/Kontrolle 7"
- VATICAN DAGGER – Not To Be/The Mess 7"
- QUAALUDES – EP / CAL AND THE CALORIES 7"
- RITUAL CONTROL – Inoculation EP
- BROKEN WATER / BAUS – live

LYDIA ATHANASOPOULOU

- BARCELONA – Extremo Nihilismo En Barcelona 12"
- PRAG – Gas EP
- RIXE – Coups et Blessures EP
- ISOLIERBAND – Keine Gnade/Kontrolle 7"
- CAL AND THE CALORIES – Bastard In A Yellow Suit 7"
- SUICIDAS – Los Primeros 7"s 12"
- MIDNITE SNAXXX – Don't Wake Me Up 7"
- VATICAN DAGGER – Not To Be/The Mess 7"
- TRTRKMMR – Avec La Souillure Nous... LP
- SUICIDE / PHARMAKON – live

MATT BADENHOP

- RADIOACTIVITY – live
- TERVEET KADET / AUSENCIA – live
- RIXE – Coups et Blessures EP
- LIÉ – Consent LP
- INSTIGATORS – Nobody Listens Anymore LP
- POHJASAKKA – Maailma Täynnä Vihaa EP
- DEAD CULT – Ghosts Still Dance/No Religion
- QUAALUDES – Nothing New EP
- SUICIDAS – Los Primeros 7"s 12"
- VIOLETA VIL – Mujeres Ulaga LP

WILL BLOMQUIST

- SUICIDAS – Los Primeros 7"s 12"
- RITUAL CONTROL – Inoculation EP
- SIN ORDEN – Raices de Resistencia LP
- DISCARD – Death From Above EP
- TRTRKMMR – Avec La Souillure Nous... LP
- LIFE – The World Lies Across Them LP
- DEATH SENTENCE – Ryan Exhumed LP
- POPULATION – Relic/Morning Dawn 7"
- G.L.O.S.S. / GENERACION SUICIDA – live
- MÖRPHEME / ÖTZI / EXHAAUST – live

MITCH CARDWELL

- VATICAN DAGGER – Not To Be/The Mess 7"
- QUAALUDES – Nothing New EP
- CHICKEN CHAIN – Birth of the Googus LP
- SUNDAY PAINTERS – In My Dreams LP
- THE INSULTS – Stiff Love EP
- FRANKIE AND THE WITCH FINGERS – LP
- DD OWEN – Windian Records Subscription Series #3 7"
- FIRST BASE – You've Got A Hold On Me EP
- CAL AND THE CALORIES – Bastard In A Yellow Suit 7"
- OBNOX – Boogaloo Rated LP

ROBERT COLLINS

- TRTRKMMR – Avec La Souillure Nous... LP
- RIXE – Coups et Blessures EP / LIFE CHAIN – live
- PISSING MATCH – demo CS
- NUDITY – Astronomicon LP / GAS CHAMBER – live
- V/A – This Is West Coast....CS
- GARYU – From Reality CD
- SCAB EATER – Constant Failure EP
- NÜ-KLĒ–əR BLAST SUNTAN – Prophetic Visions
- VIOLETA VIL – Mujeres Ulaga LP
- DISROTTED – LP

LAYLA GIBBON

- THE COLTRANES – Cat of Nine Tails EP
- BARCELONA – Extremo Nihilismo En Barcelona 12"
- MIDNITE SNAXXX – Don't Wake Me Up 7"
- ISOLIERBAND – Keine Gnade/Kontrolle 7"
- SUSAN – Just Call It EP / SUNDAY PAINTERS – LP
- VATICAN DAGGER – Not To Be/The Mess 7"
- CAL AND THE CALORIES – Bastard In A Yellow Suit 7"
- SHITFUCKS – Det Är Ditt Fel EP
- WILDHONEY – Like Me EP
- QUAALUDES – Nothing New EP / LIÉ – Consent LP

DAN GOETZ

- RADIOACTIVITY – live
- PILLAGE – Lash Out EP
- PRAG – Gas EP
- HOUNDS OF HATE – live
- NUDITY – Astronomicon LP
- DEAD CULT – Ghosts Still Dance/No Religion
- QUAALUDES – Nothing New EP
- SOLUTIONS – Life of Joy 12"
- SCAB EATER – Constant Failure EP
- RITUAL CONTROL – Inoculation EP

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

GREG HARVESTER

- TRTRKMMR – Avec La Souillure Nous... LP
- BARCELONA – Extremo Nihilismo En Barcelona 12"
- RITUAL CONTROL – Inoculation EP
- CAL AND THE CALORIES – Bastard In A Yellow Suit 7"
- MIDNITE SNAXXX – Don't Wake Me Up 7"
- QUAALUDES – Nothing New EP
- SOLUTIONS – Life of Joy 12"
- XETAS – The Redeemer LP
- RADIOACTIVITY / GENERACION SUICIDA – live
- WHO KILLED SPIKEY JACKET? – live

KENNY KAOS

Making deals...

CAROLYN KEDDY

- QUAALUDES – Nothing New EP
- V/A – Quadrature Du Carré EP
- MIDNITE SNAXXX – Don't Wake Me Up 7"
- V/A – Windian Subscription Series #3 6x7" boxset
- TIGER HIGH – Inside The Acid Coven LP
- STUPORHERO – Clams? LP
- CHICKEN CHAIN – Birth of the Googus LP
- LIÉ – Consent LP / THE INSULTS – Stiff Love EP
- BARCELONA – Extremo Nihilismo En Barcelona 12"
- SUICIDAS – Los Primeros 7"s 12" / THE POP GROUP – live

RAY LUJAN

- FIRST BASE – You've Got A Hold On Me EP
- FLATLINERS – Resuscitation Of The Year/Fangs
- HAGAR THE WOMB – Life Of Lies EP
- MIDNITE SNAXXX – Don't Wake Me Up 7"
- MODERN ACTION – Molotov Solution CD
- NUDITY – Astronomicon LP
- STRUNG OUT – Transmission.Alpha.Delta LP
- SOMERSET THROWER – Falling Swingers EP
- CH3 – live / THE CROWD – live
- THE POP GROUP – live / RADIOACTIVITY – live

FRED SCHRUNK

- QUAALUDES – Nothing New EP
- BARCELONA – Extremo Nihilismo En Barcelona 12"
- STRANGLED – Body Bag 12"
- SUICIDAS – Los Primeros 7"s 12"
- LIFE – The World Lies Across Them LP
- PRAG – Gas EP
- RIXE – Coups et Blessures EP
- SHITFUCKS – Det Är Ditt Fel EP
- RITUAL CONTROL – Inoculation EP
- VIOLETA VIL – Mujeres Ulaga LP

LENA TAHMASSIAN (NEW TOP TENNER)

- UKRYTE ZALETY SYSTEMU – CD
- BARCELONA – Extremo Nihilismo En Barcelona 12"
- MISCALCULATIONS – A View for Glass Eyes LP
- SUICIDAS – Los Primeros 7"s 12"
- AMOEBAS – Telephone/Ain't About Her
- WILDHONEY – Like Me EP
- RIXE – Coups et Blessures EP
- STRANGLED – Body Bag 12"
- GENERACION SUICIDA – live
- RULETA RUSA – Me Dan Asco EP and live

ELI WALD

- SUNDAY PAINTERS – In My Dreams LP
- PART 1 – Pictures of Pain LP
- VATICAN DAGGER – Not To Be/The Mess
- CHICKEN CHAIN – Birth of the Googus LP
- G.L.O.S.S. – live
- WILDHONEY – Like Me EP
- RIXE – Coups et Blessures EP
- BARCELONA – Extremo Nihilismo En Barcelona 12"
- CCR HEADCLEANER – Cokesmoker 12"
- VIOLETA VIL – Mujeres Ulaga LP

ZINE TOP TEN

- Car vs. Pedestrian
- Cretins of Distortion #6
- Disposable #3 & 4
- Equalizing X Distort Vol. 15 #1
- Ghost Pine: Boys #13
- Not Like You #3
- Nuts #15
- PUS, Spring 2015
- Something For Nothing #71
- Termbo Issue-01

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#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/Aug '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photo spread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/Sept '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/Oct '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/Nov '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#307/Dec '08. Lük Haas, Sotatilla, Billy Bao, Homostupids, The Yolks, United Mutation, Diodes.

#308/Jan '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/Feb '09. Ooga Boogas, Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/Mar '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#315/Aug '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/Sept '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown, Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany scene report.

#318/Nov '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/Dec '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore.

#320/Jan '10. Decade-end top tens, D-Clone, Broken Water, Control, Ian Glasper of "The Day the Country Died" and "Trapped in a Scene."

#322/Mar '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta.

#323/Apr '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial, , Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/Aug '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian scene report, Ratcharge zine, and Culo.

#328/Oct '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic scene reports.

#329/Fall '10. Cock Sparrer, Irritones, UV Race, Veins, Kakka-Hätä 77, Kontatto, Moonhearts, Beyond Pink, Saint Vitus, France scene report.

#330/Nov '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland scene report.

#331/Dec '10. Kylmä Sota, Vic Bondi, Total Abuse, La Merma, Doña Maldad, Frankie Rose and the Outs, Little League, Versificator, Frankfurt and Belgium scene reports.

#333/Feb '11. The Welders, Touch & Go fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela scene report, Olympia scene report.

#334/Mar '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC scene report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian scene report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This Is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY scene report.

#338/July '11. Zouo, Inservibles, Krömosom, Useless Eaters, Nightgaun, No Problem, Raw Nerves, Family Man Lost Tribe.

#339/Aug '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cocskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History part 2.

#340/Sept '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Deaf Club Oral History, Czech Punk History part 3.

#341/Oct '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel zine.

#342/Nov '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/Dec '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R., Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor.

#344/Jan '12. OBN IIIS, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Blookrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary part 1, Means to an End Fest, Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matresses zine.

#345/Feb '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terriblé Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report part 2, the Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/Mar '12. Bärchen und die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spokey Jacket, Krömosom Tour of Japan, Globsters, Nigh Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise records, Refuse records.

#347/Apr '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester zine, Iron hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii scene report.

#348/May '12. Seein Red, Disorder, Negazione, Antimob, Acid Baby Jesus, Lebakko, Wax Idols, Da, Defy, Crimson Scarlet, Leprosy, Nasa Space Universe, Apache Dropout, Konton Crasher.

#349/June '12. Omegas, Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Inly Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek scene report.

#350/July '12. The Photo Issue: Justine Demetrick, Ricky Adam, Jeanne Hansen, Don Pyre, Chis Boarts Larsen, Maria de Piedade Morais.

#351/Aug '12. 30th Anniversary Issue: MRR's Worst & Best, the Tim Yo Covers & Greentaping, Napalm Raid, God Equals Genocide, Stressors, American Sun, Ferocious X, Stripmines, Skitsystem, Juan y Diego, Banran.

#352/Sept '12. Stagnation, Luta Armada, Vaarallinen, Frozen Teens, Brain Slug, Noisecore Roundtable #2, Kohosh, Kvoteringen, Gritos de Resistencia, Alabaster Choad, Dipers, Murder in the Front Row, Support NYC.

#353/Oct '12. Brain Tumors, Effluxus, Anti Cimex, the Cravats, Unlearn, Warsong, Sick/Tired, To Live A Lie records, Stories from the Peruvian Underground part 1, Bad Daddies, Imminent Destruction records with Lastly, Desperdicio, Against the Grain, Disturd.

#354/Nov '12. Replica, Ancient Filth, Synthetic ID, Maximo Volumen, O Inimigo, the Splits, Ohmwar, Beatrap, Victims Tour Diary part 2, Girth records.

#355/Dec '12. Avi Spivak, Red Dons, the Estranged, Agrimonia, Antimelodix, Napolnariz, La Armada, DHK, Breathing Light, the Victims European tour diary, Hamilton Ontario scene.

#357/Feb '13. Forward, Hounds of Hate, Contorture, Kicker, Nothing, Lunatic Fringe, Detonate records, Beatnik Termites, Detroit scene report.

#358/Mar '13. 2012 Year End Top Tens, Brontez Purnell, Potty Mouth, Nitad, Schizophazia, East Anglia scene report.

#359/Apr '13. Sickoids, Hassler. Divorce. Cancer Spreading. la Flingue. the Line. White Murder, the Paper Bags versus the Meat Sluts. Greenville, SC scene report.

#360/May '13. Stress, Proxy, the Kids, Kalte Lust, HIRS, Autonomy, Nuclëar Fröst, Dead Air Studio, Blood Orange Infoshop, Death Traitors, Elks Lodge Massacre Revisited.

#361/June '13. Organize and Arise, Fear of Extinction, The Rats Tour Diary, Kathleen Hanna, The Shorts, Hard Feelings, No Power, Melusaaste, We Got Power zine part 1.

#362/July '13. Jeff Paul, TRUST zine, Shaved Women, Hondartzako Hondakinak, Kurraka, Born Wrong, Homicide, United Arab Emirates & Toronto, Canada scene reports, We Got Power zine part 2.

#363/Aug '13. Las Otras, Toinen Vaihtoehto zine, Sudor, Terveet Kädet, Black & White, Stillsuit, Taquila Mockingbird, Arturo Vega, Ruined Families, Baitline!!! zine, R.O.T.T.E.R., No Mistake, Siren Songs, Yorba Linda, CA scene report.

#364/Sept '13. Last Chaos, Snob Value, NE! Records, RAD, Asile, Whatever Brains, The New Flesh, Trashies, Forgotten Generation, Nightfall/Population Zero, Texas Filth scene report.

#365/Ocotber '13. Condition Tour Diary, Zudas Krust, Doomed Society Radio, Kontrasekt, Bib Black Cloud, Hero Dishonest, Violent Party, Helvetin Viemärit, Malcolm, Clearview Records, Brno, CZ scene report.

#366/Nov '13. Chaos Destroy, Permanent Ruin, Thisclose, Halsey Swain, Rosa Apatrida, No More Fiction, Räjäyttäjät, Nudes, Tarantuja, Destruye y Huye, Vertical House Records, Punk Photo Roadtrip.

#367/Dec '13. The Mob, Creem, Gag, generacion Suicida, Good Throb, Force Fed Drugs, Total Trash, Life Chain, Concrete Worms, War// Plague, Julia Ostertag, Bad American.

#368/Jan '14. Queer Issue with Anti-Corpos, Shopping, Glory Hole, Porcelain, Strong Boys, Ejaculoid, Closet Burner, Peeple Watchin', Samuel Shanahoy, Dures et Gays, Priests, Groke, Screaming Queens tour diary, Queer Zine Fest London, International queer scene report.

#369/Feb '14. Dezerter, Arctic Flowers, Stoic Violence, Strange Factory, Gobierno Militar, Poliskitzo, Voight-Kampff, Rat/Xerox, Nü-kleer Blast Suntan.

#370/Mar '14. Year End Top Tens, Nervosas, Komplikations, Mallwalkers, New Orleans punk documentary Almost Ready.

#371/April '14. Bill Bondsman, Crapoulet Records, O! Kult, Rational Animals, Stab, Woolf, Varix, New York's Alright Fest, Miami scene report.

#372/May '14. EU's Arse, Siege, XAXAXA, Razorcake, Alert! Alert! Space Wolves, Rhythm of Cruelty, Straight Crimes, PMMA, Strange Attractor, Revenge of the Psychotronic Man, Scotland scene report.

#373/June '14. Anti You, Crusades, Rat Damage, Hank., Cottaging, Pesadilla, Distopika, Fed Up Fest, Damn Broads, Destry Hampton, Ben Snakepit & Mitch Clem, Los Culitos, The Lowest.

#374/July '14. No Babies, Grand Collapse, Gulag Beach, 1984, Quaaludes, Ausmuteants, Countdown to Armageddon, Wañuy, Fear of the Future, Bishops Green, Colombia scene report, Igor Vidmar, Endless Grinning Skulls.

#375/Aug '14. Una Bèstia Incontrolable, Biefits, Extreme Noise Records, Vertigo, Glue, S.U.S, Svin: Leningrad Punk Progenitor, Thee Mighty Fevers, Cool Death Records, Miscalculations, Born Wrong Tour Diary.

#376/Sept '14. Dishrags, Gas Rag, SHIT, Iron Lung Records, Far-Out Fangtooth, Kuudes Silmä, Maailmanloppu, Paul Birnbaum of Septic Death, Extincion de los Insectos, Patras, Greece scene report, Traces in the Snow: '80s Siberian Punk.

#379/December '14. Rakta, Autistic Behavior, Nunhex, Marmara Streisand, Protestor, Misled Youth, Dick & Jane, Mothers News, Brooks Headley, Death By Audio, Doomed To Extinction Records, photo spread by Mateus Mondini.

#380/Feb '15. Orden Mundial, Frau, Raw Power, Nots, Don Giovanni Records, "Distorted" Sydney documentary, En Psychro, the Instigation, Red Scare Industries, Tzn Xenna, and photos from Static Shock Weekend and A Varning from Montreal.

#381/Feb '15. Hysterics, Earth Girls, Broken Prayer, Dark Times, Accidente, Quango, Vacant State, Metadona Label, Not Dead Yet fest, Wiccans, Börn Iceland scene report.

#382/Mar '15. 2014 Year-End Top Tens, Spot, In School, Pig DNA, Grenoble scene report.

Many, many more back issues are available at maximumrocknroll.com/back-issues or go to store.maximumrocknroll.com

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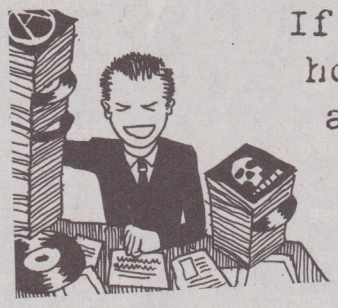

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LETTERS

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Dear *Maximum Rocknroll*,

About three months ago, I paid for ten copies of the Modern Warfare – *Delivered* EP reissue from the label that released it, UT Records. (I had planned to sell this 7" through my distro.) Not only has the label never sent me the records, but said label—run by someone named Nicholas Reynolds—also stopped responding to my emails immediately after receiving my payment.

I've sent numerous emails and messages through their website, etc., all to no avail. Dude didn't even see fit to lie and tell me they'd been sent out or lost in the mail—just never responded again after he got my money. I made the mistake of sending the payment via paypal as a "gift" in order to save the label fees, but as a result now I have no recourse other than old-fashioned punk shaming, hence this email.

It's too bad that I got ripped off, but it's even worse that a band as good and deserving of reissue as Modern Warfare had their record released by someone who is either totally incompetent or a sketchy scam artist. I guess some 2015 is not much different from early '80s LA in that sense! But at any rate, fuck this label.

Golnar Nikpour
Square One Again Records

Hey,

This is a response to the I <3 TACOS DI V Kool-Thing column [in *MRR* #382] about liberation from "male, white boring fucking shows."

If women playing in bands don't want to be thought of as girl groups or ghettoized into the Riot Grrrl camp, then cracking into existing music scenes should be something more organic than inclusionary pity, an attitude that perpetuates negative female gender roles in the first place. I agree that dipshits running shows getting in the way should be muscled into letting fresh bands have a shot; any time entrenched punk royalty gets in the way of new bands getting a chance to play, gatecrash it by all means! Or set up your own and call the cops on the sausage party!! But, criteria for inclusion should be genuine, musical and fun not some guilty exercise in mandatory PC punk points. Dig?

Thanks,

ML

Dear Mike L.,

Thank you for providing an example of who my column was aimed at. You are the boring male.

I am being aggressive because I am a bit shocked at how much you missed the point of my column. In short, my column was stating: There are tons of very talented bands with women, playing a variety of genres of punk (hardcore, powerviolence, post-hardcore, post-punk, grunge, metalcore, twee, even inventing new sounds) who are not getting shows unless *we set up our own and organize our own fests. The fact that you suggest that we should just "set up our own" shows defines exactly why you are the problem.*

Then, when we do get booked, even if we are the most brutal of grindcore, we get labeled Riot Grrrl! This (and the fact that men book all-male shows that feature two brand new bands, featuring themselves or their buddies (aka pity bookings / friendcore), while established bands with women can't get gigs unless they book them themselves) is exactly the point of why my column was written. Also, anyone who ever *suggests calling the* cops *(and especially on other punks, for shame sir, for shame!) is not the kind of person who belongs in any punk scene. Fuck bros (you), fuck cops, up the women punx! Also absolute fuck you for thinking I was asking for pity bookings. We don't need pity, we need you to wake the fuck up to our talents.*

Di V.

Hello,

I am contacting you on behalf of the *Resistance: Anti-NSBM Volume 1* compilation, featuring seventeen songs from mostly crust punk bands. It is a benefit for Emilio, a victim of a recent fascist attack on a social centre, and all the money gathered through it will go to him. However, it is also free and anyone can donate as much as they want.

We wish for the compilation and some information about it to be promoted via your magazine, so that it can reach as many people as possible, and gather some funds as soon as possible for Emilio, who is currently getting better.

You can read much more about the attack and Emilio's story on the relevant bandcamp page. The comp is out on tape and is intended to be released in other formats too. Visit: thedarkskiesaboveus.bandcamp.com/album/resistance-anti-nsbm-volume-1 to find out more. Thank you!

All the best,

Aurash
Void Forger

This comp includes tracks by Nihilist Waves, Doom, Absolutist, Ruinas, Void Foger, Døde Rotter, Mácula, Aurea, Iskra, Human Host Body, G.U.O.R., Social Horror, N.I.S. Heädshöt, Eternal Noire Doom, Norn, and Kalashnikov.

A group of around 60 fascists (mostly from CasaPound) attacked activists from Cremona's Dordoni social centre. The attack on seven or eight activists was launched by

PLEASE BE ADVISED...

wisted Value IS Doing the Twist

WISTED VALUE- Were a small and from a small town, Cold- ater, Mi. Our music varies rom a hardcore sound to ome slower but still power- ul music,Our band consists f three people.

eath Lee Ill-percussion odd Bag-- guitar ubie Casanova-vocals

HAT VALUES?- We saw the isorder and ignorance when t the bars, the poolhalls, chools, and other social oles where people went to et their social highs by ossiping, cutting other eople down, exploiting heir ignorancethrough out- ageous acts of stupidity.

e decided to say something bout these people, their roblems, our problems, and ny thing that pissed us 66.

e wanted to play original usic.so we started off with

Death Lee Ill

Todd Bag

Song List

Twisted Value (Theme)·H2O·Small Metal Head·I'm Sick Of You·Cho Groupie Status·Dead Fuck·You G Boring Songs·Skin Head·Legal M Punching Bag·Bua Attack·Gore Mo

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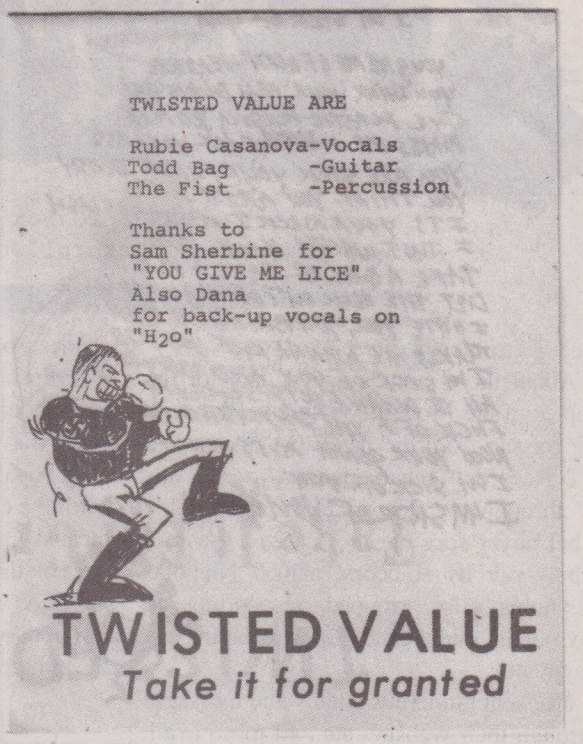

TWISTED VALUE ARE

Rubie Casanova-Vocals
Todd Bag -Guitar
The Fist -Percussion

Thanks to
Sam Sherbine for
"YOU GIVE ME LICE"
Also Dana
for back-up vocals on
"H_2O"

TWISTED VALUE
Take it for granted

around ten people, and very soon bolstered by forty more. Emilio, one of the activists and someone very well known in Cremona, was beaten with a bar and then kicked in the face and head as he was lying on the ground. The attack appears to have been prepared in advance, taking advantage of a football match to bring together fascists from Parma, Brescia and other towns with those from Cremona.

This episode is not isolated: there have been many different attacks let by CasaPound or other far-right movements over the last few months. All the money from this compilation will go to Emilio for medical care and to CSA Dordoni squatters.

Hi,

There was a band from Coldwater, MI in 1985 called Twisted Value. I remember *MRR* reviewing the 7-inch, so I was hoping that maybe you could check and see if it had a sleeve. Mine doesn't and another one I've seen doesn't either, but I figure that if anyone is going to have a sleeved copy then it's gotta be you.

Thanks!

Paul

We do indeed have a sleeved copy—which comes with an insert! We welcome requests like this one, which give us excuses to dig through the records surrounding us. A long-discussed project to make our collection database and review archive available online is finally in the works, so soon (or soon-ish!) you'll be able to rifle through our record boxes from the comfort of your home. If you are a punk who might be able to offer a few hours of remote data entry time in exchange for the glory of having your name added to our shitworker list and the satisfaction of contributing to what is sure to be a one-of-a-kind, essential punk resource, get in touch: grace@maximumrocknroll.com.

Hi Grace,

Hope you are well. A quick question. I read with interest in the April 2015 edition of *MRR* that you are ceasing band interviews. I take it this is commencing from the May edition?

Obviously, I'm asking due my previous email about submitting an interview. Can you clarify this please?

I definitely think that punk is so much more than bands and gigs so I commend you for undertaking such a step. The art/comic issue was cool! Well done!

Cheers,

XXXXX

Alex,

I got the issue today and I can't express how awesome I think it is. You did a great job curating the issue and I'm so stoked that you're the new coordinator. I'm excited about the new direction of *MRR*.

Thanks,

XXXXX

We got enough emails, letters, and phone calls about our **April** *issue that it felt necessary to issue a clarification (names redacted to protect the innocent). We are not ceasing to publish band interviews and scene reports in favor of comics and art and, unfortunately, Alex Simon is not our newest coordinator. We're always looking for submissions of interviews, scene reports, and guest columns, as well as art and comics, and we're still on the hunt for Lydia's replacement. If you're interested in selling your soul in the service of international punk and hardcore, get in touch…*

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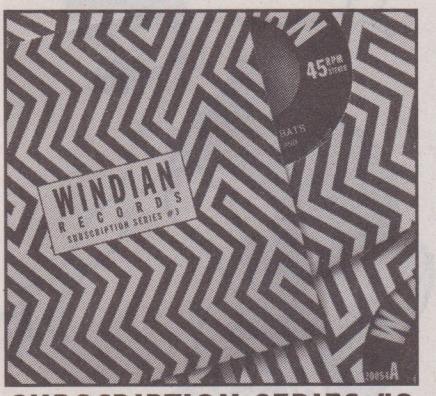

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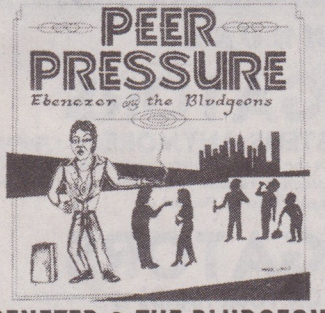

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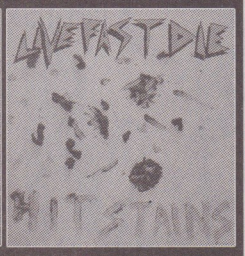

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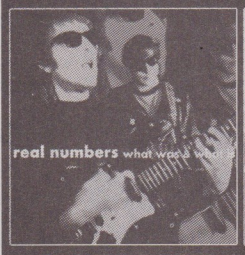

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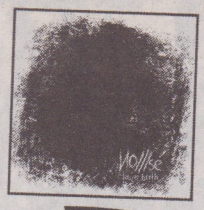

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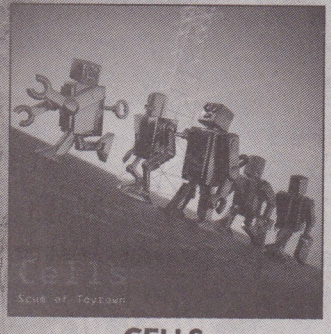

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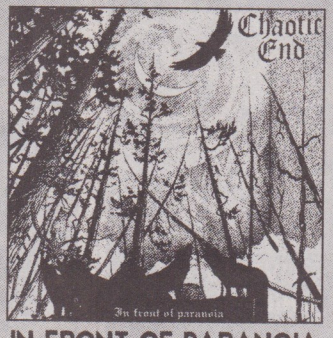

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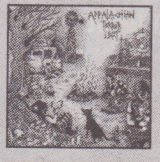

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COLUMNS

I'm conflicted about whether or not to write this thing about a conversation I had with my best friend on Valentine's Day because by the time this column comes out that will have been like a month and a half ago but I think maybe the subject matter is resonant to punks everywhere at all times so fuck it, right?

So whatever, it was Valentine's Day and I was out to dinner with one of my BFFs (I'm poly-amicable) because Valentine's Day is stupid hetero-patriarchy junk b/w her fiancé was working and my New Boo was Too New for it to be anything but weird for us to have any kind of Valentine's plans. *Anyway*, look, the point is this: we've known each other for over a decade and we got to talking about what wild maniacs we used to be when we were young.

It was mostly fun memory lane shit, recounting weird bar fights I dragged her out of or times she carried me home from places because I forgot how many pills I'd took and then drank whiskey like I hadn't taken any. Or when she lived with my recent ex while I was on some busted ass, solipsistic Nicholas Cage in *Valley Girl*-style wounded man bender and she wanted to get some kind of vengeance on my behalf for the hurt that I was so obviously obfuscating with booze so she smashed all the dishes in the house.

At one point she said something about how in those days she was too scared and wounded by the world to let anyone love her, but she needed that kind of care so she would seek out intimate relationships with people and then push them away as soon as they got close enough that she felt vulnerable, or they tried to convince her to maybe change her wild ways. I emphatically agreed that I felt similarly back then, because I did!

But as we talked more and more about what wrecks we had been and shared stories back and forth about times one or the other of us had either chosen to forget or couldn't remember because we had succeeded at what we were always trying to do back then—blot out our awareness of ourselves as thinking, feeling humans—I remembered that there was a period of about six months or a year in that era, back when I still lived in my old apartment and she lived around the corner from me, where we slept in bed together almost every night. With zero making out. (Not that it should matter, but for whatever reason I feel like I need to specify that.) And I told her, probably for the first (and possibly for the only) time, that I don't know if I would've made it through that period if we hadn't been friends. Not that I necessarily would've died or anything that dramatic, although that was obviously a possibility for someone who spent a substantial portion of their time biking around a city blacked out drunk with no lights or helmet (not to mention all the other dumb behaviors I used to regularly engage in), but just that, I feel like things got pretty grim for me for a minute and I was able to walk away from it in one piece. I'm not some broken shell of a person. I'm happy and productive and more or less healthy, and I don't think that was an inevitable outcome. I think I owe a lot of it to our friendship.

And then I started thinking about a through line that we could trace from one story we told to the next, which was a narrative about she and I looking out for each other and having each other's backs in the exact way we both felt we had been incapable of letting anyone do back then. And I think the thing is, we took care of each other on the most basic, fundamental levels, down to eating and sleeping together. (I know that some people don't want or need human touch to feel healthy but for those of us that do it's so important and so easy to forget about.) But I never told her to stop drinking cause she had work in the morning. She never told me it was probably a bad sign that I puked every day. And we weren't suppressing the need to communicate those things, because that wouldn't have been healthy either, we just honestly didn't care about shit like that.

So like, even though we didn't care about ourselves we were able to care about each other, and it's because we never made any rules and we never told each other what to do. I think about that Code of Ethics that Jamie wrote in the liner notes of the Bent Outta Shape / Drunken Boat 7", which probably came out in the same year she and I were sleeping in bed together all the time. It's a great list and if you haven't seen it you should look it up on the internet or something, but I'm specifically thinking of rule #4: "Don't tame / be tamed (no taming)." That was so fundamental to the relationship she and I had, which was pivotal to the fact that we both made it out and into our 30s and we aren't totally fucked basket cases. Homegirl is my family, straight up.

And it seems like there was something really fitting about having that relationship, that kinship, the love between us, highlighted on Valentine's Day, which is a time that was manufactured by late Capitalism to make all people feel like shit and enforce some false romance/loneliness dichotomy on a population of people already alienated from each other and their own bodies by technology and social structures designed specifically to do that. Laurie from my book club says that some dude told her Valentine's Day is based on some Roman holiday where men would get butt naked, kill a wolf, and then run around slapping women with the pelt, but like, you know what I mean, right? Valentine's Day as it stands today in America or whatever, which you're reading about in April but like, this isn't

a *current events* magazine, this is a *punk* magazine so get off my back.

All I'm saying is that my best friend is rad and I'm real lucky and also that I think a lot of people come to punk because they feel wounded or alienated or out of control and that a lot of times even in the chaos of addiction and wild behavior and times when it feels like the whole world is fucking out to get you, sometimes there are relationships that you don't even realize till ten years later are sustaining you and keeping you alive. And that's it okay?

ENDNOTES:

I been listening almost exclusively to cute pop music made by cool punks, I think as a way to combat winter. Specifically, I listen to the SUNCHOKES cassette by the band SPORTS from Cincinatti, that FLEABITE cover of the VENGABOYS, and the ATAQUE DE CASPA record *Sol*. Bandcamp.com/colinatrophy has links to listen to all that stuff if you wanna hear it. Is there other cool music that sounds like those bands that I don't know about? Please tell me about it! sliceharvester@gmail.com or Colin Atrophy / 442-D Lorimer St #230 / Brooklyn, NY 11206. Although by the time this column runs and you mail me a postcard with just the url to some French anarcha-twee group's facebook page written on it, it'll be Spring and I'll probably be back to only listening to Dipset.

i don't think that i need to sit here with you fucking dildos any more

by Imogen Binnie

I went to a screening of this movie *Boy Meets Girl* recently. It was billed as a cute indie comedy where the girl just happened to be trans and look, *Maximum*, you know me. You know that this is not my first rodeo. You know I did not expect it to be good. I know better than to expect some movie about a trans girl, made by some asshole I don't already know, not to be garbage.

I'm not trying to blow your mind here, but I was right.

Luckily, we sat in the back and got to crack up and gesticulate wildly whenever something terrible happened. I mean, I wouldn't have gone if it wasn't fun to hate toxic garbage, and that garbage was Fucking Toxic. It's a movie about a small town with a trans girl in it and everyone in town fucks her; the good characters feel good about it and the bad character feels bad about it.

She has a fashion vlog where she records herself saying things like, "I'm wearing a black cardigan and black flats." Over a thousand people follow her for fashion insights like these. There is totally unnecessary full-frontal nudity; you see where this is going. It was so predictable and boring that it was hilarious and really fun to hate! Ten minutes into it I leaned over to Alex and I was like, "I fucking dare you to watch this whole movie."

Anyway, toward the end of the movie some nice cis lady came over to where Alex and I were sitting to shoosh me and ask that I stop gesticulating. Which, y'know, fair enough. She was like, I'm trying to enjoy this toxic garbage stereotype bullshit that's portraying a fetishized, dehumanizing, stupidified, heterosexualized, but most importantly respectablized version of the lives of *people like you* and your hatred is getting in the way of my feeling good about myself for being so tolerant.

We stopped being assholes because "stop being assholes" is an appropriate thing to ask of someone but that meant I spent the last fifteen minutes fuming and kind of wanting to die because aggressively making fun of cis-supremacist propaganda is one of the only ways I know to keep my head above water in a culture where that shit scans as progressive to liberals. Fuck that. Fuck you. I spent the last fifteen minutes of the movie with that shallow breathing and chest tightness you get when your humanity has very efficiently been shut down. Do you know this feeling? I hope you don't.

Then, once the movie ended, after all the nice cis people in the theater had literally fucking applauded, the asshole cis guy writer/director of the movie stood up at the front of the theater to give a speech which, I'm told, went on for like half an hour.

We didn't stick around for it.

A couple days later, there was another screening, except for this one they'd put together a panel of trans people to discuss the film with the asshole cis guy afterward. My friend HB had invited me to be on the panel, but I'd been like "Dude, I'm not going to have anything to contribute to that panel. I don't know anything about this director or this movie but I already know that it's going to be garbage and I don't have it in me to have an argument with some garbage director."

Well, I guess a bunch of my friends were on the panel and they were critical of the movie; the director yelled at them (things like, "You should be thanking me"); my friend Gage cried; then the director stormed out. Like literally stormed out of the panel discussing his own movie.

I want to be like "that's pretty funny" but honestly, it's not. It's depressing because that guy? Who wrote that garbage movie thinking he was going to Save Trans People Forever with it? He had no reason to believe otherwise. As a straight white guy, his whole culture has told him his whole life that it is heroic for him to do whatever the fuck he wants - that people will thank him for it. So of course he was surprised and upset to find that other people didn't think he was the hero.

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Here in the US, we live in a toxic garbage culture.

We live in a culture where violence against women is a predictable and normal result of the way masculinity is constructed.

We live in a culture where colonialism is the norm: "I see that, I want it, I'm going to take it, and nobody can make me think twice about how that might affect anyone else."

We live in a white supremacist culture, whether it's coming from police or legislators or the average idiot on the street. White supremacy is the norm whether it's perpetrated legally or semi-legally or illegally; after all it is illegal to murder black trans women, but how many murderers of black trans women have had to face any consequences for their actions?

And we live in a culture predicated on exceptionalism. The heroes in all our stories—whether they're rock stars played by racist dick Mark Wahlberg, good cops played by Bruce Willis, or astronauts played by Tom Hanks—are all exceptional people. We don't tell stories about people who aren't exceptional—normal people—which means most of the stories we tell in this culture are about people most of us are never going to be.

That will fuck you up. It'll also make you want, very badly, to be exceptional.

Most of us are normal people, though. I mean everybody is exceptional and

nobody is exceptional. Y'know. We have all these narratives about, like, shitty dads who are always late to pick up their kids and instead of working on their shit so they can be better dads, they save their families from aliens and that makes it all better. And it works in the context of the movie where the ending is the end or whatever, but in practice even being an exceptional alien fighter wouldn't change anything—that dad would still be a shitty dad once the aliens were gone. He'd get like a two week grace period where everybody would be like, "It's cool that you forgot to pick Dakota and Apple up from daycare because you blew up that beautiful space yacht that was frying off people's skin," but then after a couple weeks how pissed would *you* get if you were Apple and Dakota's mom and you kept getting calls from day care because your asshole fucking husband John Cusack (who you allowed back into your life because he saved the world) (and let's be real, too, about the disconnect between the agency women in movies have to keep their asshole husbands away from them versus how fucking hard it is to get an obsessed creep to leave you alone in real life) keeps getting too sucked into working on his '60s rock radio show or shitty novel or whatever it is he cares about more than his children to remember to pick up the fucking kids. So you'd be ready to kick him out again after a couple weeks! You know? Killing all the aliens with some weird trick bullshit about time travel or gravity does not fix your relationship. Only working on your relationship or else finally admitting to yourself that it's not working is going to let either of you move forward.

Like: where is the movie about the guy who abuses women, comes to realize that's fucked up, and works hard to outgrow old habits and knock it the fuck off?

We don't have tools to interrogate the toxic narratives that make up the fucking bones of our culture. Those tools are not part of our culture. One of the cultural stories we tell ourselves is that we're a melting pot but what we actually are is a bunch of rich straight white cis people telling stories about themselves to each other that everybody else listens to because we can barely even conceive of what anything else would be like.
Except.

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I think calling what we do "underground" is bullshit. We talk about punk stuff—and like the Black Panthers, and the Icarus Project, and zines, and anarchism, accountability and giving a fuck about shit—we call all these different kinds of resistance to toxic cultural garbage norms "underground." And I get why we do it. But here's the thing: movies about straight dudes who decide they want to fuck girls but the girls don't want to fuck them so the straight dudes stalk and manipulate and ruin the fucking lives of these girls until the girls finally give in and fall in love with them? *Those* are the things that live with the dirt and bugs. White women selling out stadiums on the backs of ideas and aesthetics they stole from young black trans girls on Tumblr? *They* are the ones who live without sunlight. The police department of Ferguson, Missouri, and every other police department like it? *They're* the bad dead things perpetuating bad death.

The thing where we play beat-up guitars and drums into computer or cell phone microphones and then put them up on the internet, then host each other in basements in our towns and have nights of loud, inept music that make us feel like it's a worthwhile project to go on living? Reina Gossett hunting down and bringing to light the hidden stories of Marsha P. Johnson and Sylvia Rivera? *Shotgun Seamstress* and *Bros Fall Back*? Biyuti Press, Stick Shift Recordings, bands with trans girls in 'em? Acknowledging before you start that you're playing a show on land that isn't yours; trying to figure out how to hold abusers accountable; accepting the fact that you fucked up instead of denying it?

They're the opposite of under the ground. That stuff is light and fucking air.

We don't have a map to show us how to live outside of toxic garbage culture, but we're trying to figure out how to do it—and it is toxic garbage culture to frame that as "underground." Doing the hard work of trying to be less of an asshole than your culture has been telling you to be your whole life? That is not stalactites and stalagmites, it's fucking photosynthesis and growth. I know we're all coldwave death goths and stuff but it's still sunlight. American culture is dirt and rocks and ash and dust and death and shit and worms and septic tanks and alligators in the sewers. But we're not. We're like birds or elephants or those happy little rat animals in Australia that always look like they're smiling.

Whatever I know this is sounding hella posi but all I'm really saying is that it's weird to look at something by Katrina Clark or Downtown Boys and go "this is cool but it is toward the outside of what matters. The things that really matter are *House, MD* and rich country singers on magazine covers." You know? The idea that the underground is less important than mainstream toxic garbage culture is propaganda for toxic garbage culture, put out *by* toxic garbage culture. That feeling that you get when you walk out of a show and you want to go on living even though your job sucks and your apartment is a shithole and your band is going nowhere because your guitar player never wants to practice? That is so much more powerful than anything in the magazines that count as real. That's all I'm saying. Trying to find a better way to live than the ones we've been handed our whole lives isn't "fringe" or "Alternative Lifestyle" or whatever—it's powerful fucking magic and it's the most important thing.

ENDNOTES:

1) Sorry that last month I said Little Waist was touring with Against Me. Turns out it wasn't Little Waist, it was Audrey's other band Worriers. Oops.

2) The new Dakhma album *Raze* fucking slays if you're into Blackened Crust or whatever the fuck it is that I'm into. (dakhma.bandcamp.com)

3) If I did it right, there's a new header at the top of this column. The column itself is the same old misguided punk doctrine 101, though.

4) Alligators in the sewers are actually punk as fuck though.

I don't think anyone should take advice, but there are probably a lot of things for the punks to talk about, and we might as well do it here. Think of it more as an opinion *column though.*

(...and if we need a tagline for that I hope it can be something as vague as: "A column for people who are intrigued by the subtle differences between the 'punks' and the 'punx.'")

This month I had briefly considered

answering April Fool questions, like why you might get a first name punk name (Terrible Tammy) on the East Coast, and a last name punk name (Tammy Terrible) on the West Coast, but it turns out that this is actually an important and nuanced issue, so I won't belittle it just because it happens to be April.

Text a question to 510-585-HELP (510-585-4357)! Apparently you can also call that number and leave a message like a weirdo. Send an email if you're checked out societally: ASKMRR@MAIL.COM.

Dear Mr.R,

I'm starting to feel like moshing ruins show going for me. I am tempted to just openly attack moshers with full-fledged violence. Doesn't that make me just as shitty as they are? Also, many of them are simply children, so what does that say about me, a thirty-four-year-old woman?!

Signed,
So Tired of This Bullshit
aka I Have a Right to Enjoy Hardcore, Too

Okay, so behaving violently as a way to change undesirable behavior is one of those obviously crazy, but really comforting ideas that people come up with when they have no idea what else to do, like when everyone hates a guy so "someone should beat that guy's ass." You know other than making things way worse for you, the ass beater (but I imagine this role feels like having a second job; maybe that's not true), it wouldn't actually change the situation at all, but that's what being frustrated is like.

It's really human to want to beat up your boss or that person who cat-calls you every time you walk down 15th Street, that annoying coworker who chews super loud and gross all the time, or even your bus driver for being a prick who makes you pay the fare when you don't even feel like paying. So, no, I don't actually think that feeling like you *want* to be violent is a bad thing or abnormal. Even when you're a thirty-four-year-old grown-up woman and they are tiny spiky precious angel baby punks. Totally fine. Mentally destroy them.

But I don't think you would be "just as shitty as they are" by lashing back, because I don't believe their *intention* is to be violent. There is violence in the act of smashing a body or fist or whatever else into someone who just wants to stand and watch some band obviously, but mostly the children you are seeing are having their turn at being teenage punks. It's our own cruddy culture and I personally prefer perspective to rulemaking. They're tired of their bus driver's shit and they need some kind of an outlet much like you did at that age.

I don't want you to think that my stance is "get over it." I completely agree with you about hating this kind of thing. I mean, at some shows the level of disregard for non-moshers can get so out of hand, and I don't feel as though I should have to always stand in the back so that two people can have exclusive use of the front for slingshotting each other into bystanders. Usually at that point you're so busy trying to protect your imaginary personal zone that you're not watching the band anyway. It can be super frustrating, and it can feel as though the only thing to do about it is to lead by example and pick people up when they fall down, treat people respectfully when you can and hope that will be a tradition as well. I have seen people pull a rough mosher aside and tell them to chill out, and I have seen that be effective. My favorite time was seeing a very small person walk up to a very big violent person and ask questions: "Why are you doing this?" "Do you feel as though this is the only way you could do this?" "How do you think it's affecting other people?" and it worked sooo well. Worth a try. Five stars. Hold on to those attack fantasies though for hard judging grown assholes who circle pit like they're the only true punk left on earth, just throwing fists in their own personal wonderland. Hate those people.

Dear Mr.R,

For almost 40 years, the punk rock scene has been nothing if not a platform for calling out bullshit, loudly and proudly, with no regard for the bullshitter's tender feelings. We've congratulated ourselves for exposing the lies and hoaxes, the façades and charades. Such bravery. Such integrity. Such grit. Until someone calls us on our own bullshit, and we complain of their harsh tone, their negativity, and their judgmental attitude. Punk rockers, you're breakin' my heart.

This isn't actually a question, I guess. Maybe it's just a comment on punks' ability to give and receive criticism, but that seems like an important thing to discuss. I went to a fest thing one time that offered some pre-show workshops for I don't even remember what. Probably the usual stuff like screen printing or proving you're an anarchist through discussion groups or whatever, same old, same old, and someone suggested that a really revolutionary topic for a workshop would have been *admitting when you're wrong*. And even though that was the Earth's best idea, I doubt anyone would have actually learned anything from the class because there are so many things that get in the way of our perception of ourselves and our rightness. It would be impossible to recreate in a classroom how stubborn we are capable of being about a particular idea or person or response, but how open we are capable of being when it is the perspective of a close friend, or someone who has less investment in a situation. Punk has always been a place where we have been free to be critical of society, but that doesn't mean the criticism is going to be welcome in our personal relationships, or in the ways we are able to think about ourselves.

Being called out isn't an easy thing to take. Becoming defensive is a simpler way for your brain to handle things than actually sorting through whatever your personal truths might be. Since this question/submission didn't provide any sort of example or scenario, I'll assume it's just a general observation, but I think the takeaway here is that punks are human, and this is a problem of human nature. Before you get put in the category of someone who can dish it out but can't take it, it's helpful to take time to consider your biases and actions and remember to think about who and what is being called out and why, and whether or not we deserve or understand the criticism we receive, but don't expect punks to overcome standard human personality flaws anytime soon. I mean, we still haven't even figured out laundry.

Hey, wouldn't it be funny if squares gave themselves punk names? But about stuff they're into? Like Martha Air Freshener or New iPhone Robert? Text questions or speculation to 510-585-HELP. Send an email to ASKMRR@MAIL.COM.

"Government is government and all government is force
Left or right, right or left, it takes the same old course"
— Crass, "Bloody Revolutions"

"Hear the people scream and shout
We want government, government out!"
— The Oppressed, "Government Out"

"In a sluggish economy
Inflation, recession
Hits the land of the free
Standing in unemployment lines
Blame the government for hard times
We just get by however we can
We all gotta duck when the shit hits the fan"
— Circle Jerks, "When the Shit Hits the Fan"

But I'll Live and Die a Judge!

'Sup cuz? *Parlez-vous français*? No? Well you better get one of them Bantam New College French & English dictionaries! This month the Gang and I are strictly talking brioche and baguettes. *Escoffier* and escargot! Blue, white, and red—not red, white, and blue, get my drift? Lemme spell it out: we are only dealing in French bands this month! *Tous les flics sont des salauds! Oui?!*

From the city of Rouen comes (came?) the classic French skinhead band, SKINKORPS, who have just been treated by Bords De Seine (facebook.com/bdsrecords) to a *deux*-volume, *quatre*-LP beast of a reissue (also available in *trois*-CD digipack versions). The first volume, *Faut Assurer* gives you the complete demos from 1984 and all the tracks from their first four EPs (minus two which show up on volume two). The second volume, *Il Faudra Bien Vous Y Faire* contains their LPs, 1987's *Mr. Clean* and their second album from 1990 that gives this volume its name. A few comp tracks and the missing EP tracks are thrown in to round out the collection. The vinyl versions of these reissues/collections are not complete discographies. The first volume of the CD and vinyl version is the same, but the second volume of the digipack is much more complete than LP Vol. 2—in addition to the aforementioned content are the complete 1988 demos, some outtakes and errata, and the tracks from Debout Vol. 1. It's up to you, CD vs LP. Content vs class. What really matters though, are the sounds! The show stealers here are the 1984 demos. The quality on these is top notch. It's dirty, heavy Oi! Caveman tempo! You know that dude that gets too drunk at the show and prowls around the edge of the crowd using people as crutches? This is the shit in his brain. If you get floored listening to 86 MENTALITY, or RIVAL MOB, or BOSTON STRANGLER but you never heard SKINKORPS you're a nerd and should get on your nerdbox and look up the song "Barbie" or "Mercenaire." Then tell other nerds about SKINKORPS.

I guess I gotta say it? (Do I?) Whatever: Despite putting out music on Rebelles Européens SKINKORPS is not a racist band. I don't speak for them, I don't know them, but I know more Oi! history than I wish I did. Their first LP was the first release of Rebelles Européens. Immediately following the LP they appeared on a three-band split 12" with two racist bands of the day. After that their connection with R.E. ended. It's simple to look back and form opinions based on what labels or bands a group played for or with. But the context is lost. The Parti Nationaliste Français et Européen (PNFE), like the National Front in the UK roped in a lot of patriotic skins during the '80s, and changed the climate. Some of those skinheads stayed and formed RAC/WP bands (which I won't name) and some, like SKINKORPS, became disillusioned with the far-right. SKINKORPS are a patriotic band, not ultranationalist. Don't let oversimplification, or contempt prior to investigation keep you from an awesome set of French Oi!/punk/skinhead history.

I'm gonna back track here for a second: I talked some shit on bands worshipping BLITZ and while I stand firm and have about 1/16th of the Gang supporting me on this, I have a caveat: If you are French, you may worship the hell out of BLITZ. One of the best things I heard last year (missed the Top 10, cuz I'm a blockhead) was the SYNDROME 81 demo. BLITZ as fuck. Fun as fuck. Another band to do this...style?...exceptionally well is SHAMELESS from Lyon. *We Are Shameless and We Shag Your Moms* is the new 7" out on Lionheart (lionheartrecords.bigcartel.com) and Last Rockers. You get "Charity Gangsters," "Virage Nord" about the Olympique Lyonnais support group BAD GONES, and "Something In My Pie" about eating fecal matter on accident. The music is driving and slightly bouncy like the best BLITZ tracks. The vocals sound like they've been octupled or some shit so it's as if the vocalist has a gang of himself backing him up. Great sound.

Moving on to Marseille, we straighten our berets and buckle our shoes 'cuz we are going for a ride. Over rivers of clean and jangly guitars, thru forests of barked vocals in Franch! Rappelling down deep crevasses of sing-along football choruses, and basking in guitar leads that break thru the clouds like jagged rays of sun we come upon MASSILIA ATTACK. This li'l three-song 7" titled *Bonne Mère* was put out by Contra Records (contra-net.com) and is limited to 300. I just typed: "If you like smart Oi! you like this." Then I threw up in my mouth. I don't know what smart vs dumb Oi! is. Simply, this is not hard tuff guy shit, nor is it something to be filed into skinhead fetish masquerading as Oi! MASSILIA ATTACK carries the banner of CAMERA SILENS and WARRIOR KIDS into the 21st century of French Oi! One of the best we've heard this year.

LION'S LAW round this tour out. All roads lead back to...Paris? Sometimes those roads make you harder and thin you out. You get hungry and maybe a little mean. You've seen some shit and the shit you see before you now? It ain't that bad. *Open Your Eyes* is an eight-song 10" (or CD, or *super* limited 12" test-press). The record starts off with a nice intro that runs into "Knock'em Out" a song about removing predators and rapists by force: "Knock 'em out/ Kick 'em out/ Before they get in our home/ With a baseball bat against psychopaths/ We'll do justice on our own." Next song is called "Rollin'" and I think it's about being free, but the lyrics make it seem like it's about ecstasy: "I've got my reasons I need a little blast/ That's okay/ I feel the rhythm my heart is beating fast/ I feel it real I feel it true/ All my problems I'm getting thru..." This is my least favorite song. I'm pretty sure it's not about using X, but still, I can only hear it that way. Gooooong! They have two songs about how awesome it is to be a skinhead: "Skinhead" and "Laced Up," both winners. Remember when the dude from BISHOPS GREEN said something like Skinhead was the last true subculture? How'd that make you feel, Punk? Made me feel pretty good. There

is an anti-heroin song, "In Your Veins," which is endorsed by the Gang. No hard drugs are permitted among members, only cocaine and bad acid are allowed on HQ premises (we call the basement "Little Altamont"). The record ends with a nihilistic banger, "Open Your Eyes". Read this bummer: "Hatred there's no end/ Mankind stupidity/ Once again I'm tired of their lies/ When the world is dying inside/ We're living in human decline..." This is the reason we burn our recycling here at HQ. Recycling makes hippies think the world can be saved and leads to complacency instead of action. Action like building a car that runs on trash. And travels thru time. Anyway, LION'S LAW kills it with this 10". Une Vie Pour Rien (UVPR.fr) and Contra (ibid) have done very well.

Last item on the agenda is some exciting news from...Canada! Montreal to be exact. According to my American brain Quebec is like a warp-pipe to France. So when I was sent some roughed out tracks for the new TORMENT demo I was floored. Skinny, on the edge '80s punk/Oi! that Runstate Tapes (runstatetapes.bandcamp.com) is putting out. The description on the bandcamp drops No Future Records and NUCLEAR SPRING. I couldn't do much better than those points of reference. The title of the demo is *'Cause living day to day is*...Appropriate as fuck for this four-song burner. The gang prays at the altar of nuclear destruction, but our gods spurn us with good health and long lifespans. Also, any band that has a theme song (song named after the band) is a winner to us! Get a copy of this now, ya slobs!
Done!

ENDNOTES:

1) Come at me bro: AmericanBootGang@Gmail.com

2) Apparently, a shave and a haircut only cost you two-bits. Go get one.

3) If you're not a skin, don't tell me what a skin looks like. WHO KILLED SPIKEY JACKET? had it right when they called out the sexy-lumberjack punks, but I'd like to add the homeless librarian punks. Nice pizza stained cardigan. How did you get my dead grandmother's eye glasses? Get a Groupon and get you some fuckin nice frames, yo. A leather is an investment. There are real people who are being deprived by your Goodwill habit. Never seen a skin with a vest and a chain? Shiiit. AC Turbull style....

4) This one goes out to all the ghosts at the Outpost, FBK, and Spazz Haus a rowdy bunch indeed. This one goes out to Keith Henderson, Paul Candy and Metro Gnome, how ya doin' fellas!

5) We're not apolitical. We just don't want to bore you with our political opinions. We want to bore you with our opinions on rad Oi!

See yinz later.

So, here I am, writing my last column for *Maximum Rocknroll*. I never thought I'd be typing these words. I figured I would die before I ever got the chance. Actually, I was hoping for that.

But that's not the case. The current editor of this magazine, which I started writing for in 1985, and helped out from the start, has seen fit to *fire me.*

I could fight back, or beg and plead to keep my column, but I'm not going to. It would be too much of an insult. In last month's column, I had a "discussion" with myself about continuing to do this. The editor already had really gotten on my nerves because I wanted to run part of my second book as an excerpt. The words I had written to be printed above the excerpt read:

"George Tabb's "Screwed/It's A Miserable Life" will return. This month, please enjoy an excerpt from his award-winning second memoir, Surfing Armageddon: Fishnets, Fascists and Body Fluids in Florida, *available at any fine bookstore or online outlet!"*

The editor claimed I was running previously released material that was on Nerve.com. How she found it, I'll never know. She must type in the *exact* words of my column and do a word search. Geez. Anyway, I forgot that my publisher had run it *ten years ago*. And who the hell reads *Nerve* that would read *MRR*?

I wrote her back and told her to re-read the top of the column were it said it was an excerpt. She told me that it didn't say that. She inferred I was lying.

A few minutes after that letter, I thought, "Fuck it!" and sent in a new column, which you saw last month. She thanked me for the "new column" and didn't even acknowledge that she had made a mistake.

Then last week she wrote me to tell me that this was going to be my last column and I was fired. Or "let go." That I would no longer be writing for *MRR*. She said I insulted her. Because she had her feelings hurt *once* by me, she is throwing out 30 years of writing for free, for a magazine I love.

I quote from an email from Grace Ambrose, Zine Coordinator:
"Hi George,

I just edited your column, which I find to be incredibly disrespectful and immature. If you have a problem with the editorial direction of this magazine and our well thought-out policies, then stop contributing. It is as simple as that. The rules are not twisted—everyone else seems to be able to keep them straight. Yes, you have written for us for many years; no, you are not integral to this publication's existence. No individual is. Lydia has been here for a long time—nearly three years. You can't even keep that straight which makes it abundantly clear to me that you are not in tune with this publication in its current state. Your contributions seem to have run their course.

If you are interested in writing a farewell column for the magazine for issue #384, please feel free to send it in to us for publication. Otherwise, this column will be your final one."

I did write a humor-based column, lampooning (a roast of sorts) of Punk Rock last month. In the *original MRR* tradition of humor and poking fun at ourselves and others, in the hope that it opened up a dialogue and self-reflection for all of us. It should have opened up a conversation. "Stirred the pot", as Tim would have said. Not *getting fired* without any warning, or discussion after, again, 30 years of contribution.

I also wrote in last month's column, that I wasn't sure about "spilling my blood" for so long for a magazine, that does not even appreciate me enough to help me advertise my book. I also wrote, that I only write because I wanted to reach kids. Kids who were in trouble, or kids who needed a laugh, but mostly, for kids who felt lost like me, and found a place within punk rock to be accepted.
I write true life stories so maybe, just maybe, someone might learn something

and not have to go through the shit I did. Or if they do, they can laugh about it.

I wrote in last month's column that is wasn't the money driving me because there is none. I could be spending my time writing for magazines for real money, but that is not what's important, writing for *MRR* to reach kids around the world was.

I am sure the editor is going to throw in some snarky comments after this column. Trying to defend *her* decision.

Or she might not write anything at all. The main point here is I was really trying to give her good ideas to help out, and she didn't see the top of one column, got insulted by my satirical words along with my helpful advice, once, and *fired* me after 30 years.

I also wonder if she was alone in doing this or if it was a vote by the whole staff. I hope it was a vote by the whole staff. After all, *MRR* always claims to be run by everyone. Not a single editor or editor(s).

Unlike the current editor and a lot of the staff, like I said, I was there at the start. I was with Tim, the creator of the magazine when he was dying. He even offered me and Mykel Board the magazine to do with whatever we wanted as long as we did it in San Francisco. I had to tell him no because I lived in New York and had other stuff going on.

Tim wanted the magazine to retain its humor (like the "Holy Bible Of Punk Rock" cover we did) while trying to show that corporations didn't have to control everything. He told me it was a "Utopian" idea, and would never really work in real life, but he wanted to have people strive for it. He thought it make everyone nicer and I agreed.

There is a lot more about Tim I'm not going to write here because I don't think he'd want me to. But I'm damn sure he never thought the "rules" we created for the magazine would be followed dogmatically. That would make them extremists, like those whacky Muslims or Christians that take everything from the bible literally.

So, I just want to say *thank you* to all the readers of this fine magazine, and *thank you* to all the writers of this magazine that contribute their time, energy, and passion for this thing. And *thank you* to all the "shitworkers" who donate the most precious of resources, their time.

I am sorry to leave here.

Please check out my website at georgetabb.com. Right now I'm also writing for *Mass Movement Magazine* UK which you can find online or through a link on my website.

Sadly, it's time to say one last time:
Take My Life, Please.

I have just finished reading the issue #2 of the LOW LIFE fan club newsletter. It is honestly the best contemporary cut and paste fanzine I've seen in terms of layout and visual appeal; a humor and intellect shown through the finer details, quirky jokes and creative but basic interactive puzzles scattered throughout. This club newsletter is available to members only, and dishes out all the dirt on what's happened recently and what is coming up for Sydney's downer-punk band LOW LIFE. It opens with a brief introductory overview, from the fan club president, of their upcoming US tour with ICEAGE, which also glances over guitarist Shogun bowing out of the band, his new replacement, and some shows they have lined up in Australia before their adventure abroad.

The "Fan Confessions" section follows, letters from fan club members sent into the president talking about their experiences with LOW LIFE and how glad they are to be an official fan. There was a photo competition, and ones that are sent in are collaged for everyone to enjoy. Member #34 is the competition winner. Daniel from TOTAL CONTROL/STRAIGHTJACKET NATION/etc. writes in and gives the scoop on Shogun parting with the band. It's mostly sarcastic and witty, but reading through the lines gives you a bit of insight into the truth. The band is asked to confirm the rumors but all is denied. The newsletter gives the real fans what they want which, as well as the goss, includes little half-page cut and paste collages of members' hair (photocopied), being able to dress members with cut-out Nike shorts, joints and bikini tops, and obtaining your own band member wig with a comb—complete with broken teeth—to keep it looking slick (all photocopied).

Dizzy is the newest member stepping up to the podium, and he is introduced via interview with all the critical details—physical appearance, hobbies, and his own fandom of LOW LIFE. The newsletter ends with a game of "spot the difference" and special thanks. It's short and sweet, with lots of little entertaining components that gives it variety but don't make it too text heavy or confusing. In addition, this edition of the newsletter comes with a LOW LIFE iron-on patch—"You know who the fuck we are." Only for LOW LIFE fan club members, though! If you want to join the fan club send AUD$5 to Kate Curtis at 7 Bishop St, Brunswick VIC 3056 AUSTRALIA.

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I have just finished reading issue #2 of the LOW LIFE fan club newsletter. Kate, the LOW LIFE fan club president, handed over the zine last night while we were having beers at Bar Open, a that is rarely used to host punk shows these days, but shines more toward the noisey and interpretive branch of underground music. At the demise of the ZINGERS and just before their LP release a year ago, BRANDO'S ISLAND was born out of the ashes of creative minds who had just started down a path of punk obscurity and were not ready to throw in the towel just because the ZINGERS had no choice but to.

BRANDO'S ISLAND were launching their debut 7" that night which, like the ZINGERS LP, was released on Million Dollar Records. Describing their sound is difficult for me because it is influenced by a '60s genre of music I am very unfamiliar with. It's a punk music for its time, in its pursuit to push the borders with eccentric and fruitier sounds than its commercial soft rock counterparts. What I did want to note about BRANDO'S ISLAND was the manner of their live performance during their launch. All the members were immersed in their own instruments for the duration of their set. Each focused in bringing out the best, pushing themselves to perfection…the precision in drumming, the vibrations of xylophone…it would seem to be so self-involved, their individual sounds coming together as they performed on another plane of concentration, the crowd before them didn't exist. Together and individually they slay it, and provided a great performance (or technically lack of). They have nothing to prove to anyone else but themselves.

In their performance, talking to Richard and knowing how much time went into

putting together all aspects of the 7", BRANDO'S ISLAND is a work of art as much as they are a band. The precision and delicate parts weaved together to create an image in your mind. And from that, how proud they were of what they did. They looked at the finer details of the finer details and made sure everything was perfect in their eyes of how it wanted it to be seen by other people before they would let other people see it, not just throwing it together, putting it out and moving onto the next sound or release or show. Although my description of what they sound like is abysmal, the 7" is available now to buy and you can make up your own mind on it by looking into the band for yourself.

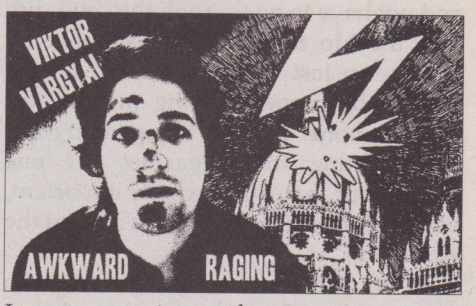
***

I have just finished reading issue #2 of the LOW LIFE fan club fanzine. I've gotten comfortable, with my feet up and slouching down low in one of the worn pleather couches in the backyard of the Essendon Squat, puffing on a cigarette. Someone's dragged a boombox out and has commercial radio on, while Will from SCAB EATER is in the kitchen behind me blasting some local hardcore tapes and cooking up some lunch. After we're done eating, we will ride my motorbike an hour out of Melbourne to the Such Is Life festival, which starts today and is hosting local and interstate crust, punk and hardcore bands over the four day camp-out.

The ride wasn't long and was mostly uneventful, except for losing one of my side mirrors when it flew off my bike at 100 kilometers per hour The directions given to the campsite were vague and we went riding off into the mountains in the wrong direction, doubling back after a while and cheering when we spotted tents between the trees, the ride ending when we turned into campsite off the dirt road we were recklessly burning down. We found friends and set up camp for the night. I didn't bother bringing a tent, deciding a sleeping bag and toilet paper would suffice and the rest I would just figure out as it comes. Famous last words. I wandered down from the camping area to where the stage was but not much was going on. They were just starting to make communal and cheap but delicious vegan dinner, the Black Star Collective (Melbourne's not-for-profit DIY sound guys and gal) were sorting out what to do with an amp they'd just blown, and I had brought alcohol but forgot to bring any cash with me so never bothered going to the bar they had set up. There were some homemade toilets around that weren't too smelly and all up it looked like a pretty well put together DIY festival. Nothing was going on so we all sat around drinking until something more exciting came up.

Martin (from England and living here temporarily) was launching his photozine *At Least We're Not Your Kids* over the festival weekend, put out by local DIY press called "Russian Glue," which is run by Jess who does the *Bad Teeth* photozine. Martin had found some K Cider, which until recently he had only been able to get back in the homeland. They were pretty toxic and he passed out before the bands started. So I made fun of him, dug into his stash of K and ended up doing the same thing, falling asleep outside someone else's tent (because I didn't have one). Waking up some time later, I caught the last three bands of the night and the ones I wanted to see most: INFINITE VOID, SCAB EATER and KROMOSOM. At some time I also saw OBAK BATUK from Newcastle do their set and wanted to give them a shout out because it was some good fast garage punk.

After KROMOSOM, the bands were over for the night. There were a few good dance tunes that lasted all of ten minutes before karaoke started and unfortunately everyone chose the worst songs to sing to. By that time the crowd was either boogeying down to karaoke, standing around chatting at the bonfire, or had wandered off to bed. I hijacked a hammock and tried to sleep through the cold, waking with every passing sound which included Nathan from SCAB EATER throwing up against the tree next to my head, followed a little while later by Jake, also from SCAB EATER, wandering drunkenly around and kicking one of the motorbikes my own was parked next to. I heard that the next night Jake passed out and someone shoved a bunch of sandwich ingredients down his pants, which he failed to realize were there for a good hour or so after waking. I stayed most of the next day but split back to Melbourne in the early evening. Speaking of SCAB EATER, tomorrow they start their two-month long Australian tour, which I'll be joining for the first month. If Such Is Life was a taster for how the next month is going to be, then it'll definitely be a fun one.



I want to write as the Gonz skates. Or better, I want to live how he skates, I want the world to be familiar with his style of thrashin' because it's far from what reality is and if I could write like that then when it gets printed out on paper this utopist vision will be a bit closer to reality. I was thinking about the rhythm of life and walking with a groove and ended up at the similarities of skateboarding and punk.

Both hobbies are very concerned with self-documentation. Tribes hidden from civilization thought a camera could steal your soul. Modern man thinks only those things that are documented exist. This kind of mentality leads to the challenge of filming something that's really worth being filmed, and all of a sudden the whole skate industry hyped itself into a constant stunt act, in which skaters only go out to jump down from neck breaking heights and the actual thrashin' lost its representation, and in the rare moments when it appears on screen it feels so heartwarming. To use an allegory here, the professional skateworld is as if in the prog rock won in the music world. But kids filming kids skateboarding is very familiar to everyday punk struggles; if a part of a skater equals a song and the whole movie is an album. And just as the best punk albums, good skateboarding movies too make you want to go out and participate in the same fun. This eagerness of self-documentation, that probably made the bed for selfies and the whole web 2.0 society, brought every skate rat crew a camera. Just how all the punk crews have a band with a demo. I started to think about what is a stunt in punk. Writing the tightest, coolest songs in Switzerland? Trashing spoons at neck breaking speed in Finland? Dorks, assholes, maniax hitting back to terrorize the society that has melted in the fear of a nuclear war in the shittier parts of the US? Art school dropouts trying to paint shit pictures with their guitars? Mexico holding satanic rituals that are crushing? French people being French but it actually sounds pretty amazing?

In punk, the documentation is focused

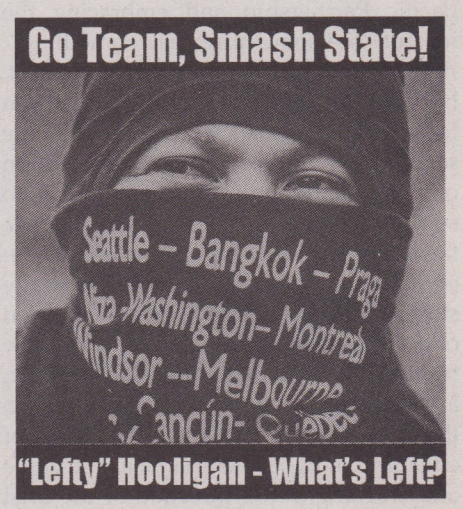
on the falling, not on a controlled and successful landing. The risky minutes when anything can happen. Could everything happen? Everywhere, all the time. I watched a Suicide interview where they said they wanted to make something new and as a listener I could state that they still sound fresh. They created modernism. But are the limits of sonic creativity really borderless? Is it even punk's duty to outdo and reinvent itself? It's supposed to save society, bring anarchy, and kill cops but it's not destined to figure out new song structures and produce another sonic dimension. It has to be itself, and people who love punk music, aka punx, have to be themselves as well. I try to accept that when I want something new, I don't always have to look among punk bands. My own social problem is that I always want something new, because for me the unknown is what's interesting; so whenever I name drop a band here, I feel like the most boring person ever, because I know that band and for me their greatness is obvious, while I wanna be surprised. I want the uncontrolled falling in my head to grab me with its weight so we can offer ourselves to gravity and so be it. So I started listening.

I was re-amazed by the awesome noise of Shellac, had a brain crush on Steve Albini and hammered my worn-out work-wise mind with Jesus Lizard's *Goat*. When factory workers take ecstasy and I hear it behind all my desks. Fell in love with the Finnish Nolla Nolla Nolla and their EP from '81. What a great reproduction of chilling gloom, no new romanticism but guitars. Mauna Kea's transcendental noise is amazing, they are probably close to Rakta. Deformity continue being themselves and why the fuck is short music short, kill shuffle mode and put that on repeat! Discovered Piece War, who are such dreamy, cool folk, I wanna watch people draw to their music; Doc Dart's *Patricia* is just as exhaustingly interesting as his profile piece written by that Born Against dude. And if I were there than I listened to the Crucifucks, stayed close to the sound and spent hours at work putting Spike In vain and Landlords on on repeat. Death to false historians for forcing interesting bands into the shadow of all that boring shit. Why is it too logical that the majority loves crap? Chrome's alien disco is mathematic language for free thinkers, too many ideas; Shitlickers swinging their boots so we can like them, while Rattus makes me amazed by their too-much guitar in my room; Roy Montgomery wrote songs for rainy nights, soundtrack for the stopped cameras. Pervers Et Truands bringing heaviness like a river bringing you thrown out trash, making a whole city ugly when running through it; Les Vandales writing anthemic hate songs; Barcelona who are the most destructive beautiful band.

These bands are painting a much better picture of the world than what it is actually. That is, basically stupid people staring at themselves. If you browse through the holiday photo album of your parents and your friends the main difference will probably be that your parents made pictures of scenes and views when they were happy. If they had enough ego, they stood in the left hand corner of a huge cathedral being happy, smiling. They captured moments. On the other hand, your post-modern friends' digital photo album will be nothing but close ups of their faces with some amazing landmark hidden in the background that is not covered by a pair of pursing lips. They capture their face. You think it's fucked. But punx helped us arrive here. Some of your friends are probably already this fucked. Most of the shitty bands are just selfies of boring people standing in front of formalities.

Have you read it? *New Yorker* being tldr [too long don't read] over *Age of Quarrel* and *United Blood*! That was a terrific article. It could have proved that none of us is qualified enough to write as well as it would fit into the *New Yorker* and at the same time understand hardcore. But it's not true, because punk has so many great minds who can use language in a really entertaining way when they have to express how good Saccharine Trust is, and why they love Tampere SS. But that article demonstrated the true style of those funny/dumb bands. Hardcore, when it is bad, takes only one thing seriously: the codes of being hardcore. While punx, who play hardcore, take themselves seriously, their circumstances, the world around them, and it's not a terrifyingly awkward ego trip of proving yourself to very stupid people. I agree that hardcore is music played by punx who are more punk than regular punx. But again, it's mostly just fast, angry, heavy, noisy music with some ideas that you can dumpster dive even in a fucking library. When *Harley Flanagan wants to kill the band members of FVK* he is not out-punking the punx, he is showing how fucking sad, shallow and empty his life is, being still frustrated over some band beef that happened decades ago. Also, only American hardcore is American. Do your fucking homework and open a map, then imagine that guitars are also sold outside the USA and people can play as fast on them as they want to.

Just take Hungary and my weekend that was ruled by Rákosi, Önkiírtás, Gross Out, Berosszulás. Best hardcore bands of 2015.



Was it a millionaire who said "Imagine no possessions?"
Elvis Costello, "The Other Side Of Summer"

I vote.

In admitting this, I always feel like someone undead confessing my vampiric tendencies, only to be met by torch-wielding mobs waving silver crucifixes, er, circle a's, hoping to ward off evil, um, political incorrectness. That's how many in the anarcho/ultra milieu view any admission of electoral participation, as if merely by punching a ballot for five minutes I actively affirm the entire *bourgeois* edifice of capitalism and the state and all that is heinous about our society today. Those who employ this *reductio ad absurdum* argument would brand me a class traitor for simply casting a vote every two years.

As a détourned bumper sticker I once saw expressed it, I riot and I vote. I do less and less rioting the older I get, but that's a different matter. More precisely I organize, I protest, I act, I demonstrate, I resist, I give money, I rebel, I back unions, I riot, and I vote. Way too long for your average bumper sticker message. I engage in, support, and appreciate a wide variety of political activity in the course of any

given day. I don't consider all political activity equal, either in commission or experience. I rank direct action above voting as I would favor social revolution over streetfighting. But I prefer doing something over doing nothing.

Last column, I made the case for critical support for the military advances of Rojava in western Kurdistan and for the electoral victory of Syriza in Greece. Last June, I talked about stopping the Trans-Pacific Partnership and embracing the idea of "see something, leak something." All of these issues are decidedly reformist, but I haven't suddenly forsaken revolution for reformism. "Can we counterpose the social revolution, the transformation of the existing order, our final goal, to social reforms?" Rosa Luxemburg once famously asked in her pamphlet *Reform or Revolution*. "Certainly not. The daily struggle for reforms, for the amelioration of the condition of the workers within the framework of the existing social order, and for democratic institutions, offers to the Social Democracy the only means of engaging in the proletarian class struggle and working in the direction of the final goal—the conquest of political power and the suppression of wage labor. For Socialist Democracy, there is an indissoluble tie between social reforms and revolution. The struggle for reforms is its means; the social revolution, its goal."

I offer up Luxemburg's quote to short-circuit the usual bullshit political runaround about the relationship between reform and revolution. We're told either to accept the "lesser of two evils" or to demand "all or nothing at all." We're told either to be reasonable in our demands, or to demand nothing and seize everything. The full social dialectic between reform and revolution is belittled by such simplicities. A few days before he was assassinated in 1965, Malcolm X visited Selma, Alabama, and spoke in secret with Coretta Scott King, wife of Martin Luther King. "I didn't come to Selma to make his job more difficult," Malcolm is supposed to have said to Coretta about Martin. "But I thought that if the White people understood what the alternative was that they would be more inclined to listen to your husband. And so that's why I came." The dynamic relationship between reform and revolution cuts both ways.

This discussion of reform and revolution flows easily into the related discussion of tactics and strategy. Occupy Wall Street introduced issues that Occupy Oakland brought to a crescendo with respect to the debate between nonviolence and what has been called a "diversity of tactics." Unlike the tactical rigidity of traditional nonviolence however, the anarcho/ultra milieu's effusive embrace of a "diversity of tactics" is not for tactical flexibility, but rather a glorification of tactics without strategy, a justification of fucking shit up for the sake of fucking shit up. Again, I don't fuck shit up nearly as much as I used to, but that's not the point. The absolutism embedded in the latter's insurrectionism and communization, no less than the moralism inherent in the former's pacifism, are inimical to forging winning strategies for social change. And frankly, I find it as tiresome arguing in the abstract against the supposed counterrevolutionary reformism of electoral participation or union involvement as I do in countering the histrionic, emotional outrage over the wrongs and evils of coercive violence. I mean, isn't it middle-class, suburban white kids with everything who are always talking about "Demand nothing?" People forget that the point is to win. Not by any means necessary, but by means sufficient to achieve victory and by means commensurate with the ends desired. No more "snatching defeat from the jaws of victory" as is ubiquitous in the anarcho/ultra milieu, and no more "destroying the village in order to save the village" as is the practice of the authoritarian Leninist Left. No more beautiful losers, and no more one-party totalitarian states disingenuously called socialism. As much as I want principles to align with pragmatism, I'd rather be pragmatic over being principled, if I had to choose.

Plus, I like focusing on the practical every now and again as a welcome addition to my usual mashup of theory, history, news, reviews, commentary, and tirade. After twenty-four years and some two hundred and fifty odd columns, I frequently repeat myself. Too often, I struggle to say the same old shit in slightly different ways. I still manage to raise some controversy and an occasional stink. Unfortunately, it's rarely in the letters-to-the-editor pages of this magazine, and almost entirely on the intrawebz.

This month, another old-time columnist bites the dust. I'm the only OG columnist left who got my benediction direct from Tim Yo himself. Without going into details (and since no one asked my opinion) all I'll say is that there's a difference between being an asshole punk rocker and being an asshole to your fellow punk rockers. I'll leave it at that.

Next column, fifty shades of anarchy.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I'm archiving past columns, and publishing current ones a month delayed on my blog, www.leftyhooligan.wordpress.com. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@me.com.

"Politeness: The most acceptable hypocrisy."
— Ambrose Bierce

One of the hardest parts of talking about punk to your norm friends, family, and co-workers is the fact that so many of the words and phrases that we so commonly throw about are completely alien and confusing to anyone who's never found themselves in, or near, an argument about which singer of Black Flag was the best.

Us punks even have a hard time occasionally trying to figure these things out. A couple of years ago I had to write a letter to this very zine in order to have someone help me figure out the age-old conundrum of "flyer vs flier" and "mixtape vs mixed tape." Thanks to *MRR* (specifically Carolyn Keddy), I got that sorted out. Punks helping punks, that's the way it should be! So I want to help pay it forward and generate some posi punk karma and help the punks put into words some things that we all know, but are stuck on the tips of our tongues.

Sometimes words or phrases are so hard to describe because we all *just know* what they mean. Like, if I were to say, "The show? It was fucking out of control! There was all these youth crew straightedge kids making out with total oogles while the last band was playing!" we all get a little chuckle. But explaining straightedge, its various sub-groups, and oogles in a succinct way mid-conversation to some

deer-in-headlights co-worker on the line is a pretty daunting task.

So what I've done here is make a little pocket dictionary of some words and phrases common to modern punk culture. Obviously I couldn't cover everything—this is definitely a work in progress. I'm hoping to get to further definitions and expand the dictionary over time—English is an ever evolving language and punk is a forever changing culture. If there are any entries you'd like to see in later editions, please feel free to mail me suggestions. I tried to define the terms with as much clarity and brevity as possible, so that you don't have spend fifteen minutes setting up your hilarious story.

Don't hesitate to copy this and pass it around to people you know. Everyone should have a copy, just in case.

The Punx Dictionary:

All-volunteer: An event or organization in which no one expects to get paid besides those who already know they will be.

Anarchist: One who desires to dismantle the current systems of government and society as long as everyone agrees on how to do it.

Back in the day: A time when everything was infinitely more difficult and better.

Benefit show: An event that sometimes raises money but always raises concerns.

Calling someone out: Telling everyone how you wouldn't have done what someone else did.

Collective: Bureaucracy.

Collector scum: Someone who drives up the cost of a record you downloaded by buying it.

D-beat: A style of punk based around a drum beat created by one of the poppiest and most melodic punk bands ever and made famous by the musicians who sound nothing like them.

DIY: An ideology in which one strives to create, perform, and distribute music and art without the aid of, or financially supporting, any corporations outside of the oil, telecommunications, and automobile multinationals.

Dumpster diving: Living off the fat of the land.

Gentrification: When someone buys a house in the neighborhood you've been renting in for years.

Hipster: A stranger that is into many of the same things you are but doesn't look like you.

Jazz: The style of music that by liking one proves they've moved past punk.

KBD: From the record series *Killed By Death*. A band or record that was erroneously overlooked in punk history due to now-irrelevant factors such as utter lack of talent and terrible sound quality. May also refer to current bands bravely trying to resurrect this aesthetic.

Limited edition: A way to make money later when it can't be made now.

Merch: A tangible representation of ego.

Misogynistic: see: *racist*

Mixtape: Something punks make at home and give away for free that other people make at home and make millions of dollars from.

Not-for-profit: An organization that promises not to make money regardless of ability to actually do so.

Oogle: A reminder of how things may have been better if punk never existed in the first place.

Poseur: A stranger that is into many of the same things that you are and looks like you.

Post-punk: A style of punk in which people attempt to not sound like punk while not sounding unlike punk.

Punk: A subculture and style of music that may or may not be dead.

Problematic: An action, phrase, or situation that so deeply offends an individual personally that it runs, without question, counter to the inherent social and political ideologies of all punks everywhere.

Record release show: An advertised gamble.

Racist: An action or statement so completely evil, terrible, and full of pure hatred that it is utterly impossible for the person responsible for it to ever plausibly deny it fully or move beyond it.

Reissue: A second chance at a first impression.

Safe space: An empty room large enough for a single occupant that locks from the inside.

Scam: A way to get what you want for free by later driving up its cost for other people.

Selling out: Accepting money from people you don't already know.

Ska: The style of music that no one ever liked before getting into punk.

Straightedge: The belief that not doing something is actually doing something.

Tour: A vacation devoid of relaxation.

Zine: The last word, copied and distributed.

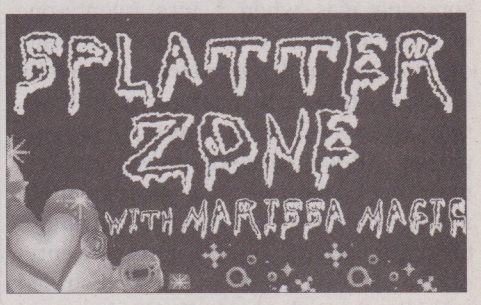
Endnotes:

1) Chicago Zine Fest is actually going to be in May, not March. My offer for a crash spot for punx coming into town is still on the table. We're actually going to be hosting a reading/after-fest dance party on the Saturday night of the fest, so hit me up if you're interested in reading/dancing—stayinchicago@hotmail.com

2) It turns out I left like five boxes of records in Oakland and a bunch of movies and slides in San Francisco, so I'm trying to head back to the West Coast on tour in a few months. If anyone wants to help book Autonomy between Chicago and the Pacific Ocean and back, I'd love to hear from you.

3) Go check out the movie *A Girl Walks Home Alone At Night*. Best film I've seen in a very long time. It's about a skateboarding female teenage Persian vampire who only kills shitty dudes. Amazing.

4) If you're into horror movies and zines grab a copy of *Xerox Ferox*—if you can still find one. It's a 700+ page book that collects interviews and excerpts of the near complete history of horror movie fanzines, from the '50s to right now. It's so fucking amazing, I can't even begin to explain. The closest thing I can compare it to is the punksploitation film encyclopedia, *Destroy All Movies!!!*



I was pumped full of lidocaine and about forty-five minutes into being in the stirrups when this kind and thorough doctor announced that I was now and finally now the proud holder of an IUD. It had been a tedious and invasive journey through three appointments, two failed insertion attempts and so much cervix prodding. A good deal of frustration sobbing, too. After the second failed insertion I was directed to the "complex contraceptive" day at San Francisco General Hospital where I was evaluated by a male nurse who after looking at my chart wondered out loud if there was even a point in trying. I sobbed in return. Because all I'm doing is trying to take care of myself, all I'm doing is trying, trying so fucking hard, to be a responsible adult. Nothing had really started and I was sobbing. When the doctor arrived she

looked at my blubbering and asked if I was scared or frustrated. I'm just trying to be responsible. I'm just trying to take care of myself.

Seven years prior there were some pre-cancerous cells on my cervix. I had a LEEP done, a procedure where they remove pre-cancerous cells from your cervix using what is basically a loop of electrified wire. It left me with very inconvenient scar tissue. The opening to my cervix is partially scarred over. Not enough to block sperm but enough to get me onto the complex contraception day for my third try at inserting an IUD.

The first two insertion attempts didn't leave me in pain exactly but definitely stood as invasive and filled with lidocaine. After both appointments I shuffled out shaky and frazzled on my way to eat a cheeseburger for a reward to my body's failure to cooperate. The first try had been uncomfortable and mildly frustrating but not quite yet upsetting. It was on the second attempt when the nurse gave up that I started sobbing. All I'm trying to do is make it so my body doesn't produce a thing that I really, really don't want. The only time I can recall even an inkling of having the slightest interest in birthing someone was when I was twenty-one and my boyfriend of two and a half years dumped me and moved out, but really that was distraught young love bullshit, that fell more into the "obsessive creep" pocket (if-we-had-a-kid-he-won't-leave-me (Jesus Christ, I had really lost my mind at that time)) than the genuine "I want to birth something" pocket. I was twenty-seven the first time a doctor included tubal ligation in her reel off of birth control options and I remember being *so excited*. Every time I'm around children I feel relief at the knowledge I will never have one. My boyfriend and I text each other expounding on the current and future joy of never having children. Those "I didn't know I was pregnant" shows are the stuff of nightmares for me. I started to sob after the second attempt at getting an IUD and the nurse begged me to make one more appointment to come in on the complex day, and if I could just wrap my head around participating in this rigamarole one more time I would be so happy in the long run, she would even bring me a donut (didn't). She sat with me until I calmed down and worked extra to get me an appointment within two weeks rather than four.

So finally I have this IUD. I have this IUD and I don't have to think about shit for a while, I can drop caution and not go through any more pregnancy scares. This will hold me as I move closer and closer to an age where child bearing slowly becomes not an option. I don't have to remember a pill every day, I don't have to deal with condoms or rings or patches, I don't have to worry about when/where he's going to come or what time of the month it is. It's there, I have it. It's in. I feel great mentally and like a shit glob physically but I don't have to think about my body betraying me and dividing cells in ways I don't want it to. The following weeks are filled with brutal cramps and awesome sex. I have cramps that make me wonder if I'm about to faint while I'm walking down the street going about my fucking business but the absence of the constant fear of an oops baby makes the pain worthwhile. I'm sure once my body gets used to this foreign object it will be fine. I joke that now I am a cyborg.

Three weeks later I'm sitting on a toilet, thighs splashed with menstrual blood, holding this fucking godsend in my hand. In my hand, outside of my body. It came out. It expelled. I didn't even feel it happen, it didn't even hurt but now I'm holding it in my hand. Multiple doctors had told me that using my menstrual cup was totally chill, and I don't know if that caused it to come out or if it was on it's way out anyway, but I figured I could either feel like an idiot fuck-up or not. It took some convincing but ultimately I chose the latter. In that moment in the bathroom alone I slammed the IUD on the sink so I could easily glare at it while I brushed my teeth. Three tries for three weeks fuckshit. Back in the bedroom I nearly chuck it across the room towards my boyfriend, and the heat of anger breaks enough to start sobbing. I'm upset. I'm angry. I punch the bed, I lose my shit, I proclaim, I blubber that I'm just trying to be a responsible adult and the healthcare system slows it to molasses and then my body blocks it. It didn't even hurt, this thing that took so much effort and invasion and pain and time to shove in and then it just falls the fuck out. Somehow, somehow that fucking scar tissue on my fucking cervix made everything nearly impossible but for some reason now, now that I had a brief encounter with this freedom my body is like hahaha j/k. For some fucking reason, suddenly that scar tissue is no longer an obstacle. I go to check the strings and instead my fingers fumbled around this contraption just hanging out outside of where it's supposed to be. Now I find it just hanging out in my vagina.

On Monday I call to make another appointment, they ask what kind of birth control I'm interested and I don't even know anymore. I just need to talk to someone. Two weeks later I'm back at SF General again, getting weighed and peeing in a cup. In the desperation of trying to make my body not a baby machine I have spent a lot of time in waiting rooms with babies and incredibly pregnant women. The woman who weighed me and gave me a cup to pee in asks which birth control I want. I am so exhausted and I don't know the answer to this question. I know that my options are weird. I know that because of my bipolar medication there are a lot of things I can't take.

This nurse I'm sitting with amongst stacks of literature and plastic uteruses is going so far out of her way for me and truth be told all of these slow steps and pants off and body jabs have been guided by women who seem to legit give a shit and have listened to me cry about it and have called in favors to get me earlier appointments and have taken the 45 minutes it took to dilate my cervix rather than perforate it. I'm sitting with this nurse and there is a new problem now. Or a problem that I was aware of but didn't realize how far reaching it was. Because I already expelled an IUD and was in a good amount of pain while I had it, I could try again, but it's highly possible that the same thing will happen. But that's not the total problem, the big development is that all the hormonal stuff across the board has a D class interaction with my bipolar medication. Meaning it's not a total no, it's not like I'll die or anything, but its ill-advised. The nurse can't figure out why so she leaves the room to call the pharmacist. When she comes back she tells me she didn't get the answer she wanted so she's asking some other people. She makes two phone calls, pages four people and takes a run up to the medical director's office and she still has basically the same answer. Lamictal causes hormonal birth control to be up to 20% less effective. Theoretically it might be fine, the 20% number is based on a very small subject pool who were taking a pill form of hormonal birth control and at this point I'm considering either a shot or an implant, which, theoretically if the hormones are going straight into the blood stream, like with the implant or the shot, rather than having to journey through

the stomach and the liver first like with a pill, they won't break down as much. Theoretically, these methods (implant or shot) should only lose 5-10% efficacy. So, I could try it. I could try it but one of the side effects of both methods is a wacky period, either spotting or a tapering off and going away. So I'm faced with a coupling of "we're not sure how effective this birth control will be *and* you won't be able to use your period as a way of telling whether or not you are pregnant". It is clear that my options will not provide me with peace of mind but instead will toss me into a state of constant pregnancy scare or constant pain. I am back at nothing, back to where I started from.

I honestly don't know how people do it. By "it" I mean, of course, get anything done at all. My ass is practically dragging on the ground, I've been up since 4:30 in the morning and somehow I have to move across town in the next couple of weeks. Work, house stuff, baby stuff, eat at some point, sleep too little, repeat. Even getting off the fucking couch seems daunting at the moment…time for some fucking beer and punk!

Before anything else.

If there's anything that can re-light my fire it's the RECONSIDERATION *Noise Addicts* EP. Their first demo was one of my very favorite releases of 2013 (I still need a copy of the *I Like Noisecore!!! Let's Enjoy Noisecore Together!!!!!* Demo if anyone is holding!) so I've been drooling with anticipation for this first proper vinyl release. At a time when the "noise punk" scene seems to be falling out of vogue a bit, RECONSIDERATION are doubling down on the quality of their game, and this EP is every inch the modern classic I hoped it would be. From the graphic design, which shamelessly lifts from the SEX PISTOLS and GAI, to the recording to the songwriting, this is quality all the way. More than anything else, what sets RECONSIDERATION apart from other bands playing this style is that they have mastered the kind of "we don't give a fuck" vibe that made SWANKYS great. The vocals are snotty and lazy-sounding, the riffs sound tossed-off while also being really fuckin' catchy, the whole listening experience has a kind of casual live feel that very, very few bands can pull off successfully. They've also added a bit of a harder edge to their sound in the last year or two, "Worthless" is a very effective hard track in the style of *Spending Loud Night*-era CONFUSE, and the unhinged vocals of "Sacrifice" are definitely drawn from the darker side of the '80s Kyushu scene. That being said, tracks like "Dance" and "Reconsideration" show that the band are at their heart SWANKYS-worshippers through and through: melodic and bratty punk fucking rock. If you're a regular reader of this column, you need this shit! Expect to read about it again in my best of 2015 list. (Pogo 77, pogo77.com, noriyasu@pogo77.com)

Sometimes I wonder if dedicating my life to only listening to the shittiest, sloppiest, noisiest bands in the world is worth it. Those moments are fleeting, but this new BLACK AND WHITE single does make me wonder if I should be exploring the world of snappy power-punk more than I have, because this shit is fucking great! The "Brain Wash/New World" single (also on Pogo 77 because Nori runs punk in 2015) is, like their earlier EP and cassette single, impeccable roots-punk that probably sounds like a ton of bands I don't listen to enough. Suffice to say that it is tight, hooky punk that exists on a continuum that starts with the JAM and extends through THEE HEADCOATS, FM KNIVES, and REGISTRATORS on the way to today. "New World" is the shorter, faster track and thus my favorite of the two, but both songs are total stompers that are absolutely worth your time. Again, major credit to the design of this record as well, from the immaculate picture sleeve to the Island Records-tribute center labels. Look, even gross raw punks need some refined tunes in their lives, if only so they have something to put on for civilized company and this shit has the Nori seal of approval, what more do you need? (Pogo 77)

Speaking of Nori, the ASUKA AND THE BUM SERVANTS *Police Comes* one-song debut tape filtered out in limited quantities for those of us who weren't lucky enough to catch the first couple of gigs and it is, as expected, a killer. This is not just TOM AND BOOT BOYS with a girl singer, it's much harder edged and focused, as much CHAOS UK as it is the EJECTED. Ricky's bass drives the song, with the sing-song vocal following the guitar riff, a plaintive song of punks trying to have a good time in until the police show up to fuck up the scene. Look, "Punks are walking down the street/punks are always drinking beer," what the fuck is so bad about that, you lousy coppers? We just wanna "Go to fuckin' good shows/pogo dance and fuckin' drunk." Fuckin' ACAB. This tape definitely serves its purpose; I'm dying to hear more. Also, I have to issue a massive correction (buried *New York Times* style deep into my column): I thought that BEER BELLY were done with the loss of Asuka to this new band but they are forging ahead as a power trio and even played the Pogo 77 showcase alongside ASUKA AND THE BUM SERVANTS. Great news and I'm just as excited to hear new material from those lads as well. The more bands playing this style the better!

The reissue game is very important to the punk scene—it's fantastic that there are individuals and labels out there who are working hard to bring under-appreciated or unreasonably-priced records back to today's punk. That being said, to my mind the more important work is being done by labels like Not Very Nice that are ferreting out and releasing previously unheard gems for your enjoyment. This month, open your ears and your wallet for the unreleased POISON COLA EP! Known, if at all, for the ripping but obscure 1994 split EP with BLOOD FEAST, POISON COLA were a fucking ripping band who played the epic guitar-driven style of Japanese hardcore, and did it very goddamn well. This EP collects tracks recorded between '94 and '97, and captures a band that absolutely stand up to more heralded '90s contemporaries like GESHPENST or ACCOMPLICE. Yeah, this release has it all: epic guitar leads and solos, tough gang backing vocals and choruses that will have you punching the air if there's anything like a spirit left in your body. It's a fucking crime that these songs had to wait almost twenty years to be unleashed on the world, especially the B-side tracks. "Believe" should have been on all of the Japanese hardcore mixtapes I made in the

late '90s. It's my understanding that the label is working on a double CD release of everything POISON COLA, except these four tracks, in the near future, so this limited to 300 EP is your only chance to grab four of the most exquisite Japanese hardcore songs you'll ever cram into your ear holes. Do I need to say it more clearly? Get this shit! Also, due to bad timing and oversight on my part, I haven't previously mentioned the earlier discography CDs of DAMNABLE EXCITE ZOMBIES and DISGUSTING VOID that Not Very Nice put out, both of which are well worth your attention and are very reasonably priced to boot. Put in your order today. (Not Very Nice, PO Box 2, Broomfield Hills, MI, 48303 USA, chaosnonmusica@gmail.com, toykoanaldynamite.com)

I have to admit that with all the shit that's been going on I've been a bit behind the curve with a few things, so before I go, I wanted to mention a couple of records that have been out for a minute but just came to my attention. First of all the NARCOLEPTICS EP on Warthog Speak is just as good as you've probably heard it is by now, raw hardcore that exists in the D-beat sphere but with the energy and speed of early powerviolence. And yes, the drumming is just as fucking good as everybody says it is. Also the D.H.K./WAÑUY split LP, had I gotten it earlier, would have probably been on my best of 2014 list. I'm a total sucker for D.H.K.'s brand of raw D-beat worship and have been for a long time, plus WAÑUY more than hold up their side of the record with their ultra-energetic take on classic Spanish-meets-South American-style hardcore. It's an absolute killer from front to back—if there are still copies floating around you need to pick one up! Until next time, you can reach me at agunderwood@gmail.com or c/o *MRR*.

See you fucks at the beach!

Somebody recently shot me this message:

I was wondering if you would ever write about how to EQ instruments, house show style, where there's no sound guy, no monitors, the only thing going through the PA is vocals, and everyone's equipment is kind of crappy.

Other than being able to afford better gear, it seems like there must be a way to make the best of what we have. Any guidelines or tips for making shit not just sound like an indistinguishable wall of distortion (unless that's what you're going for)?

I'm really glad you're asking. Realizing that you can actually dial something in in order to improve the overall sound of your band is halfway to getting a better sound. So, here come the other half, the one where you tune stuff up, and manically turn pots right and left to find the sweet spot.

Drums: You can't really change the sound of the drums unless you change the whole kit. The only thing you can do in order to improve the drum sound is actually tuning them to pitch. You have to set up the drums, and mix the other instruments around the sound that comes out of them. There are a few tips and tricks to improve the sound of a drum kit, but I need to dedicate a specific column to this topic.

Electric Guitar and Bass Amps: Bass and guitar amps are both tricky. The column I wrote for issue #382 was about "how a good speaker matters." If you have crappy speakers, then you won't be able to end up with something good at all. Most of the times, stock speakers in a cabinet or a combo amp will sound terrible, because manufacturers tend to cut the prices on these a lot.

So, I'm sorry, I know that it was stated that it would be cool not to upgrade anything or spend any money at all, but the sad truth is that a terrible speaker will always produce a terrible sound, no matter what you try or do. On the bright side of things, we can thank the modern world for now having extraordinary speakers at reasonable prices. The best is when you can scoop some good old speakers from the golden age from craigslist or something. If you really want my feeling on this, I would rather avoid playing all these Marshall and Orange cabinets that most people play on which are loaded with the cheapest speakers available, and made out of the cheapest wood possible, but that is just my humble opinion.

Meanwhile, there's one thing, either on a guitar or a bass amp, which most people simply don't understand: the "tone stack." A tone stack is usually made out of these pots: bass, middle, treble. The presence pot is also part of the process of shaping your sound but it doesn't properly belong to a tone stack. I also do need to dedicate an entire column about this because it is a really crucial part of shaping a live sound. Meanwhile, I recommend reading an article which will explain how a tone stack works. A quick google search for "the tone stack explained in English for humans" will point you to a really great read. There's another awesome article on what the presence pot does. You'll be able to find this by searching "what exactly does a presence control do on a tube amp?"

Once you understand the passive equalization of an amplifier, it opens a new door on how to shape a sound on a live setting, and you will be able to set your amp on different frequencies than the other instruments. But the downfall of this is that all the amps on the market don't have the same tone stack. Fender and Marshall are similar, but the Vox one is a little different, while the Hiwatt is totally different than any of the others mentioned here, and that's just to name a few. The only thing you need to keep in mind is that a guitar is a "medium frequency" instrument, while a bass is a "bass frequency" instrument. I guess it's a good way to start shaping your sound.

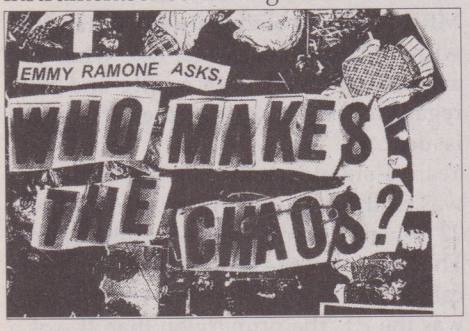
While talking about amps, we need to take a look at cabinets. Closed back cabinets are very directive. They will push the sound to the audience and nowhere else. If you want the drummer, other people playing with you, and yourself to hear what you are playing, you should try an open back cabinet, or a combo amp with an open back. The open back sends the sound everywhere and not just to the audience. It's sort of sad to see a lot of people playing with a lot of half-stack cabinets because they were absolutely not designed to sound good in a DIY setting. These cabs where designed for bands playing huge stadiums (e.g.: Jimi Hendrix, the Who or Pink Floyd, to name just a few) and not small club gigs. Back then club musicians would rather use open back combos, which were more oriented for small venues.

You'll find one last great article if you search for: "one thing you can do in less than a second to improve your guitar tone." Pushing the cabinets far away from you and taking a step back from them is

always the best option. You should never be glued to your cabinet. Set up your sound like you're somebody from the audience and not on "stage." But beware of getting your cabinet too close to the drum kit. I've noticed that the closer you put instruments to one another, the more they tend to both cancel their frequencies. There have been quite a few times when my amp and cabinet were too close to the drum kit and I couldn't hear a thing because both instruments were sort of cancelling each other out.

To be continued…

instrumentsoneohone@gmail.com



I feel like each column I write I need to exclaim how shitty living in the world is at the moment to justify even writing a sentence. I feel like there is no better way to explain my feelings beyond waking up every day to something new I just don't care for. It's all shit that has been consistently plaguing my life as long as I can remember, an atrocious state, an annoyingly late snowfall, a new boring band I'm expected to love. Now we have reached the point in the year in which finding ways to push through it become harder and harder. I honestly can't remember the last time I enjoyed something outside of my house that didn't involve a punk band playing. At this point I'm just trying to trick myself into thinking that I'd rather do something other than lay on the couch all day long drinking soda, so here we are punks, at the butt end of bordeom and exhaustion. Hopefully next month I will have slip and slided a few times and shot some bottles and cans and can tell you fucking tight punk is, but for now I'm just gonna discuss all of the bullshit I listen to while I'm pissed off laying on my couch.

After waiting for what seemed like such a long time I finally picked up this SKEMÄTA LP and wow, is it something. Incredibly loud and fast raw punk out of North Carolina with whirlwind riffs and unmatched intensity in the vocals. Fast and noisey D-beat hardcore is something that a lot of tryhards have been working really hard to make overstay its welcome in punk, and luckily we have bands like SKEMÄTA to put those fools in their place. They write more interesting and just simply better songs than at least 90% of bands doing this right now, and on top of all that they do it louder and faster. This has the same ANTI CIMEX scorching style I will never get over but delivers it in a way that somehow feels unique and new. That mesmerizing feeling I got with bands like GAS RAG and D-CLONE, of "how is this so much better than the rest???"—I felt that with SKEMÄTA. Fucking great shit that will surely not get sweated as hard as it deserves. Basically what I'm trying to say is as far as raw punk in North America is concerned SKEMÄTA is the leaders (of the fucking assholes.)

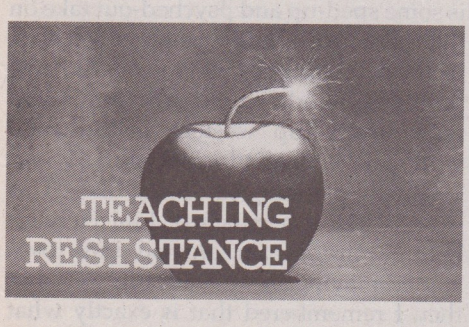
On the Midwest beat, the most exciting new thing I've seen is the BUG, a Chicago hardcore band that sounds a lot more like NATION OF ULYSSES and BORN AGAINST than anyone could imagine possible in 2015. The guitar tone is so annoyingly high and sporadic with the tempo plopping drums and bass of bands like SACCHARINE TRUST and SPIKE IN VAIN. If you like the BAD BLOOD demo from a few months ago, this is a place where Ralph (singer of both bands) continued with a lot of the lyrical and vocal stylings. The first four songs screech themselves out both quickly and awkwardly. They are the kind of songs that flirt the line between a head rush or a headache quite beautifully, bound to leave you excited and flailing. Then they plop into a cover of the BEAT HAPPENING song "Bad Seeds" (a personal favorite) that holds rather true to the original and gives the demo an appropriate mood change. This leads you into the best song on the demo, "Sunday Sermon Blues," which starts with extremely low pitch bends going seemingly nowhere before exploding into feeding back guitars. Ralph screams *"Came to the wrong place seeking forgiveness"* and shit just goes off from there. Definitely one of the more interesting demos to find punk in recent memory, as technically exciting and interesting as bands like BLANK SPELL and MYSTIC INANE with a unique touch that sets it apart from anything else.

To the surprise of no one who reads this column or my zine, CHUD just released a cassingle and 7" that are fucking killers. The Cassingle through NOT NORMAL has what is probably my favorite CHUD song since "Kick Rocks" called "The Biggest Chode" a splating rock number with the screaming chorus *"I'm the biggest chode around!"* It's the best display of midwest rock and roll punk in a long time. With the 7" though, CHUD has truly outdone themselves. Each song is some sped-up and psyched-out take on the classic rock house painters listen to. Its the most tripped-out look on Midwest punk the world could ask for, down to a straight-up western instrumental with chicken sounds and stuff. I was originally planning on saying like, "This sounds like if a bunch of Jimi Hendrix loving weirdos from some po-dunk town started playing shows with BIG ZIT" but then I remembered that is exactly what the CHUD is. A lot of people reading this magazine would probably hate CHUD and I think that is why so much punk these days seems boring and coddled.

Lastly I am very stoked to say I've recently come across a new Midwest punk fanzine!! This one is called *Consumable Waste* and is done by Chicagoan Clement from bands like Thumbsuckers and Muscles Plant. This is a half size zines with a really nice amount of content. It is 90% live reviews which is proabably the funnest way to hear about scenes (if they are exciting, like Chicago and NWI). All the reviews are very thorough and discuss every band from every show with a consistent amount of detail. It covers a whole bunch of Chicago shows of tours that came through Columbus and loads of sick bands not enough people like, which is always exciting in a fanzine. This is very similar to other Chicago works like *Welcome to the Midwest* and its curators *Kill Yr Parents Garden, As Boredom Sets In,* and *Potential Friends.* It also reminds me of one of my favorite fanzines ever, Indianapolis' *Classy People.* If you liked any of those fanzines, or my fanzine, or pretty much any good punk band that played in Chicago in the past year (you do) write Clement and get this shit: consumablewaste@gmail.com.

That's really all I have to talk about for now, send me some cool demos and fanzines to talk about! i'm fucking bored. I have a new zine out that I wanna trade and distribute with as many *hardcore punks* as possible! *Cretins of Distortion* #6, it has interviews with CHUD and PAGAN PISS, as well as a SPIKE IN VAIN blurb and reviews. As free gift it

come with a bootleg cassette tape called *Kretin By Distortion* that feature live sets by three of Indiana's best punk bands and a rip of what is probably Indiana's most obscure record. It's $5-7PPD or trade (lets be friends!!). Pick it up at bugcartel.storenvy.com or just drop me a line at emmyeatsbutts@gmail.com. Leave your discogs rating at the door, stay punk!



This month's Teaching Resistance is the first part of a two-part interview with Miriam Klein Stahl, co-founder and lead teacher of Berkeley High's Arts and Humanities Academy (AHA), where she's taught since 1995. She is also an artist who specializes in printmaking, sculpture, paper-cut and public art and is internationally known among activist and punk circles for her powerful, iconic portraits of political activists, misfits, radicals and radical movements; some of her more well-known portraits include Phoolan Devi, Emma Goldman, James Baldwin, and Harry Hay. In 2011 she collaborated with her former student, Gabby Miller, to create original interactive artwork for the Occupy Oakland movement. As an educator, Miriam has dedicated her teaching practice to address equity through the lens of the arts.

Miriam Klein Stahl has illustrated a new (April 2015) children's book with Kate Schatz, Rad American Women A-Z, *which uses a traditional format to introduce kids and adults to profiles of 26 inspirational and deeply radical women in public life, including the likes of Angela Davis, Ella Baker, Billie Jean King, Nelly Bly, and many more—you can check out a preview of the book at radamericanwomen.com and read more about it from Miriam herself in the second installment of this column next month. Miriam lives in Berkeley, California with her wife, artist Lena Wolff, daughter Hazel, and their dog Lenny. She was interviewed over two separate lunch periods in her classroom at Berkeley High, where students were buzzing around the whole time working on art projects and occasionally interjecting with comments of their own.*

MRR: When did you start to be interested becoming an educator, and why? How did your experience as an artist and activist, and overall personal identity, impact this journey?

I moved to the Bay Area from Los Angeles in 1988, and went to SF State and got my degree in printmaking and sculpture. In Los Angeles, I grew up next to an oil refinery, so I developed really bad asthma that that didn't really flare up until I moved up here...I was in my late teens/early twenties, living in San Francisco, I was going to the emergency room all the time with asthma—because it was new to me and I didn't know what the deal was, and I was figuring it out and I was getting huge medical bills. So, I finished SF State with a Bachelors Degree in Art, and had to figure out how to make money pretty quick because there're only so many times you can give a fake name at a hospital. I was making stuff and screenprinting, and you know, getting by.

At the time my rent was $200 a month for a room in a four-bedroom place in the Mission in San Francisco. I was scraping by, but I was having these bills and I was like—I need insurance, I need a decent medical plan, I need to figure out a job I can have that's real, decent. I'm a creature of habit. So, teaching made sense to me in a lot of ways, having a schedule like that. I wanted to do something arts related and I wanted to do something that would make the world a better place in some way, somehow. Something social justice related. Art teaching just seemed like an obvious fit for me, just from experience I have had in the world, and I really hated high school—it was very painful for me. I went into it thinking I could make it a better place for the outliers and outcasts and the queer kids and the kids who didn't totally fit in, and that's kind of the lens I went into it with.

I really changed to an equity focus pretty quickly after I started working in a school like this, that's so diverse. You know, where I did fill that role of providing a haven for the outcast, but I really saw the bigger picture of how the high school is kind of a micro version of our macro world, and all the inequities and injustices that exist in our outside world exist in a really intense way within the school, but there's also hope, because [high school] is a small place where you can affect change. You have the prison industrial complex that we see as a whole in the macro world, it is daunting and overwhelming to me—so those are some of the reasons why I started. You know, it sounds shallow to say "the health plan" but the health plan was real to me at the time...

MRR: It is real, yeah.

I really needed health insurance.

MRR: It is one of the few middle class amenities left in any job.

...and it has been twenty years since then.

MRR: You are familiar with the Pedro Noguera book *City Schools and the American Dream*...

I have an essay in that book. [laughs]

MRR: Right, so obviously you're familiar with it [laughs], it seems like what you are talking about with equity and with regard to what he saw as the differential issues...

Yeah, I should really talk about that... I was really lucky as a young teacher, I was 22 when I started here—really young. That year was the second year of a thing called the diversity project where Pedro was the P.I., the primary on that. It was a project as teachers, students, parents and grad students—PhD students—at UC. The whole purpose was to hold a mirror up to the high school and say this is what you look like, because there was lots of anecdotal stuff.

So I was this young teacher and I felt really lucky that I got to work with this group of people that were totally like-minded, because it was like an instant community for me. Because otherwise this place can feel really huge and daunting, and at the time it was just one big school, there weren't any small schools. So it gave me a community of teachers who were also trying to make this place better and had an eye on equity. So we'd present the research to the larger staff, and it was very eye-opening for me...because we would present how the school is serving one group of students, that have a lot of privilege and resources, really well and kids who didn't have a lot of privilege and resources were just being duped, were not being served well, and were totally failing, and having a lot of trauma.

MRR: It almost feels like kids were being dumped into a university where they are being asked to select their whole program, and in some sense that's really difficult because of how large the school is.

Yeah, so it was really disturbing but eye-

opening for me, as a really young teacher, that there would be veteran staff here who were like "We know this exists. We know that we are failing with these kids, you're not telling us anything new." And as a young person I was like, wow...I'm working with all these people that know that there is this huge problem, and that there is this is this huge gap between white and Asian students and Black and Latino students in achievement, yet some of the teachers would say the most horrendous things in those workshops we would do as the diversity project.

So, out of that project grew a couple of things that have become part of our school now. One was the Parent Resource Center, which still exists. A lot of parents who we interviewed for the project felt like they would only come to the school in a pissed-off mode. They were coming to school because their kid was suspended, or their kid was accused of something... they were never coming to celebrate their kids' achievements. So there is like this, just pissed off factor of parents, largely parents of color, who were like "Don't make me come to that school!"

MRR: They're only invited when there is a problem.
So that was a great thing that happened out of the project, a welcoming place for parents to be treated well and invited.

MRR: Do you feel there has been an effective effort towards getting outreach with that, actually bringing parents who might not come otherwise?
Yeah. Another thing that was started was PCAD—Parents of Children of African Descent—and that group was very powerful and effective in making change happen at school. And another thing that we got out of [the diversity project] was the small school movement...our high schools were set up to train people who work in factories, and it feels very much like that. When you hear the bell ring, you get up and you move to another class, you sit down and do your work, you get up and move to another class—it is very much a factory model. There was research about creating schools around themes where you can try to do school in a different way, block time differently, get out of bells and cells, get out into the world. So, that sounded great to me.

MRR: How do you feel in the present with the present, a couple of decades into the small school experiment? How do you feel that in terms of Berkeley High and the context here that has panned out as far as equity and social justice?
Well, sadly...You know, obviously I am one of the founders of AHA, our small school, and I adore our kids, and I think that we have made huge jumps and in achievement. You know, we've had kids come in, freshmen class at 19% proficient in English and math, and end up graduating with 85% of them CSU eligible.

MRR: That's major.
It's huge. So I feel really good about our student population and what we are able to do with them, and I also like to try to create systems of being in school in a different way. Of doing interdisciplinary projects, where teachers collaborate. As you know, we just got back from bringing our senior class to overnight retreat, we bring our juniors on an overnight retreat. A lot of students' experience in schools is that they are not seen, and teenagers want to be seen and heard, and we are taking them out of the school and giving them a chance to say whatever they need to say in a safe environment. You know, the kind of social and emotional support that you can't really do in the classroom.

MRR: What are some of the ways that teachers at AHA coordinate to create spaces like that, an opportunity for students to have spaces like that, and also to pull together curriculum and just try to really core things in a more integrated way so that people [teachers and students] are really working together? What are some of the methods?
There's some big institutional support that's really helpful in the common preps, during which teachers have time to really plan their day so it's not just free labor after school—that's really key. Being in each other's classrooms...a lot of teachers close the door and have their private realm.

MRR: That's the traditional mode, right?
Yeah, and all of our teachers were in and out of each others' classrooms all the time and we do month-long projects where we all study the same thing. So our 9th grade students do a project on immigration, 10th graders do a project on respiratory health linked to geography or location—basically environmental racism—and our juniors do radiation, and then our seniors do an investigative journalism project on a topic of their choice.

MRR: Tying radical [classroom] themes to broader social justice themes...Not just within the school community, but in terms of their overall communities.
Yeah, and they are in there working on that in science, history, English and art, and it culminates in a big exhibition that's on display in downtown Berkeley right now.

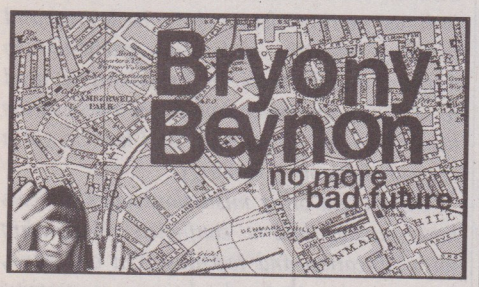
[*End of Part I. Part II will be continued in the next issue when we talk with Miriam Klein Stahl about her new book with Kate Schatz,* Rad American Women A-Z, *as well as getting deeper into issues around teaching, identity, and issues particular to different areas/schools. In the meantime, head to radamericanwomen.com to get a peek at the book and what it is about, and how to get a copy or check out a reading*]

Punks and other misfits/outsiders/radicals have always had a conflicted relationship with education and teaching. On one hand, we recognize that school is an oppressive institution. It is a potentially-dangerous environment that is legally forced upon us when we are kids and teenagers in the primary and secondary grades (elementary and high school). Then, when we finally finish (or escape) it as adults we are societally pressured to progress into often-ruinously expensive higher education (college). On the other hand, education has also been used as an escape valve for countless people who are stuck in grim or disadvantaged life situations otherwise, helping provide them with structure and intellectual skills that have the potential to improve their lives and those of others.

Though the institutions of education are historically problematic and often oppressive, students who have experienced them as "outsiders" understand the importance of learning from teachers who have developed radical notions of what education is and how it works. Sometimes, these students become teachers themselves, helping to subvert these educational institutions or find outside alternatives to them. It makes sense, given that much of punk embraces idealism, strong personal ethics, and intellectualism, that so many punks have become teachers while remaining punks. The Teaching Resistance column is designed to provide a platform for radical, subversive teachers/educators to share their ideas and draw attention to important issues around education.

I (John No) am an activist, a punk, and an aspiring teacher. I am constantly searching for ideas/inspiration on how to radicalize

and subvert teaching pedagogy (the science, art, and philosophy of education) to better understand and elevate my students. As mentioned earlier, this column is designed to provide a platform for radical, subversive teachers/educators to share their ideas and draw attention to important issues around education; particularly compulsory- and community-based education. If you are a teacher (anywhere in the world) for students of primary or secondary school ages (K-12), Community Colleges, or alternative learning arrangements such as collectivist free schools, and you want to submit an idea for a column, please write an email to teachingresistance@gmail.com.



For my next few columns, I'm going to be looking at DIY Spaces around the world. This shit's on my mind in the theoretical and the real because some chums and I have been plugging away at a plan to open a space in London. As it's the harshest city awash with hope-sucking tendencies and the shining pleasure-free private glass dildos popping up where homes and common space should be, I need constant inspiration from people who are really doing it right now. Greg's spot, S.H.I.B.G.B.'s, named after his band S.H.I.T, has been quietly whirring up the gears in Toronto for a while now, so I decided to start with him. How do the urban politics of different cities, the level of enclosure and privatization that'll be accepted without a riot, affect punks' ability to run and maintain their own spaces? It's a question with a hundred answers—here are Greg's.

What was the venue sitch like in Toronto prior to you opening the space?

At the very best, it was up and down. There was a venue called the Big Bop that ran from the mid 1990s to the late 2000s and housed three separate rooms for shows. It was great for bigger stuff and was always welcoming to all-ages stuff. For smaller DIY events, for as long as I've been living downtown, shows bounced around various non-punk run bars and spaces such as Ania's, the Q-Bar, Sneaky Dees, Rancho Relaxo etc. In about 2008, we started doing shows at a place called Siesta Nouveaux pretty regularly. I did about 50 shows there, plus plenty more booked by others that ran the gamut of punk. That place was closed and razed for condos in 2012. There was also the Adrift Skateshop and subsequently the Adrift Clubhouse that collectively lasted about five years and was home to a ton of shit. Additionally, before my time, there was a collective space in the 90s called Who's Emma that was home to a lot of wicked shows by the likes of Crudos, Dropdead, Ten Yard Fight—basically any relevant band from the '90s. It collapsed under the weight of the organization itself.

When did the idea for S.H.I.B.G.B.'s come about? Any other spaces you've been inspired by?

Well, the Adrift Clubhouse was maybe the starting point for the idea. It was a raw space in an old building right downtown (now razed for condos). That space opened after our friend Lyndsay moved her skateshop but still needed an indoor space to skate in the winter. We helped her cover rent by doing shows there. When it shuttered quickly, it was always sort of in the back of my head to find a similar space. I don't know that we've necessarily taken influence from any specific space, but there's been a lot of music and experience that has influenced how we want to run it. Truth be told, I hesitate to say there is a totally successful blueprint of a punk venue yet. Except maybe Now That's Class in Cleveland. It's the happiest place on earth.

What was the process like for actually securing space and what are the financial pressures?

Securing the space was tricky. Navigating commercial lease agreements is very difficult. Having a friendly punk realtor and lawyer helped a lot with navigating the tricky stuff. Financially, we just need to make rent. We were able to get a month-to-month lease, because of the nature of the space—underground, no ventilation, right near the train tracks—which helps with the financial pressure but at the same time doesn't promise longevity. We have to pay rent and utilities ultimately, and pay down a bit of a loan that we took to cover first and last and the cost of the PA. So far though, we've been doing pretty good.

Who's involved on a day-to-day basis (given the name, presumably some of your band members!) and how do you split tasks and make decisions? Consensus, benevolent dick-tator ship or both?

On a day-to-day basis right now, I'm sort of that benevolent dicktator. The band and the other folks who practice there help out with stuff around the space occasionally—maintenance, cleaning, and what not. Our friend Andy helped a ton, but then he moved out west and we miss him. We are in the process of holding monthly meetings to discuss how we can better use the space and how it can become more community-run. Truthfully, I find in today's current punk social landscape (and maybe this is just Toronto), it's hard to do things when you're waiting on other people's opinions. I thought it better to just get the ball rolling and if it was somewhat successful, try and figure out how to move it to something more permanent. The downside is that this causes an immense amount of stress. That said, the transition seems to be beginning well. There are a lot of young punks who are keen to help and it's actually creating a community around the space that isn't forced, which is super important to us. Short answers to both questions: we're not the best at splitting tasks and it's sort of a "both" situation.

Best show so far?

I think most would say the Rakta show in October, or the opening night gig. No one knew we were working on the space, and we opened it just in time to coincide with our first 7" release. We announced the show ten days before and it was packed and a great time. We had a dance party and did some karaoke after. It was near perfect. SHITMAS was also cool. We put way too many people in there for that.

What part of town is the space in, and role, if any, do you think DIY spaces can play in gentrification?

Timely question. The venue is on a street that is somewhat forgotten. It's the closest industrial strip to downtown, the rest have been removed. When we opened up there, all that was there were some local community restaurants, some mechanics, a Portuguese bakery, a practice space rental building that lots of locals use, and a middling "hip" restaurant that no one really went to. Since we've moved there, another space opened (that sucks) and another restaurant/venue is opening across the street from us (which we have some hope for). There's also another practice space that just started hosting gigs.

Unfortunately, I think a successful space like ours is ultimately the harbinger of gentrification—which really sucks. We

recently declined an interview with the *Toronto Star* (Canada's most widely-read paper) for that reason because they wanted to do a feature on the street and how it's allowed for spaces like that to happen. The author disagreed and printed a piece. Since then, multiple publications have posited that it is in fact, the next hip part of town. There're already a couple fancy restaurants, an art gallery and a coffee shop slated to open.

The problem there is we need cheap space if we want shows to be cheap. It also doesn't help our security there. We'll see what comes of it. We try our best to not disrupt the community—no sign, no hanging out in front, nothing starts 'til late—but sometimes it feels like its mere existence is too much.

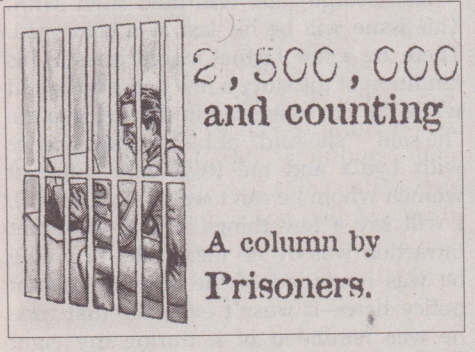
Does anything happen there other than gigs?

The folks in VCR have started organizing some movie nights. We recently organized our first punk swap. And we're trying to work on other fun events like karaoke and bingo. We're also talking about putting a shop in the front of it, where kids can buy punk wares and records.

What kind of lifespan do you see it having?

Honestly, not long. I'd love to see it transition into something a bit more concrete as it seems to be serving a very vital purpose. Like I said, there is a community forming around it, made up of what we think are some of the best bands in the city. If we could turn it into a permanent establishment, I think that'd be immensely valuable—but some people might not think that's very punk, haha.

If you run a DIY Space anywhere in the world (especially if outside North American) I would love to hear from you / interview you for this series! bryonybeynon@gmail.com



Condemned, deprived, silenced: millions of people stolen from friends and family, sent to prison where we lose basic rights to privacy and freedom of speech, having to endure terrible food, orders barked at you from country ass COs, ducking the haters and jailhouse snitches, and having to constantly fight for respect and dignity. Perhaps worst of all, you can't bring your music collection with you.

There're no tapes, CDs or records in the federal prison system, but the prison commissary does sells battery-powered radios.

When I was locked up in NYC fighting my case, there were dozens of badass stations, everything from Carribbean to underground hip hop. I listened to Crucial Chaos every week. And WBAI Pacifica community radio had all kinds of great talk shows, independent news.

Here in Manchester, KY, our selections are limited to country, bluegrass, and golden oldies, classic rock at best. No Democracy Now, no Al Jazeera, not even NPR, but all the Rush Limbaugh and other right-wing conspiracy talk shows you can stomach on AM. I can't stand it, but it probably clicks with the former boss at my prison laundry service job who defends the cop who murdered Michael Brown. He plays in a "southern rock band" at local bars—"like Ted Nugent."

Most prisons are isolated, in small rural areas away from friends and family, and the feds can designate you anywhere in the country—I was arrested in Chicago for hacking a private security company in Austin, was tried in NYC and sent to Kentucky to do my time. These prisons are sold to these small towns with promises of creating jobs, tax bonuses, and other benefits, and end up with nothing other than the stain of being known as a "prison town." One of the effects—or perhaps the primary motivation—is to create a psychological disconnect between law abiding, white country guards and prisoners who are mostly people of color from the cities. It is easier to punish and dehumanize those whom you have no hometown or cultural connection, like how they sent the National Guard to Ferguson (the real "outside agitators"). The military does the same psychological training to make the "enemy" seem less than human so there are no reservations pulling the trigger.

The wave of "tough on crime" anti-drug hysteria in the late '80s and early '90s gave a exponential rise in prison population and sentence lengths: coupled with other measures, like the Zimmer Amendment discussed in my last column, makes for some hard time in the feds.

Token efforts at rehabilitation and programming dwindle and it is difficult for prisoners to keep up with changing culture and advancing technology. But in recent years there've been signs that the Bureau of Prisons is looking to the future.

Sometime after I finished my first bid in 2009, the BOP introduced an electronic messaging system known as TRULINCS / CORRLINKS. These terminals cost five cents a minute to run locked-down software that allows you to exchange text messages with up to 30 contacts: no images, attachments, formatting, or links. It's not quite email, and obviously does not have access to the wider internet, but it's better than nothing.

TRULINCS is also integrated with an electronic law library which has access to case law, BOP policy, USC, code of federal regulations, etc.. This way they are no longer required to maintain a physical library of law reference materials. The search function is an immense help, but we still have no word processor capabilities: people use old electronic typewriters to put together legal appeals and motions.

Finally, the BOP introduced the MP3 program: you can buy a cheap-ass dollar store MP3 player specially manufactured by SanDisk and use an iTunes-like music store built into the same email terminals. Many recreation departments have also been playing newly released rented DVDs from Netflix (PG-13) and streaming satellite radio stations (paid for our "trust fund" money skimmed off the top of the already skimmed commissary profits).

I wasn't able to use any of this in NYC when they rolled it out because they put me on restriction, worried I'd hack the planet or steal MP3s. I was also put on commissary restriction for a year and loss of visits for two years for dropping dirty on a drug test. But after being sentenced and arriving here in Kentucky, they enabled it and I was able to buy an MP3 and use email (though incoming/outgoing messages are delayed by days).

The music selection itself is something like iTunes: mainstream signed bands, no explicit lyrics. I was unable to determine what kind of relationship they have with the record companies to provide the music, so here's some samples to give you an idea of what they got:

They do have: Against Me!, Against All Authority, NOFX, Green Day, Buzzcocks, Bad Religion, Germs, Cramps, Anti-Flag,

Rise Against, Ramones, Refused, Sleater Kinney, Bad Brains, Leftöver Crack.
They do not have: Crass, Conflict, Bikini Kill, Dead Kennedys, Minor Threat, Fugazi, World Inferno Friendship Society, Minutemen, Subhumans, Aus Rotten, MDC, Dystopia.
Definitely do not have: any bands mentioned in *MRR*.

I always try to shell out some bucks for a local or touring band, but I am an old school pirate, downloading music from FTP and IRC Fserves before there was Napster. It is insulting to have to pay $1.50 a song for some Walmart BS when they only pay us $5 a month here, not even enough for a whole album, when on the streets you can freely download the entire Tupac discography on BitTorrent in less than an hour. I don't buy a whole lot of songs and instead generally listen to the maximum number of free 30-second samples every day, but I had to cop out and buy a few tracks when they added Operation Ivy last month.

It may seem like a strange juxtaposition: rows of prisoners lifting weights and doing burpees, smoky poker tables, segregated chow hall like it's the '50s, quiet, tense moments in the yard like some shit is about to pop off, then you got computer terminals for checking emails and downloading MP3s. Some state prisons got it even better—Kentucky got in-cell TVs, PlayStations, and U-TAB e-book readers. Why would they want to make our time easier? Just like in the streets, filling us with movies and music acts as a sedative: prison administrators vastly prefer we chill in our cells plugged into a TV not getting into trouble, not rebelling, but staying quiet and complicit. There are times when the dayroom is so damn quiet 'cause you got a hundred people watching the same TV show.

The transition to email is obviously designed to help monitor and censor our communications. Instead of having to read thousands of incoming and outgoing letters a day, they store it all in perpetuity where they can run keyword searches, etc.. Even with snail mail, we can no longer handwrite the address on the envelope—we have to enter our "contacts" into TRULINCS and print a mailing label: this way, they can more easily create an NSA-like map of our lives. They routinely run algorithms which check who is receiving money from whom, which prisoners have shared contacts, who's making three-way calls, contact with people in other prisons, or third party unauthorized communication with the "general public." They also watch who has friends to update their Facebook account and sends Facebook notices to get them shut down for Terms and Services violations because, apparently, Facebook lets a friend run your account when you die, but if you're locked up they delete your account.

The BOP computer system running the MP3, email, and inmate funds is outsourced by the Treasury Department through a no-bid contract with Bank of America, who subcontracts the work out to DynCorp (controversial private military corporation also operating in Iraq and Afghanistan) and Advanced Technologies Group which is owned by Keefe Commissary Network. Keefe is the nation's largest prison commissary provider, frequently accused of price gouging and kickback schemes, and is also the brand of instant coffee I drink several times a day—nicknamed "Barbara Bush" because of the widespread prisoner perception that they are behind Keefe.

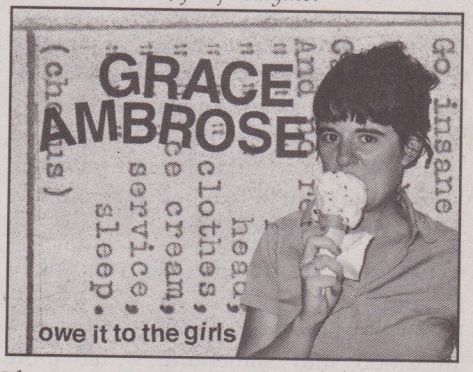
It all comes down to the cash: they really don't care what kind of crimes we committed, the time is not meant to punish or rehabilitate, it's all about reaping profits from mass incarceration, especially from increasing privatization and outsourcing of prison labor. If you've ever been locked up, you've probably had to use stab-proof toothbrushes or wear paper sandals made by Bob Barker. Or had to eat shitty food provided by Aramark, which has contracts with over 600 facilities. Maybe you were at one of the hundreds of private prisons run by Correctional Corporation of America or GEO Group / Wackenhut / G4S. Or had to pay extortion prices to use the phone through companies like Securus, Global Tel*Link, or ICSolutions, rates so high and kickback schemes so rampant the FCC had to get involved. And name-brand Fortune 500 companies use outsourced prison labor where there is no minimum wage or right to form unions. Extracting profits from the warehousing of human beings like cattle, they don't want to see anyone go home, and lobby for harsh sentences through groups like ALEC.

Meanwhile on the streets, the cops, pigs, the bootboys of the 1% routinely get away with brutality and racism, enforcing a repressive "broken windows" and "quality of life" policing philosophy, resulting in criminalizing entire segments of the population, and even getting away with straight-up murder like Michael Brown and Eric Garner. It's not isolated but systemic: folks in St. Louis recently filed a lawsuit against Ferguson for disproportionately targeting black residents for BS tickets and misdemeanors.

Court fines and fees are the second largest source of income for the city, and if you can't pay, they issue warrants and you go to jail.

The courts, cops and politicians work together to maintain this crooked system, so we can't wait for their false promises of slow reforms: we gotta escalate the struggle to abolish the prisons and free all the prisoners. Resistance can take many forms: public protests, letter writing and books to prisoner programs, writing songs and attending benefit shows to raise money for our comrades locked up, efforts to stop construction of new prisons, and targeted direct action against manufacturers of police and prison gear and "tough on crime" politicians.

I was really excited to see the coverage and participation of folks at *MRR* of the ongoing anti-police brutality actions across the country—it is great to have something in print to distribute and discuss with other folks in prison. UP THE REBELS!!
Shoot me a kite: Jeremy Hammond #18729-424, FCI Manchester, PO Box 4000, Manchester, KY 40962-4000 / freejeremy.net



There are only really a few hard and fast rules here at *Maximum Rocknroll*: Open hours of the house are 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.. If you're going to bring someone new over to the compound, ask a coordinator first. Splits are filed under the band that comes first alphabetically, which isn't always the band on the A-side. One dog per oogle, one forty per dog. Your music has to have drums and vocals to qualify for review and we don't cover records released on major labels. We only run original content. It's pretty simple and it has worked for over three decades.

Yes, George Tabb was fired from *MRR*. This issue will be his last as a columnist. There are a few factual inaccuracies in his rendition of the story a few pages back and while I'm not interested in delving into the "he said" "she said" of his correspondence with Lydia and me (two very different women whom he can't seem to tell apart!), I will say a few things. His most recent infraction was by no means the first time he was reminded of the original content policy here—it wasn't even the first time he was reminded of it during my eight months at the magazine. Each time it was brought to his attention, however, the news was somehow met with surprise, and the inevitable retort that we were "making up rules." Because he proved to be unwilling

to follow these rules we were making up, I did google excerpts from his columns to see if they had been published elsewhere. The repeats were easy to track down. He once wrote to me, "If you can't tell, these stories are parables. Timeless." That was his argument for rerunning a 4,000-word screed about virtual reality and video games, written almost twenty years ago. We didn't publish the column. I guess he and I will have to agree to disagree on the enduring value of his words.

He also accused us of being unsupportive of the people who contribute to this magazine. Everyone who works here will always be a volunteer. We pay the people who print our t-shirts and do our taxes. That's it. He knew that when he signed on to contribute and he knew that that fact would never change. If our columnists write books, put out records, or release zines, we support them in all the ways that we can: offering reduced rate ads in the magazine, sharing the information on our social media channels, vocally championing their work to all of the people who pass through the compound. If George had been trying to run an excerpt from a forthcoming publication, we would have happily included it in the magazine (and would extend the same privilege to any columnist). Instead, he wanted us to print an essay from a book published nearly a decade ago, an essay that is also available in full online. If you want a copy of the book, there are plenty available for less than a dollar on Amazon. If we reprint something that is widely available elsewhere, it is insulting to every person who takes the time to produce original content for this magazine every month and to all of the people who would eagerly fill his columnist spot if given the chance

George certainly took every opportunity he could to remind us that he had been writing a column for longer than we had been alive, that we were twenty-something and "in over [our] heads." To denigrate someone participating in DIY punk for being young reveals a fundamental misunderstanding of the movement. He's right about one thing—I didn't know Tim. I was nine years old when he died. What I do know is that Tim would stand by the coordinators of this magazine—if he had wanted this institution to die with him, he would not have set up the system that he did, entrusting it in strangers-to-him for years to come

In his column this month, George asks if this was a decision undertaken by the coordinators or by the shitworker body as a whole. The current coordinators reached this decision on our own, following conversations with several board members and previous coordinators. I will say that every shitworker who has heard the news has responded to it positively.

I wish that George had taken his final column as an opportunity to reflect on his contributions to the magazine, his friendship with Tim, and the relationships he has built with people around the world as a result of his work here. There are many positive elements about his tenure at *MRR*. Instead, he chose to continue to insult Lydia and me. I want to be clear, though—we didn't arrive at this decision because our feelings were hurt. I know that we're doing a good job running this magazine, no matter what George Tabb has to say about it. We arrived at this decision because of the respect and pride we have for the content we put out into the world, once a month, every month, for nearly thirty-five years, and for the people who produce that content, most of whom seem to be able to follow the minimal guidelines we set for them.

That, and I don't get paid enough for people to be an asshole to me.

ENDNOTES:

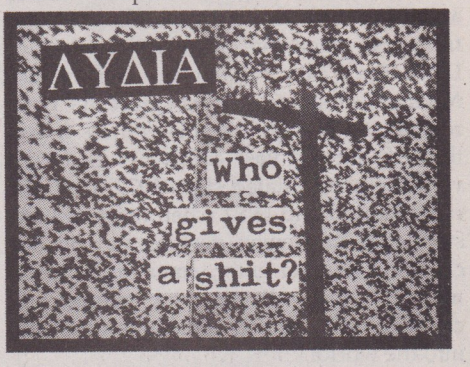
1) We're taking pitches for columns right now. I'm most interested in hearing from people who want to write about music—this is a music magazine after all! Are you a garage freak? Someone who wants to write about the best demos that never made it to vinyl? Living in Central or South America and want to tell us about what is going on in your part of the world? Send us an email with some information about yourself, what you'd write about, three column ideas, and a sample column (1000-2000 words). All in exchange for punk rock fame and glory and a free copy of the magazine every month, plus the guaranteed letters, tapes, and hatemail that will come from your adoring fans! If you'd prefer to write in your native tongue instead of English, still get in touch. We have legions of translators standing by…write to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com

2) Best single randomly pulled out a box this month: Cretins, *Samen im Darm*, 1980—insanely catchy deutschpunk. Apparently the lyrical content leaves something to be desired but *ich spreche kein Deutsch.*

3) Appropriate that the writer who used the word "pussy" as an epithet in these pages more than anyone else penned his last column for an issue so full of righteous women, am I right?

4) Are you equally passionate about international punk and hardcore *and* data entry? Get in touch.

5) I'm writing this column in bed with a bag of frozen corn on my ankle and a developing black eye, following a soccer game I played to celebrate the birthday of shitworker of the year, Jason Brownstein. Buy him a belated birthday beer when Permanent Ruin goes on tour in Europe later this month and destroy him in a game of foosball—much safer than, god forbid, actual exercise. I scored two goals but I still "Hate The Sport!"



The Benevolent Protective Order of Tim

What's up everybody! Welcome to spring! "Brush your teeth and break some bones." We hope you liked our Art & Comics special last month! Grace and Alex put a lot of work into it, and we're stoked to be able to present so many radical and creative punks in our pages! We're also rather gleeful that our April Fool's prank worked on some people—to set the record straight, no, we will not just run art and comics from now on, we still want you to submit your interviews and guest columns and scene reports and photos! We are always looking for artists to create ads and flyers and whatnot for these pages, our events, our website and such, so get in touch at mrr@maximumrocknroll.com with submissions!

We're back to another regular issue this month, and are simultaneously working on a bunch of other *MRR* projects as you may know. First off, we are almost all finished with the *Los Crudos Doble Discografía* 2xLP—Record Store Day pressing plant holdups mean the release date is set for end of April, but it is finally happening—thank you to everyone who pre-ordered for the support and patience! This will be *MRR*'s seventeenth release and we are super proud for it to be such a historic band's collective work! Crudos are gonna be playing some shows when the record is out, so keep your eyes peeled for updates!

We have also made some exciting progress with getting the *MRR* Record Collection Database into a re-searchable format (right now, the 47,000+ entries live in an excel sheet). Ex-*MRR* coord Cissie and *MRR* shitworkers Jason and Eugene have been working their magic at coding poetry and database architecture, and hopefully within the next few months we will have the *MRR* Database open to the pubic to search through. We are nowhere near done, and we have to do some serious consistency checking, updating, accuracy control etc., (data entry/organization, love it!) but we are just buzzing with joy that this project is taking off! When ready, it will be

a searchable database where you can look up any band, record or label that exists in the *MRR* archive, along with images, links to other database entries and info, and of course the corresponding review from the magazine, (Tim Yo's review of Discharge's *Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing*!)—this and so much more; the cross referencing potential seems endless if you think about the vast archive of materials we have accumulated since 1977 when the radio started and 1982 when the magazine started! If you enjoy geeking out on fact checking or data entry, email us at mrr@maximumrocknroll.com and maybe you can help us get this invaluable resource out into the world!

Also, as you may have heard, *MRR* is working on a massive, global event on May 16, 2015. Our goal is to have as many "*MRR* Presents" shows as we can around the globe! So far we have at least 50 cities locked down, with at least one in every continent—sans for the North and South Pole, so if you know any punx there tell them to get in touch!! Check further down these pages for info and a map with the cities we have locked down! Basically the idea is that we want to have a day when all punks can partake in a common *MRR*-focused event. There are time differences, so it's basically gonna be over 24 hours of punks coming together to support their own local scene and *MRR* in the process. This idea came to us not only because some people had emailed and asked, "Hey, can we organize a *MRR* Presents show in out town too?" (as we host such shows once a month at a local club here in SF), but also because it is a brilliant way to create awareness about the magazine and what we do, and to offer a chance for communities around the world to feel connected. This is not just about trying to benefit *MRR* and get some much needed cash donated; it's also about having a day dedicated to all the punks who have been and are still involved with this grand institution we call *Maximum Rocknroll*. Doing what we do for free, for the love of it, for the love of *MRR*, for the love of punk. There's thousands of us—just think of all the "*MRR* punks" you know; either submitting something for review, or whose band was interviewed, or maybe they sent in photos or demos, or helped with editing and layouts… We exist in every continent, in an astounding number of countries! We can all connect on May 16 (by the way, totally unrelated to the Lagwagon song, sheer coincidence), and bask in the knowledge that we did this vast thing on our own (DIY style) but together—no big ass fancy sponsors needed, to bigwig capitalists funding it, no PR company promoting it. The true spirit of DIY, the global punk scene which *MRR* helped create and nurture will take the world by storm! In a physical sense we'll congregate locally, and in a metaphorical sense we will mentally connect globally. "The name on everybody's lips, is gonna be… Maxi Rocker!" Just think, we could break the fuckin' internet! *MRR* will be everywhere! Photos will pour into Facebook and Tumblr feeds, Instagram tagging will explode, cities around the world will be wheat-pasted with posters bearing the *MRR* logo, the sounds of a thousand punk bands will echo around the world like an earthquake. If this sounds like something you would like to be involved in, email us at mrr@maximumrocknroll.com for more info, and also check out our Facebook page and the related event at facebook.com/events/805881439498975.

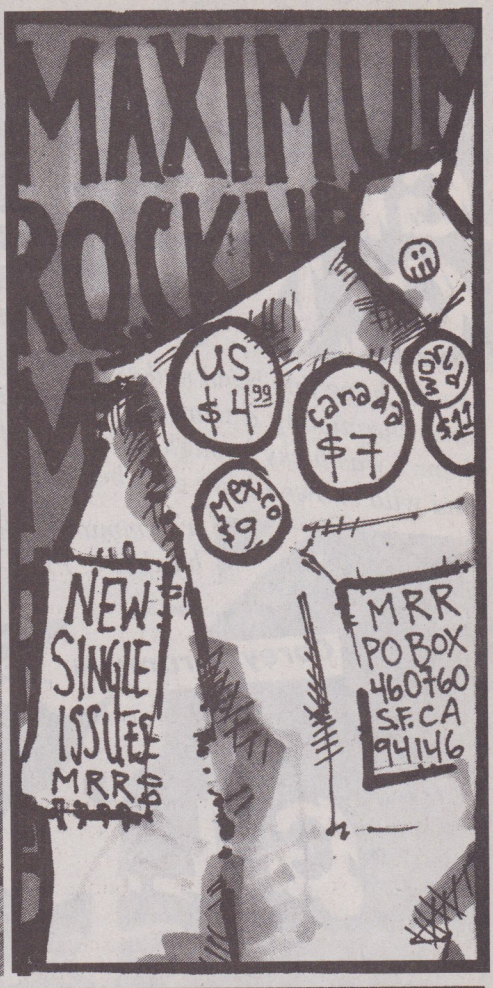
We are also *still* looking for a new content coordinator to run this brilliant rag along with coord team supreme Grace and Eli! This is an unpaid position, full time, but if you are the right kind of person, then offering your life and soul to this institution for a couple years should be right up your alley! We are looking for a detail-oriented punk, with excellent organizational skills, an encyclopedic knowledge of the international punk and hardcore scene both past and present, and the ability to live and work in a busy house, lined by 47,000 records, supported by a Board of 15 or so people and over 200 local shitworkers, both local and remote. You will get to live in the *MRR* house bill and rent free, but you will also have to find a part-time job to support you caffeine / record / junk food consumption habits. I would say the most important thing is to be a fast learner who can juggle multiple projects and deadlines, capable of constant follow up, but not forgetting to take care of yourself, mentally and physically. It's a truly once-in-a-lifetimes experience, and what you will learn here are things you will carry with you until the rest of your days. Be it the music you discover, the people you meet and interact with from all corners of the earth, the mistakes you make and learn from, the skills you hone, or the projects you complete and feel proud of. I couldn't learn anywhere else what I have learned here, and I've met such creative, enthusiastic and dedicated people, some of the absolute best punks in the whole wide world. I feel truly honoured and fortunate to have been able to sit behind this desk, to have access to this impressive and living archive and to tap into a vast network of cool punks. It is something I always hoped I could hack, and now, three years down the line, I feel ready to conquer anything. For real, if you can do *MRR*, you can do anything after that. Could you be the next coord to help propel *MRR* into the future? It is a big, big responsibility, and the stress levels can get high, but it is as noble and as worthy a task as I could ask for in life. I am sad to have to go, and wish I had the energy and mental strength to continue doing this for another century. Yet there is a reason coords rotate—each system is only as strong as its weakest link and, after a while, you have to be diligent with your pruning, and make room for new growth. I am nowhere near ready to stop being involved in *MRR*, and I know that once I have my life back on track (to some capacity anyway) I will be able to focus on the long term projects we are working on with renewed passion and dedication.

ENDNOTES:

New York was practically non-stop fabulous! I had a tragically bumpy ride to the airport (don't drink and fly), but made it to NYC in one piece, and spent almost every minute of the day outside. Chinatown for treats and coffee, 42nd for skyscraper views from new friends' balconies, the Bowery for bar hopping (Dick Manitoba's bar ain't too bad), Central Park for Sunday strolling in the snow, Chelsea for hotel rooftop bars and cocktails! Glammed it up for the Suicide show, which was not a disappointment. Alan Vega has had two strokes in five years, so even though he came on stage with a cane and had to sit down a couple times, his delivery was still rather impressive—he has the Alan Vega moan, the scream, the screech, the drawl and snarl. Martin Rev was raging at the keyboards throughout, *not a laptop in sight!* He wore a sleeveless vinyl vest with nothing inside and vinyl pants, his butt-crack exposed the whole time—it was epic, he did not give a fuck! They performed some classics, thought I would have been perfectly happy with a pure noise-fest too, inaudible, unrecognizable fuzz…but they didn't stray as far into noise and experimentation as they did in their earlier shows in the late '70s. Sure, they must have been mind blowing back then, breaking convention and bending sound and samples, loops and grooves, but in 2015, I was more than happy to hear the music I loved in a manner that was familiar and comforting. Oh, and Pharmakon was also great, almost brought down the roof with her bass-infused poundings, and I loved how impressed the crowd was that she came down from the stage and walked amongst them—they must have never been to a punk show, heh.

Unpunk Soundtrack: Vatican Shadow's new 2xLP, *Nekromantik* OST, *Friday the 13th* OST, *Close Encounters of the third Kind* OST, *Gojira* OST, Sun Ra's *Space is the Place*, Madvillain, the Fabulous Flames.

Punk Soundtrack: the Cramps, Prag, the Exploding Hearts, Rixe, Midnite Snaxxx, Cal and the Calories, Quaaludes, and of course, the *Extremo Nihilismo en Barcelona* record! Déme las drogas, déjeme bailar! Until next time, you can reach me at lydia@maximumrocknroll.com



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This Is For The Outcasts: GIRLS LIVING OUTSIDE

G.L.O.S.S.

I really hope this band makes people unafraid to be bad as hell. Future kids playing music from the past. Hardcore jams chronicling a trans/femme/queer existence that are as relentless, angry and inspiring as the people playing them. I was lucky enough to see them for most of their Bay Area tour dates and they were some of the most inspiring and wild shows I have ever been to.

I caught G.L.O.S.S. right before their San Jose gig to talk about the unrelenting amount of hype they have been getting, being the outcasts in a community that is made up of outsiders, and subverting the dominant man culture of hardcore. Fuck changing hardcore, I hope they destroy it.

Introduction and interview by Ari Perezdiez. Photos by Julaya Antolin and Katie Jeffries

Corey: Drums • Jake: Guitar • Julaya: Bass • Sadie: Vocals • Tannrr: Guitar

MRR: How long have you been practicing and playing together as G.L.O.S.S.?

Jake: Sadie and I moved to Olympia from Boston pretty recently, in September [2014]. I had started writing some of the riffs that became the songs over the summer and I was like, "Sadie we should play in a hardcore punk band and you should play drums!" and Sadie was like, "I wanna do vocals!" and I was like, "That sounds tight!" and then I got in touch with Tannrr, who I knew because our old bands did a west coast tour together.

Sadie: Then I was at Target looking for leopard print duvet covers and I met Julaya in the parking lot because she had an SSD tattoo on her leg, and I thought it was tight and then I said, "You should be in the band!" *[laughter]*

Julaya: Then I asked Corey if she would ever want to play in a band with me.

Jake: And when Julaya and I practiced the first song together it was the first time Julaya ever played bass, and then the next day she bought a bass and an amp and she's just the coolest!

Sadie: We practiced for about three months before we played our first show.

MRR: What's going on in Olympia right now? What projects are you excited about? Tell me about venues, bands, etcetera!

Julaya: I feel like Corey is in every good band in Olympia right now.

Corey: I'm in Vexx and Cowboy and Mona Reels. I'm really excited about CC Dust, an experimental/dancey, electronic project out of Olympia. It feels like all of our friends are doing pretty cool things...

Jake: Tannrr is in Slouch and also in Tankini with Sadie and Erica from Margy Pepper.

Sadie: Tankini's like an extremely over the top pop punk band.

Tannrr: But we're like self-hating pop punk.

Sadie: It's not like a parody or joke in any way, it's just like very poppy. It's really fun, I love to play drums.

Jake: Margy Pepper is a band from Olympia that I always love. Combat Knife is pretty cool too.

Sadie: Yes, Margy Pepper, seconded.

Tannrr: Mhmm!

Julaya: I guess a band from Olympia that I really love that is kind of dead is that band Love Interest, which is not really a punk band. I liked that band a lot.

Sadie: I feel like Hen's Teeth is a really underrated band. They play dark mid-tempo punk. They are maybe my favorite band in Olympia. I wish Dick Binge was still a band!

Tannrr: I also wish it were easier to see the Chain and Margy Pepper more often.

Corey: There are a lot houses to play shows at, but there aren't too many all-ages venues.

Julaya: There're early all-ages events—I feel like every bar that has punk shows has an early slot for all-ages shows. It kind of sucks because it has to be over by a certain time, but there are definitely venue options.

Sadie: Shows can be all-ages, but I feel like them being truly accessible show spaces for everyone is more complicated, because if you just put like "Shit House" on a flyer, thirteen-year-old kids aren't going to necessarily know what that is. Like we were thinking of making CD-R demos and going to the mall and just giving them to little baby punks to recruit them and shit and tell them where shows are 'cause I feel like as you get older it's easy to forget that you have a really insular knowledge of where shows happen and it's hard to spread that without alerting the cops.

Jake: Also with basements not being

GIRLS. .LIVING. .OUTSIDE. .SOCIETY"S. .SHIT. .GIRLS. .LIVING. .OUTSIDE. .SOCIETY"S. .SHIT.

wheelchair accessible, and with all-ages being this buzz issue—a lot of kids can't really go to basements where a bunch of adults are drinking and there are usually stairs, where as a lot of bars are wheelchair accessible. But also bars fucking suck. That shit's tough to navigate and there is always a lot to think about.

Sadie: I feel like all-ages gets prioritized because it's the easiest thing to do but it's not always inclusive in other ways. I also see older people who aren't punks who are just really psyched, get side-eyed or turned away at supposed all-ages shows. There's a lady I know from around town who was at a Tankini show recently who is much older and not a punk and the door person was giving her shit in this really crummy way. Just by the way she looked he was assuming [things] about her, like, "can you pay, can you contribute?" and folks there were just like "Oh, rock bands!" and wanting to come and see this, but they had to pay.

Jake: I feel like that was happening with one of our shows on tour. There was just this wicked hard door, the show was $7 firm and there were plenty of people there. People kept wandering in off the street and getting turned away. I know booking shows is stressful as hell and you need to set some boundaries and stick to them to keep things moving along, and I'm not trying to call anyone out. It just felt bad because people were wandering in just wanting to check it out—it seemed it was mostly Black folks being like "what's going on?"—and the door person was like, "It's seven bucks." It was super charged and it felt really bad to see that, especially in the Pacific Northwest. Later I saw some of those folks had gotten in to the gig, so I guess there was some reconsidering that took place, but yeah.

Sadie: Especially when it's racialized like that and you are playing in a Black neighborhood and it's a mostly white band. Folks are wandering in all psyched and some white person is at the door being like, "You need money, you can't be here. Oh, but, hey, it's all-ages." Like, why is that prioritized, yet there is no real race analysis in the equation?

MRR: I think it speaks to the exclusivity in hardcore and its practice of mirroring the dominant culture, mostly unchecked. Can you speak on your experiences as marginalized people in hardcore? How do you navigate this scene as marginalized people?

Julaya: We had to have a lot of conversations about/with so many white boys feeling excluded for the first time, like throwing tantrums and freaking out! "It's so fucked up, like what if I was the one excluding people!?"

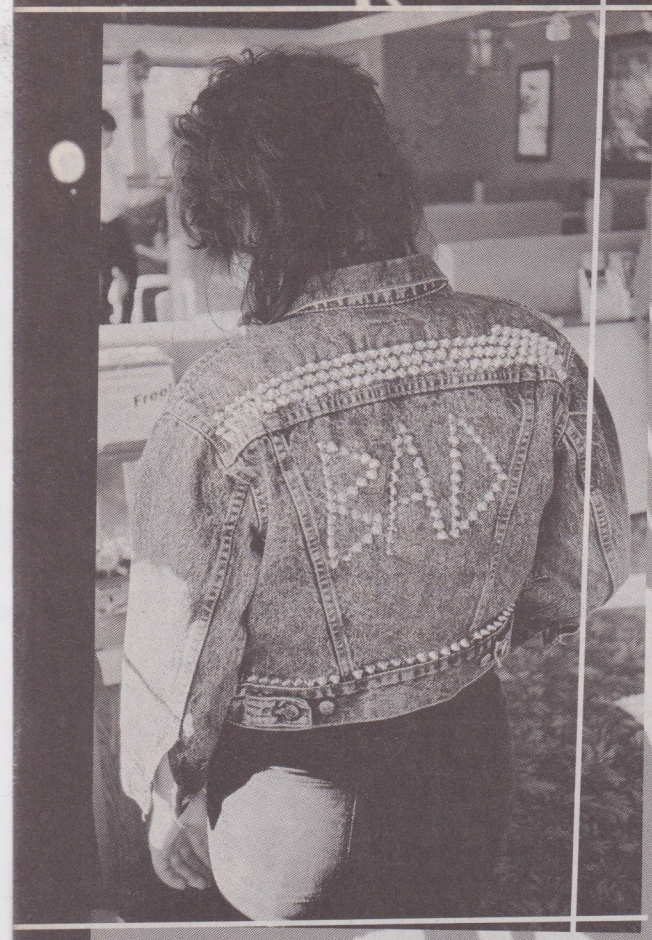
Corey: What was the wording? "Equal rights for everyone except for cis-white males?"

Julaya: It was: "It would be fucked up for me to say all black women should leave the show, but it's fine for these people to say white men need to take a step back?" And we were like... "Yeah, and...?"

Jake: What ruled was that this person really looked up to Gag and the people from that band just said to him, "You fucked up! We'll buy our t-shirts back from you, never come to a show again!" That was tight as hell.

MRR: That's so tight! I've been seeing y'all getting hyped by a lot of straight cis people. The emotions they've expressed have been very strong, like exclaiming tears, and while it's cool to see that, to me it seems somewhat disingenuous. Like, this isn't for you. How do y'all feel about that?

Sadie: The other day we were talking about how a majority of our reviews include these narratives of progress and tolerance, like punk is becoming more tolerant as time progresses, etc., the boring, liberal values of "inclusion" and all that being put on us. And I was



just saying that we're an intentionally intolerant band. That's just what's up and we're not trying to cater to mainstream queer agendas. Jake and I were also talking about transfolks in the media, how assimilation happens so quickly and it's happening right now with trans people.

Sellouts always argue that you need a bigger platform to get your message out, but the bigger your platform, the more watered down and compromised your message becomes, and then you are actually making things worse for queer people. And that's what is happening with trans exposure now, like regular-ass fucks have a preconceived notion of what a trans woman is or what a transgender person is, and what their narrative is. And for trans people who don't fall into those stereotypes, it's even more annoying now, because liberals are all, "Ohh, you're transgender—I know all about you" but they don't know anything. And when you act outside of the box, you're not a model transgender person. That's why trans people have been excluded from the mainstream LGBT movement. We're too fucking bitchy. And not to speak for everyone but I don't want to be normal and I never could be anyway.

MRR: It's the politics of respectability—if you don't conduct your activism the way the dominant culture deems acceptable then you are worthless.

Sadie: Exactly.

Jake: It's really cool that we have gotten to say "no" to a lot of people like *Noisey* or whatever, but it's so annoying to live in 2015 where people can make blogs about you and shit and say whatever they want about what you are "about." Someone wrote about a bunch of queer bands on *MTV Iggy* and included us and Aye Nako. What the hell is that? The role of things like MTV and *Noisey* is to make things that are indigestible by society digestible—tolerable, really.

What is important to me about queerness is that it's something that doesn't speak the language of society. I mean that's what queer means: not normal, doesn't make sense, anti-social. What we do is antagonistic towards society and the role of *MTV Iggy* is to make it representable within some political reform framework. Or like what Sadie said, all these assimilationist queers trying to get a bigger piece of the pie just end up on the other side of the divide from people who still going to end up excluded at the end of the day, like trans women of color who are facing a literal genocide in the US right now, or all the incarcerated and poor queers who couldn't give a fuck about marriage or their 401K or whatever. And so its just annoying to be given this like political reform/civil rights narrative that at least I don't subscribe to at all. I'm interested in destroying society, not being tolerated by it.

MRR: Do you feel that that these cultural practices of assimilation play out in punk and hardcore as well? Do you feel that it's possible that that will happen to your message in the form of misinterpretation by liberal punks?

Jake: It's happening!

Corey: I feel like a lot of our reviews have been very flattering, but will throw in these super toxic sentences like, "If this band was an all dude hardcore band then this demo would be okay, but it's amazing because it's not." That's not what we want to hear.

Sadie: And being compared to Riot Grrrl just because there are women in our band! But I feel that the response from trans women has been really overwhelming, and that has been so awesome for me and really important... trans women and trans femme people coming up to me after the show and being like, "I've never been in a pit that has felt like that before, and it felt so good and I feel like I am welcome here and I want to be involved in hardcore again, I want to start this band, etcetera." Just seeing women crowdsurfing and knowing the words has been awesome. This band is for the people I am singing about and am representing. It's cool other folks are into it, like you said, but it's not for them.

Julaya: From my point of view, as a QPOC, a lot of the time I have felt bummed that a bunch of straight white boys are like, "Oh, I'm taking this meaningful thing out of the songs," but I also don't care that much, because I don't actually fucking care about their opinions at all! So many of my friends who are women of color and so many other historically marginalized identified people have come up to me and said this is the first time they have felt comfortable at a show ever or related to lyrics, etc. That makes it worthwhile even if every other white boy hates our band or likes it for the wrong reasons. That's fine to me.

MRR: How have the shows you have been playing as G.L.O.S.S. been different from the ones you have attended in the past?

Corey: In Olympia, it seems like the people that are normally up front, a group of dudes, have been going to the back. There are a bunch of new faces up front.

Julaya: The dudes don't even make a big deal about it, like pat themselves on the back, they just quietly and respectfully go to the back of the room. It makes me really appreciate my friends.

Corey: This is the first band I have ever been in that feels like it stands for something. People are singing along and crying and it's really overwhelming.

Sadie: Ya.

Tannrr: Ya.

Jake: Ya.

Sadie: After we played the first Oakland show and we went back to Corey's mom's house, I just went into the room and cried, and I almost texted you guys, "Is anybody else crying right now?!"

Julaya: I've said this to my bandmates so many times, I feel like this is the experience for a lot of queer punks like myself who are into hardcore punk. Before I met the Boston crew, I was going to queer punk shows just to be around queer punks and I hated every band. Y'know? I feel like a lot of people that like this kind of music are connecting for the first time in both ways—to the music and to the community surrounding it, which is a big thing. I can't speak for other people really, but a few folks have said that to me and I feel like that's a big part of why it feels different.

MRR: I think your observation is correct. I know a lot of people who are "lost in the void" between queer punk and hardcore and have to choose between hanging out with friends and hating the music, or going to a show and liking the music but not connecting with many people in a meaningful way.

Sadie: Totally, and I feel like being from Boston and being involved in really dumb hardcore for a very long time, I always wanted to be involved in a certain way but was sidelined and didn't really understand why because there wasn't a tangible reason. I didn't have the language to understand because I was a kid and I didn't think misogyny and sexism applied to me because I wasn't fully aware of my identity. I really wanted to access those feelings, and now that I've learned to articulate them, being on the other side of the microphone has been so fucking intense. The other day I was thinking...I spent my entire life in punk building up to this moment, everything I have been through and have learned, everything is culminating in this band and it has been super charged and special.

Tannrr: I went to a lot of hardcore shows alone and would just stand there in between every band. I don't drink or smoke, so I would just stand around and be a stranger. Maybe I'd see someone I kind of know in the distance? I felt alienated socially and maybe it is attached to something more than being an outsider, or just social anxiety, but it was funny starting other punk bands in spite of hardcore, even though I wanted to play hardcore... And I've played hardcore shows in Slouch or Disparate and I've never felt like those bands belonged there at all. So sometimes I'm mad at "hardcore" finally accepting me into hardcore world/actually talking to me/[being] happy to see me, because it took so long to get there. It's weird to feel disrespected just because someone doesn't like your band that much and it's weird to see the 180 as soon as people started caring about G.L.O.S.S. I'm getting over it. But what's feeling important to me is going to hardcore shows and seeing people I would never see there—people that would have felt real fucking alienated—and also seeing people I have never seen before, even at other shows, who are obviously there for G.L.O.S.S. I'm glad we mean something to people who are feeling alienated for whatever reason.

MRR: How are y'all dealing with the intense situations, responses, and feelings since your demo came out?

Corey: Laughing. [*laughter*]

Julaya: Playing in a band with four of my best friends I don't feel like I need outside support, because any time anything good happens we celebrate together and when something shitty happens they are just there for me and they know me well enough to be like "here's my switchblade" or "here's some Junior Mints" or whatever.

Corey: Same, we bring candy to every practice.

MRR: So you're eating a lot of candy? What are your favorites?

Julaya and Corey: Junior Mints, gummy bears.

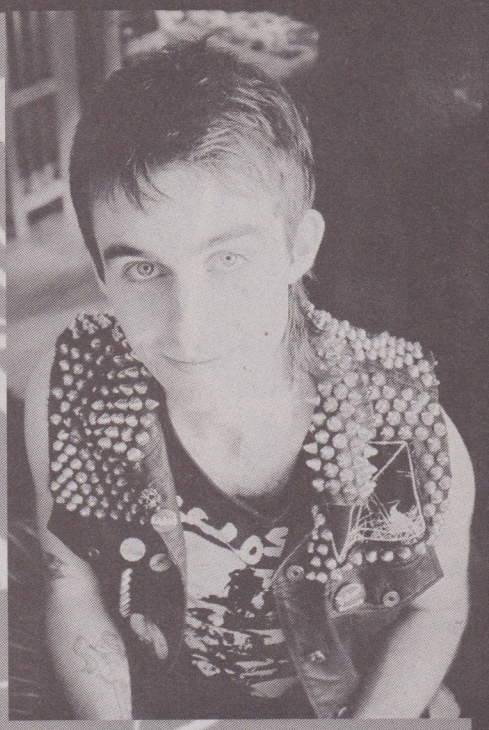
Sadie: I fucking love gummies!

Corey: Tannrr, I've only seen you eat Junior Mints.

Tannrr: But they aren't my fave.

MRR: Have you been living a lie Tannrr?

Tannrr: No I love sugar! I dunno, I used to be extreme candy but now it's like pastries, but then my favorite pastry place closed down, so now I don't know what to do. I was bummed that my favorite muffins from Bearded Lady are



gone but I guess it's fine they're not there anymore, though I'm genuinely upset. Just to bring it into a real-er talk here...[*laughter*]

Sadie: Also the Bearded Lady, what the fuck? What's your favorite candy Jake?

Jake: Salted licorice. I don't know where to get it. I also like salted cashew caramel and Snickers.

Julaya: Corey likes sour worms. [*laughter*]

MRR: How do y'all keep staying such bad bitches?

Julaya: I got a "bad girl" tattoo when I was eighteen, then I gave the other girls in the band bad girl tattoos.

Corey: And we have pink batons.

Tannrr: And an assortment of other weapons. I'm trying to get more comfortable with being confrontational.

Julaya: You held it down the other night though! [*laughter*]

Tannrr: There was this confrontation with this guy and Julaya where I heard her say, "What the fuck?!" as I was loading things into the van. I was trying so hard to find a good weapon but I didn't have anything nearby so I just held it down and nothing ended up happening.

Julaya: He was down to fight though.

Tannrr: I am D...TF. [*laughter*] That's what the young people are calling it right?

Jake: Fighting keeps you young.

Sadie: I punched a man the other day at the bar because he was being a misogynist asshole, and he wouldn't stop yelling "cunt" and then he threatened to break a bottle over my head and then our friend Mambo stood up and said, "Are you threatening her?" There was a confrontation and everything chilled out but as we were leaving I saw him yelling at his girlfriend, like an inch from her face. I looked over at him and he saw me looking at him, so he grabbed his crotch and started moaning really loudly and rubbing it in my direction. My switch flipped and I went over and hockey grabbed his collar and I punched him in the face. It felt so good!

Julaya: I think it's just the thing of being surrounded by this group of people at this point in my life—if I got in a fight with someone, no one would even question what was going on. They would just have my back.

Sadie: Even with that confrontation the other day, people had my back really hard in a way that I haven't felt before and that feels really empowering. Like, oh, I can stick up for myself and people will also stick up for me. I feel like I have a really good girl/femme crew right now, which I have never had before. In the past people have stood up for me but it felt paternalistic, borderline condescending like, "Oh, she can't take care of herself" or like "Oh, she's *our* faggot." But now it's actual women and queers and it's so cool.

Julaya: Yeah, we buy each other weapons as gifts a lot.

MRR: Wow that's hella inspiring, I hope 10,000 girl gangs come out of this band. It reminds me of the praxis of being gender marginalized and being really unapologetic about demanding space, taking direct action against your oppression and not taking shit from cis/straight/white people in general. It's like not even calling someone out when they are harassing you, but scaring the hell out of them to the point where they won't even think of harming someone else again.

Sadie: I have been slowly realizing that now I can fight! It's awesome.

Jake: The dominant concept of safer spaces where you try to hold some ground for yourself is so limited, you are always on the defense. It's rooted in asking people you don't trust to behave. Hearing Sadie at the show last night say, "This is a safe space to be a bitch..." [*laughter*] It was like seeing a safe space as a form of attack and taking space rather than trying to defend your little plot, like rolling with a crew and trusting people you *do* trust to be bad instead of trusting people you don't trust to be good.

MRR: It's like the concept of the "Danger Zone"—it's a space where it's dangerous to act oppressive. It's a dangerous place for you to be a piece of shit because your actions will have dire consequences. It's dangerous for you to be here. Don't come, don't show up. The whole world is safe for you; let us have our space.

Julaya: I also feel like this band is the first time where I don't have to feel apologetic about anything. Like I was saying before, I have had so many conversations with white men saying, "I feel oppressed because of this thing!" And they are expecting an apology or people to say to them, "Oh, you didn't feel safe in this space, well, we will do something about it." And me and a lot of my friends are like, "I am not sorry, I am not going to change, deal with it! Welcome to how I feel every fucking day. Just deal with it." And that feels so important!

MRR: What do their faces look like when you say that to them?

Tannrr: You know when you see like a dumb dog? [*laughter*] Also an important thing to note... we have B.L.O.G.S., Boys Living on G.L.O.S.S.'s Shitlist. It's our unwritten list of boys who aren't allowed.

Corey: It's getting longer by the day.

MRR: Julaya, can you get any more bad?

Julaya: I don't think so. I guess I can get a face tattoo or something... [*laughter*]

MRR: What does the future hold for G.L.O.S.S. are y'all gonna go on a rampage and oust every man out of hardcore or what?

Sadie: Yes.

Julaya: Yes.

Corey: Yes. The 7" of our demo is coming out on Total Negativity and Nervous Nelly, and our tape is being repressed on Not Normal.

Julaya: Our 7" is coming out in Europe too, on Sabotage.

Corey: We've been asked to go to Europe, and we're going on a U.S./Canada tour in September and October. We need help with dates.

Sadie: I also think its really cool that Jake's label is putting out our record in conjunction with another explicitly queer and trans label. A bunch of hyped trendy man-hardcore labels asked to put us out and we're totally side-eyeing that. It's really important to me that we amplify and promote these labels, labels that no one has heard of, or ones that hardcore people wouldn't give a fuck about. Now it's like, "Haha, you have to buy this record on this queer-ass label." It just feels really good.

MRR: Y'all are subverting the dominant man culture of hardcore.

Sadie: Also on the subject of subverting the dominant man culture of hardcore: we accidently made way too few tapes for tour and there is this thing in hardcore, creating a scarcity of merch to hype your band, like some Youth Attack eBay Gremlin shit. It was a total accident, we obviously had no idea how many people would want tapes. I would so much rather give tapes away. We were at the donut shop today and there were like two AFAB baby punks. They were like twelve, one of them had a Virus patch and half leopard and half plaid pants. I literally got out of the van and ran two blocks across the street to give them our tape and they were sooo psyched. That's so much more important to us than some Youth Attack keyboard warrior shit. I hope that people don't think that we intentionally made too few tapes—we really want everyone to have one.

Jake: We're going to burn every bridge in this interview...

Sadie: Well, what other bridges can we burn in the last thirty seconds?

Jake: Fuck *Noisey*, fuck *Impose*, fuck *Stereogum*.
Sadie: Fuck Viva La Vinyl
Jake: Fuck Turnstile.
Corey: Fuck Mackelmore haircuts and "za."
Sadie: Fuck people that give a shit about coffee.
Tannrr: Fuck punks that don't tip.
Jake: Fuck Boys From Brazil.
Sadie: Fuck *Pitchfork*, fuck local business.
Tannrr: Fuck recycling.

MRR: To end this on a positive note, what are you hyped about right now?
Julaya: I'm stoked on how many ladies of color have been showing up to our shows, especially in Olympia. We played a few weeks ago at the boys' house and the whole front row was Asian women and my heart was very, very full. Also stoked for Cowboy, the best band in Olympia! Blue eyebrows!
Corey: I'm hyped about being in a band that follows through. We've kicked assholes out of shows on multiple occasions, and are doing our best to ensure a safe space. It feels really good to be in a band that is legitimately angry and exercises our morals when needed.
Tannrr: I'm hyped that people like my friend Maria are like, "I like punk again, I finally care about punk bands again because of G.L.O.S.S.," and kids adding me on Facebook posting about how they want to start a feminist or queer hardcore band. I'm really stoked that punk can actually be meaningful for people. Also hyped on G.L.O.S.S. helping me do my makeup.
Sadie: We've been getting contacted a lot by really young trans women in small towns in the Midwest and the south. This one girl emailed us and was like, "My dad doesn't know I'm trans and he threw out all my clothes and I wanna run away from home, you have to come to my town." It's really important for me that we travel to those places, the towns where there's like ten kids at the show but it's so real and awesome to them, rather than playing some hype fest. That's fun too but it's really important for me to go to those small towns and have those really intense connections. So I'm psyched on that, and on being in a band where I get so much girl time and constant femme vibes. Some bands I'm really psyched on right now are Steel Chains and Spetsnaz from Portland, Leather Daddy in Boston, and In School from New York.
Jake: I feel so happy about these stories of people being excited [about hardcore and punk] again. I'm sure a lot of people feel like this but I've felt so many times like, "Do I completely abandon this thing that's so important to me because it's so fucking fucked or do I try to profane it and make it meaningful?" It's like swimming upstream trying to do that and it feels like we did a good job. I feel so happy. That people are telling us that this has made punk meaningful to them is the tightest thing ever...No...people being like, "This makes me meaningful to myself" is the tightest thing ever.

MRR: Like that person last night who exclaimed, "I fucking love being a trans woman!"
Sadie: That was so awesome, and in the moment I don't know how to react to that stuff because I am so overwhelmed and I don't feel as present, then later when you are alone you are just like "What the fuck?!" and you start to process it. It feels really wild. I cried so many good tears on this tour.
Jake: The band I am most psyched about in 2015 is the band Dominadora from Chicago, best people ever. I've only seen twenty-second clips of their practices but I know it going to be the best. I'm also psyched on the Wrong from Chicago and Leather Daddy from Boston. It was incredibly inspiring to see people blockading highways and fucking shit up and fighting the police in 2014 in response to continued police violence against Black communities and I look forward to seeing more of that and all forms of resistance against racism, patriarchy, and capitalism in 2015.

MRR: Any final thoughts?
Corey: I just want to say how weird this feels, how we are just friends playing music and then people started getting really excited about it.
Julaya: Yeah this is my first ever band, my first time ever playing the bass, and I was not even expecting us to ever play a show...
Sadie: It just started so genuinely, out of all of us wanting to hang out and we're just all really tight and I feel like we have good communication and are really good at hanging out together. At our band practices we just eat a lot of candy and talk. It feels so chill and the fact that it's something that is this other thing is an awesome bonus. Is there one last good thing we should say?
Corey: Bad girls have each other's backs!

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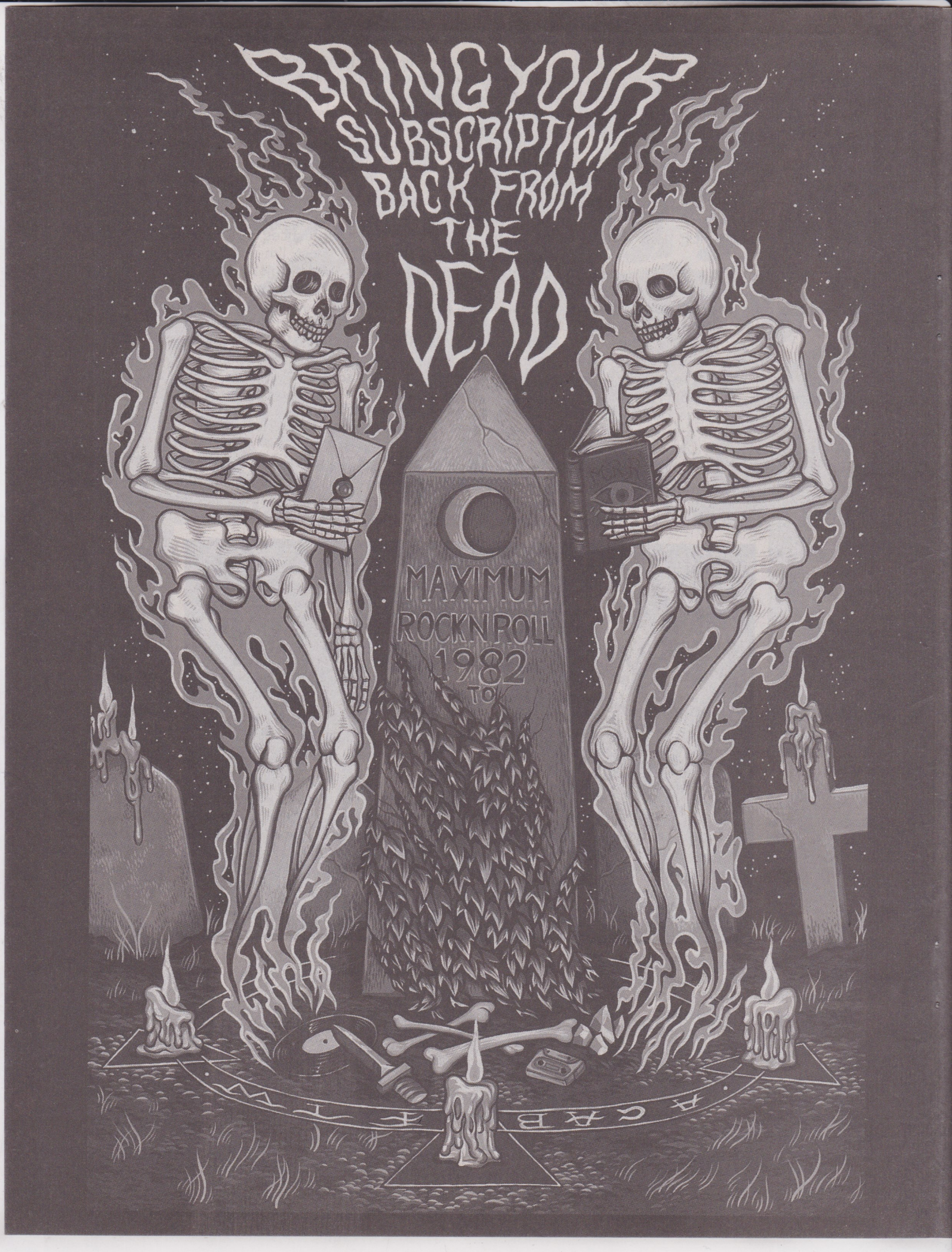
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THERE ARE NO WHITE DOVES IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD

CHICAGO'S BLACK & BROWN PUNK SHOWS

AN INTERVIEW WITH MONIKA ESTRELLA NEGRA

Monika Estrella Negra moved to Chicago from Milwaukee in 2009 and soon became enmeshed in one of the country's largest, most diverse, and most radical punk scenes. As we discuss in the following interview, there is no one Chicago scene. Like the city itself, Chicago's punk scenes vary greatly by neighborhood, demographic, and ideology. Because of the zine I make that centers black punk experiences, I was able to connect with a couple of black punks in Chicago who then lead me to the specific scene that Monika inhabits. I have done zine readings in Chicago where the vast majority of faces that looked back at me from the audience were black and brown—a situation I never thought I'd have the chance to experience. It was Monika who set up these zine events for me and the other zinesters of color I was on tour with. It is also Monika who heads up the annual Black and Brown Punk Shows (BNB) in Chicago.

To be sure, BNB is more than just another punk music fest painted black (and brown). The shows reflect the intersectional identity politics that are a part of Monika's everyday life as a queer black woman in the Midwest. BNB is a space for consciousness raising and community building. It is also a peaceful response to the ongoing strife that is a part of the daily lives of so many Chicagoans who face violence, poverty, and various effects of the city's gentrification. Furthermore, while the shows' band lineups reflect a full range of people of color (POC), Monika is specifically attentive to the ways anti-black sentiments and behaviors still exist in POC spaces. The result is a warm, celebratory, inclusive, and safer atmosphere buoyed by the sounds of some of the best punk and hardcore bands in the country. As she put it herself, "I guess that is where I show my understanding of punk and rad subculture. It's more than just music and clothes. It is a lifestyle of resistance and mutual aid."

INTRODUCTION AND INTERVIEW BY OSA ATOE
PHOTOS COURTESY OF GLITTER GUTS AND BNB

MRR: THE BLACK AND BROWN PUNK SHOW IS IMPORTANT TO ME BECAUSE IT IS TOTALLY DIY. I'VE SPENT SO LONG COMPLAINING ABOUT AFRO-PUNK'S CORPORATE FEST AND I LOVE THAT THERE'S AN ALTERNATIVE TO IT. DID YOU GET THE IDEA FOR BLACK & BROWN AFTER AFRO-PUNK WAS ALREADY A THING? WAS IT A RESPONSE TO THAT AT ALL?

You know, when I was 15, *Afro-Punk* the documentary was such a relief for me! I found out about it through a black member of a local punk band in Milwaukee called Eighty-D. The website led me to the forums, where I met other rad black punks, metalheads, whatever. That was so life-changing. It gave me validation. I was completely obsessed, and I immersed myself in everything that involved *Afro-Punk*. However, as the film became recognized and bigger, the corporate sponsorship and the superficiality started to seep in. I was deeply saddened by it because it lost its authenticity for me. I definitely thought of the idea of Afro-Punk influencing BNB, but over the past couple of years I realized that it was Chicago's brown punk scene that inspired the festival.

MRR: I'VE SEEN NUMBERS OF PUNKS OF COLOR AT EVENTS IN CHICAGO THAT I WOULD'VE NEVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE IN THE UNITED STATES. IT'S SUCH A UNIQUE SCENE. IF YOU HAD TO DESCRIBE THE VARIOUS CHICAGO SCENES TO A PUNK FROM ANOTHER CITY THAT HAD NEVER BEEN THERE, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

I would say that it's a very large, diverse, and sometimes homogeneous scene. The city is so large that different sects and aesthetics of punk culture exist on different sides of town. You have bar punks, '77 punks, queer and trans punks, skins, hardcore punks, DIY punks. It can be a bit overwhelming sometimes. It can also be incredibly hard to navigate if you are new to it. Elitism is something that is often encountered, as with any subculture. It's just good to know that some punk spaces aren't necessarily receptive or sensitive to particular identities and ideologies.

MRR: I'M SURPRISED YOU USED THE WORD HOMOGENEOUS TO DESCRIBE IT. HOW IS IT AT THE SAME TIME DIVERSE AND HOMOGENOUS?

Some scenes are more diverse than others. I can't sugarcoat it. There are some shows that are straight up cisgender, heteronormative white bros who reek of nihilism and apolitical nonsense. Because of their privilege, they are able to maintain spaces that are not welcoming to those that don't fit that demographic. That's nothing new. It's fact. All of the scenes in Chicago fall under the umbrella of punk, they just vary in minor aesthetics. There is no one united punk scene. That's why I used the word homogeneous to describe some.

MRR: WHAT PART OF CHICAGO DO BLACK AND BROWN PUNKS TEND TO HANG OUT IN?

The South Side, the Northwest Side. Due to gentrification, there has been some relocation. The majority of BNB shows have happened on the South Side. The first show happened in Logan Square before gentrification took its toll. Logan Square used to be a Latino and Black neighborhood, but it's now seeing the fate of being a new hotspot for collegians and yuppies.

MRR: WHAT YEAR DID BNB START? WAS IT EVER A COLLECTIVE? WHO ARE THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE IT HAPPEN?

The first BNB was held in 2010. It was a project that I thought of while being active in Anarchist People of Color (APOC) and volunteering at a radical, DIY library in Pilsen called Biblioteca Popular (now closed). BNB wasn't a full collective at that point, but a lot of my friends in APOC helped make the show happen. In 2011, Donte asked me if I wanted to do BNB again, in order to raise funds for CeCe McDonald, a trans womyn of color who was jailed after defending herself. I hadn't planned on doing another BNB because I thought of it as a one-time fundraiser. Donte convinced me to do it, and we have busted our asses since then to make the show happen every summer. We finally became a full collective in 2013, and there are countless folks who help make the show happen—mostly BNB folks, punks, activists, moms, etc. We are looking to broaden the collective space and have more people come on board. Collectives are hard to maintain and take a lot of work. It will take more practice.

MRR: THAT'S SO AMAZING THAT YOU MENTION APOC AS AN IMPETUS. I JUST GOT BACK IN TOUCH WITH AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE. WE ORGANIZED AN APOC CHAPTER TOGETHER IN 2004. DID YOU GO TO THE FIRST APOC GATHERING IN DETROIT?

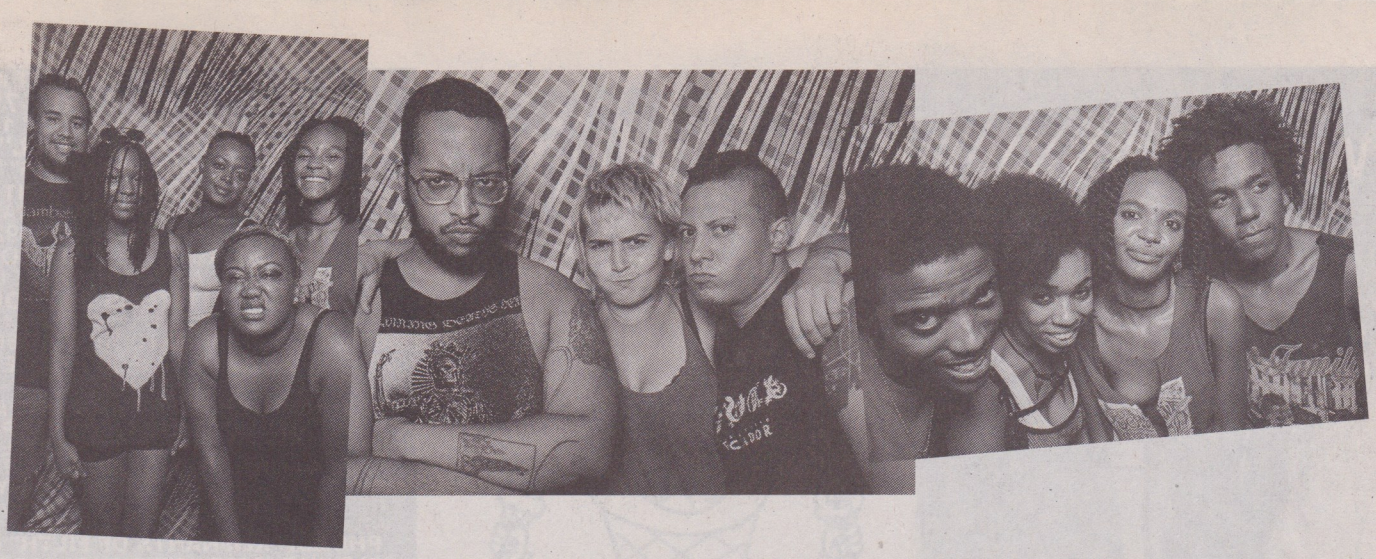
I did not. I went to the one in Philly in 2009 where it was completely sketch as fuck. *[laughter]*

MRR: I MISSED THE ONE IN DETROIT, TOO! BUT IT'S SO COOL TO SEE ALL OF THE RIPPLES IT CAUSED.

Exactly! Which is what I want to happen with BNB. We have plans of expanding to New Orleans and New York.

MRR: THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU NEXT! YOU'VE TALKED TO ME ABOUT YOUR PLANS TO EXPAND TO OTHER CITIES. I WOULD LOVE TO SEE BNB EXPAND ITS REACH, BUT I ALSO SEE IT AS BEING SPECIFIC TO CHICAGO. WHAT DO YOU ENVISION BNB LOOKING LIKE IN OTHER CITIES? OR HOW DO YOU ANTICIPATE IT BEING DIFFERENT THAN PREVIOUS ONES?

I like to think that punks of color in different cities vary to their own respective scenes, but the experiences had could potentially be the same. We all deal with universal struggle just for being people of color, or queer or trans, identities that are oppressed in this country. I am actually excited to see what manifests in different cities and scenes. BNB is actually supposed to model APOC in a lot of ways. Utilizing DIY culture, communal decision-making, self-sustainability, resistance—these are all concepts that can be learned and maintained in different areas. I am not afraid of differences! I just know that we can



all connect a base level, no matter the challenges.

MRR: TO BE HONEST, I WORRY THAT THE ENTIRE AUDIENCE AT THE NEW ORLEANS BNB SHOW WOULD BE WHITE. EVEN THOUGH THERE ARE TONS OF BLACK PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN, EVEN AFTER LIVING HERE FOR YEARS, I HAVEN'T SEEN A PLACE WHERE BLACKNESS AND PUNK INTERSECT. AND MOST OF OUR LATINO COMMUNITY IS RECENT IMMIGRANTS, NOT LIKE THE SECOND AND THIRD GENERATION LATINOS YOU HAVE IN CHICAGO. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN BRING OUT A BLACK AND BROWN AUDIENCE FOR BNB NEW ORLEANS? OR WOULD IT BOTHER YOU IF THE AUDIENCE WAS MAJORITY WHITE? DOES THAT MATTER?

I think that it is possible to bring out a black and brown audience in New Orleans. I am not bothered by white people coming to our shows. I am more concerned with the highlighting of BNB bands. It would be great to bring those types of shows to the punks in NOLA, and open up the space for the few POC punks that are there. It only takes one person to bring these bands out, or to connect with bands who are touring. I also am comfortable with BNB shows "meshing" the music genres and highlighting artists who may not sound "punk" in the aesthetic sense, but bring that same ferocity and resistance through other musical disciplines. The politics of punk extends to so many different styles that I try not to get pigeonholed by thinking only of guitars, brashness, and studs.

MRR: LIST SOME OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF PAST BNB SHOWS.

The second annual BNB show was by far my favorite. Cojoba from New York performed, as well as R-Tronika. It was my first time seeing the Breathing Light perform. We raised a lot of money for the campaign, and it was my favorite considering that we got raided by the cops! Ha. The 2012 show was a benefit for Connect Force, which was a rad youth breakdancing and graffiti arts program in Uptown on Chicago's Northeast Side. It was an amazing show! The first day was a sober show and was for family. The youth showed us their breakdancing skills and we had a barbecue, and some artists painted live. It made me so excited to see the youth excited about a punk show. It showed them a different world aside from what they were used to seeing people of color doing.

MRR: OKAY, WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR THIS YEAR'S SHOW?

This year, we're going to focus on building black solidarity within the black and brown community and combating anti-blackness and transphobia. At least year's Fed Up Fest, Donte, Kyle (guitarist in the Breathing Light), and I led a discussion on anti-blackness to a primarily white, queer audience. Our hope is to bring this discussion to BNB this year in order to better relations among people of color in the scene. I spent some time in Ferguson in August and was a bit disappointed to see so few Latinos there in the streets. Same goes for the black response toward Ayotizinapa. We obviously are all victims of the state, and it's about due time that solidarity and mutually beneficial resistance be discussed. We also want to remember all trans womyn of color murdered over the past five years and highlight the groups who specifically serve that community. It's still in the developing stages, but I think this year will be the most productive and vivacious one yet.

MRR: WHAT ABOUT BANDS?

I really want to get Alice Bag, Pure Hell, and Death this year. I want the elders to headline, because they were among the first punks that I learned about who weren't white. "We Don't Need the English" is probably one of my favorite songs ever. I would love to see some returning guests, like Cihuatl-Ce, La Armada, and Yva Las Vegas, and some new ones like Tamar Kali, the Younger Lovers, and Cakes da Killa, an awesome queer rapper. I want more hip-hop artists this year! I am also hoping to have some locals step up to the plate. It's too bad, but Sick Sad World is playing their last show Friday. They were definitely my first pick. Itto, Ono, Mother Moor Goddess from Philly, and a band from the UK called Big Joanie.

MRR: AND LASTLY, FOR THOSE WHO MIGHT WANT TO MAKE BNB HAPPEN IN THEIR HOMETOWN BUT DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START, ANY ADVICE?

Organize with friends, and people you trust to get things done. Start volunteering with organizations that you think are important and support them in any way. Maintain safe spaces, and always express your intentions! Hold people accountable for inexcusable behavior, and learn how to communicate efficiently with those who don't know how. Most importantly, keep it fun and creative. Never follow a pattern, and stay true to yourself, no matter the opposition.

SEE BNBCHI.WORDPRESS.COM FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THE COLLECTIVE AND UPCOMING EVENTS. MRR CONTRIBUTORS OSA ATOE, ARI PEREZDIEZ, EMMY RAMONE, AND RAY SUBURBIA WILL BE READING ON MAY 9TH AT 8PM AT THE LI'L CARBONDALE HOUSE IN CHICAGO AT A BENEFIT FOR THE 2015 BLACK AND BROWN PUNK SHOW. THEY'LL BE JOINED BY MACKLIN, JOLIE NUNEZ-NOGGLE, JAKOB VANLAMMEREN AND MORE TBA. WRITE TO STAYINCHICAGO@HOTMAIL.COM FOR DETAILS.

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Fat Creeps are Gracie Jackson on electric six-string and Mariam Saleh on electric bass guitar. They're a rockin' combo from Boston who have tunes, beats, and hard-to-resist harmonies. Their new LP Must Be Nice is out on Sophomore Lounge Records and is also available on cassette through Gnar Tapes. Get it while supplies last! I got to see them when they came through on their tour with the Lentils. It was so good, we decided to do an interview. Introduction and interview by Ian Svenonius of Chain & the Gang. Photos by Ali White, Avi Paul Weinstein, Jim Leonard, Johnny Anguish, Lauren Deluca, and Sam Quinn.

Mariam Saleh: I'm taping this—you're taping it, too?

MRR: Yes. You can check my transcript against what you have in case you want to litigate.

Mariam: Or we can slap some reverb on it and put out a record.

MRR: This is for *Maximum Rocknroll*. This is international. It goes everywhere. Read around the world.

Mariam: It's what people used to book shows before the internet, huh?

MRR: Totally. So, you're from Boston. Boston is like "LA East." All the big college rock bands used to come out of there, like the Lemonheads , the Pixies, Blake Babies ...

Gracie Jackson: You're talking about Boston in the late '90s?

MRR: Yeah.

Mariam: I think it's migrating in a different way. It's more like garage rock going on in Boston these days...

Gracie: There's a really strong DIY thing with a lot of basement shows.

Mariam: I think the music scene here has changed a lot.

MRR: What was the impetus for starting this group?

Mariam: We met on the North Shore of Boston in Salem, Massachusetts. The music scene there was kind of open mic, kind of clique-y, kind of local. Gracie was going to school and I was just living there and working. We felt like we didn't fit in and couldn't relate and we had something else going on within us. We started playing out a little bit. I had never been in a band before and we didn't know what was going on in terms of "Where do you play? What do you do?" So we were doing weird shit like playing in Everett and like...

Gracie: Chinese restaurants...

Mariam: Revere. We were playing in these real dive-y, smells-like-cigars-and-farts kind of places that no one gives a shit about. That's what we were doing because we were like, "What do we do? I guess we find these really grubby bars and we go play them." So we were doing that for a while and, of course, nothing was happening. The only people who would show up were really weird locals who were like wicked fucked up.

Gracie: They'd go, "You're not a real band"

Mariam: They'd put us down a lot. Not as females, but as musicians. They would tell us our music sucks and we weren't going anywhere. We'd play with these kind of "house bands," you know, like bar bands that play covers and shit. They'd be like, "Those are real bands. You guys are not a real band. You guys are horrible." So we'd be like, "Fuck you!" But then we'd play there again! *[Laughs]*

MRR: So it sounds almost like doing stand-up comedy with the brutality of the audience.

Mariam: It was like amateur hour.

MRR: Once you're in a scene you're more protected...

Mariam: Yeah, you find people who kind of "get it." Back then, the people we were surrounding ourselves with didn't get it. They just thought we were...shitheads.

Gracie: We're still shitheads.

Mariam: We'll always be shitheads. *[Laughs]*

MRR: Were you called Fat Creeps at the time?

Mariam: Yeah, it was just me and Gracie for the first year. We were just playing a tom and a guitar and occasionally a bass or just two guitars. That sort of thing. Just playing what we had at the time and going for it. We played this one show and didn't have a name and ev-

eryone left because we were screaming, then they called us "Fat Creeps."

MRR: So you were named?

Mariam: Yeah, we were named Fat Creeps. We were a little puffier at the time.

Gracie: One too many crackers.

MRR: What was the impetus for making that kind of minimal music?

Gracie: We just did it.

Mariam: Yeah, just feeling it and going for it. We just used what we had!

MRR: So you weren't part of a scene. It was like a calling.

Gracie: It truly was a calling

Mariam: We weren't basing it on anything around us 'cause what was around us was …

Gracie: We were inspired. Internally we needed to.

Mariam: Once we met, it was non-stop. Once we started working together, no one could stop us. Even when people told us how horrible we were!

MRR: That kind of strengthens a group. It's easier to walk away from success, but that kind of derision and hatred bonds you.

Mariam: For sure. We weren't even 21. We were like 19 at the time.

MRR: So academia is a big industry in Boston. Does it affect the music?

Gracie: When we started the group, I was still in school. I had no friends. I couldn't connect with anyone there…and it sucked! It was really cool to meet Mariam because she liked cool music. It was inspiring.

MRR: Now you know everyone in the scene there. There's a lot of avant-noise going on in Western Massachusetts...

Mariam: I look back sometimes and I think we focused too much on Boston and didn't go to places like Western Massachusetts where we would have fit in more and maybe done more. The scene here is a little more conservative, like the clubs and the house shows.

Gracie: Conservative is a good word for it. But we've had great shows. Boston is cool.

MRR: Is there a lot of careerism in Boston?

Gracie: I don't know what careerism means? If you're serious about music, wouldn't you want to make it your career?

MRR: I mean a focus on hype and publicity as opposed to...

Mariam: Like self-promotion? Just on Facebook and stuff. That's just what people do. We have the *Boston Hassle*, we have Allston Pudding, we have a ton of music blogs…

Gracie: Blogs, music writers, booking people…

Mariam: So, there is a lot of focus on promotion.

Gracie: *Boston Hassle* helps a lot of people get attention, I think.

MRR: So tell me what's happening with the record?

Mariam: Our friends put out our record.

Gracie: Sophomore Lounge put out our full-length.

Mariam: And Gnar Tapes put out the cassette.

MRR: So you have a track on Bandcamp that costs $50.

Mariam: Did you listen to it?

MRR: I bought it.

Gracie: Awesome!

MRR: You toured in a Ford Pinto?

Gracie: It was a Prius.

MRR: You are super compact, practically digital. You can tour in a car. Why aren't you on tour right now?

Gracie: We'll get around to it. *[Laughs]*

MRR: You don't use a publicist or anything?

Mariam: We never wanted people to take over for us. We've always had a very relaxed approach.

Gracie: We just like doing things ourselves.

MRR: Do you ever think of putting out your own records?

Both: Nah. *[Laughs]*

MRR: I read this excerpt of Kim Gordon's memoir in a newspaper. A lot of memoirs are coming out. Are you thinking of writing your memoirs?

Mariam: *[Laughs]* Not yet anyway.

Gracie: I just think self-importance is a big thing these days. Like, who do we think we are? I don't know if I love that self-importance that goes on. I think Facebook makes it worse. I think your music should speak for itself, and if it's good it will go far and if it doesn't…whatever.

MRR: Who's playing drums with you right now? Same guy I met?

Mariam: Right now we don't have a drummer.

MRR: Have you ever thought of using a beat-box?

Gracie: Nah, I like real drummers. We'll pick somebody up. How hard could it be? There are a lot of drummers out there.

MRR: There aren't that many.

Mariam: That's true.

Gracie: A lot of drummers here have, like, five bands.

MRR: They're different from other people in bands. They're more like athletes.

Mariam: A whole different animal.

MRR: So, is this interview in *MRR* gonna launch you into a new phase?

Gracie: Who knows?

MRR: *MRR* is read by people all over—Europe, South America, the Canary Islands...

Mariam: Ahh.

MRR: You could use it as a springboard.

Gracie: We could.

MRR: What kind of gear do you use?

Gracie: Gear? Oh, I love talking gear. This is gonna be good. Umm, I use a…

MRR: A guitar? A bass?

Gracie: Yeah, "a guitar." Mariam uses a bass. Sometimes she forgets the patch cable and I let her borrow one of mine.

MRR: Does that create tension?

Gracie: Yeah! *[Laughs]* No, I use a lot of weird tunings so I have a bunch of crappy guitars that are cheap so I can put them in a ton of different tunings.

Mariam: And a RAT Pedal.

Grace: Yeah, a RAT pedal. But I don't really fuck with pedals. I like simpler shit, a simpler set up.

MRR: So you started in, like, Outer Space. What were the records that inspired you?

Gracie: I wanted to make music when I heard all that classic rock shit in fifth grade, you know? And then, after that, the stuff I was listening to was like Devo. I like Devo a lot. And I love Destiny's Child. I always will. Mariam?

Mariam: I never thought about making music until a little while before I met Gracie. I obviously loved music and connected to it, but I didn't think of making it. I guess I was listening to a lot of Beat Happening and K Records stuff and realizing that they didn't even know how to play instruments. That was inspiring to me because I had never picked up an instrument before. So, I started making stuff, very primitive, like tom drum, weird tuning, not knowing what tuning was. I was just given a guitar by a friend who was moving away so I just started playing and I didn't even know what it meant to tune a guitar. And then I met Gracie and we automatically clicked on that aspect.

MRR: What makes a song resonate for you?

Mariam: I guess with music then and now, it's just that certain feeling. Even if it's just one little tiny harmony in a song that moves me really deeply. It's just how it hits me.

MRR: What about Jonathan Richman? He's a Boston person.

Gracie: Oh yeah, he's awesome.

MRR: There's a lot of music in Boston right now with an emphasis on making something "New."

Gracie: Yeah, that was never a goal of mine. When we started playing I'd been in a bunch of bands before and it was just really guitar driven, and how many solos you could do, and I was fucking sick of that shit. Like, fuck that. You don't need to be a virtuoso to play music. It doesn't have to be all complicated. It's like she said: it's about the feeling. I was just able to relax for the first time in a long time and just focus on the feeling and not the ability or the technical aspect.

MRR: Do you have any rules?

Mariam: We're more like "short and sweet." We never like to play long sets.

Gracie: People just don't have the attention span they used to. Keep people wanting more.

Mariam: You could play a couple songs that you're not feeling because you think it's your only opportunity. But no man, you'll have plenty of opportunities!

MRR: Bruce Springsteen plays like three-hour sets.

Gracie: He was in my dream last night. We were shredding and then I was like, "I don't even like you that much."

MRR: Have you guys ever thought about making a concept record?

Gracie: Yeah. I thought of one, about someone who works at a grocery store called "Grocery Star." *[laughter]*

MRR: Does retail seem attractive?

Mariam: No, because we have regular jobs. I work at a music venue and a bar, I work in a vintage store, and I work at Whole Foods. I see it all.

Gracie: I work as a nurse at a psych hospital.

MRR: Did you ever see that footage of the Cramps in the mental hospital?

Both: Yeah! So good.

MRR: Do you ever use music as therapy at the hospital?

Gracie: Sometimes. I'll play guitar and people will sing. Just like simple things, like Beatles songs.

MRR: Do dreams play a part in writing Fat Creeps songs?

Mariam: Definitely. I've used things that have come to me in dreams and I've incorporated them into songs that we play all the time.

Gracie: Your dreams are how you access your intuition. I definitely try to pay attention to that stuff.

Mariam: You spend half your life dreaming.

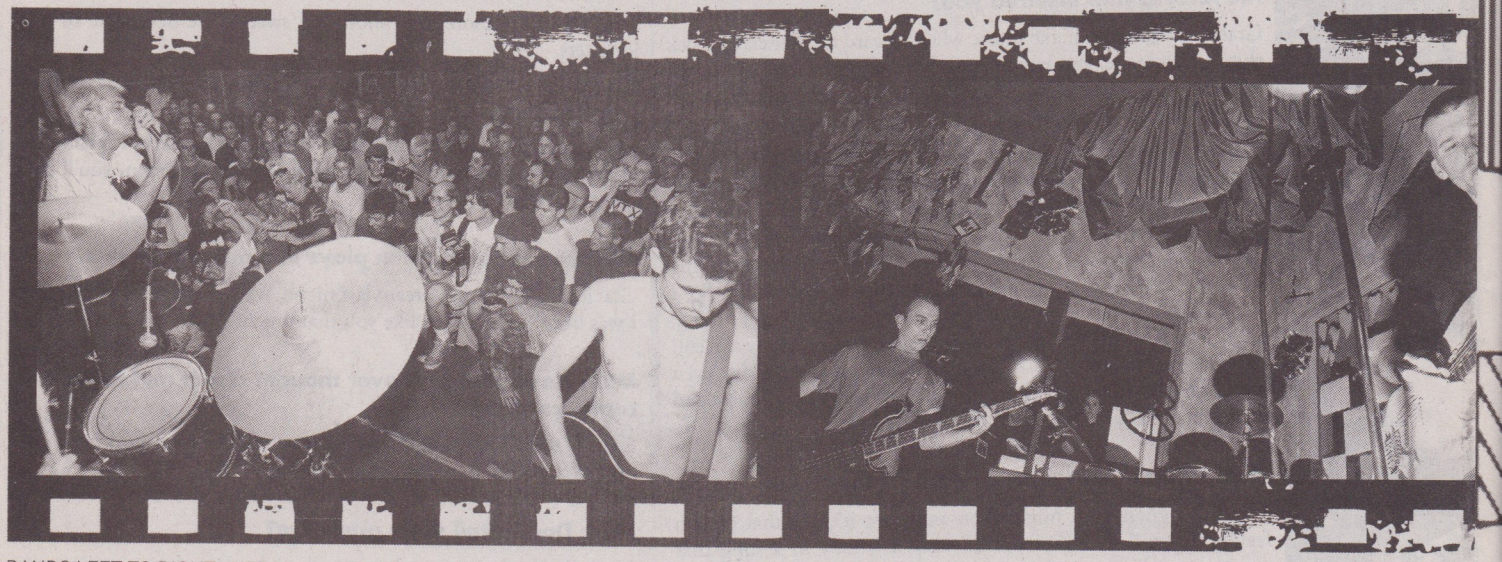
Fat Creeps can be best reached at fatcreeps@gmail.com. Music can be heard at fatcreeps.bandcamp.com. The band is heading to Europe this spring with gigs in Italy and Germany.

IT'S GONNA BLOW!

DOCUMENTARY: SAN DIEGO MUSIC UNDERGROUND 1986-1996

Bill Perrine is a San Diego native with a background in filmmaking that includes the 2012 feature documentary Children of the Stars, a history of California's long-running, extraterrestrial-based "religion," the Unarius Brotherhood. His latest film, It's Gonna Blow: San Diego's Music Underground 1986-1996, is a portrait of San Diego during the era when mainstream media were touting the city as a post-Seattle music mecca. Perrine spends an equal amount of time on the bands that successfully signed to major labels (Rocket From the Crypt, Drive Like Jehu) and those that were content to remain a part of the underground (Truman's Water, Crash Worship). The result is a vital document of an era of San Diego music history that is filled with bands whose names are seldom mentioned outside of America's Finest City.

Interview and introduction by Eric Bresler. Photos by Jeff Winterberg.



BANDS LEFT TO RIGHT: HEROIN • POWERDRESSER • THREE MILE PILOT • TRUMAN'S WATER

MRR: HOW INVOLVED WERE YOU IN THE SAN DIEGO MUSIC SCENE THAT'S FEATURED IN THE FILM?

I'm a native of San Diego, I grew up here, but my involvement was more on the sidelines. I had a friend Stimy, Michael Steinman, who was in a band called Inch, we went to grade school together. And I sort of watched him as he went through a lot of the stuff portrayed in the movie, his band got signed to Atlantic Records, before that he was in a band, Sub Society, that would play at places like the Che Café. So even though I was a music fan, I wasn't part of the scene, I just went to shows occasionally. I was always on the outside looking in, which is a good place for a filmmaker to be. I was able to distance myself in a certain way that someone who was more emotionally involved in the material wouldn't be able to do. Obviously if I do a movie like this I have a lot of sympathy and love for the people involved, but also I'm able to look at it a little bit more objectively because I'm not colored by a lot of the associations and things that accumulate from being a part of a scene for many years.

MRR: THE FILM FOCUSES ON THE PERIOD OF 1986-1996, A DECADE THAT LENDS ITSELF TO A NARRATIVE ARC.

It was a pivotal time for both the San Diego scene and the underground music scene in general. '86 was more or less when hardcore sort of curdled, turned in on itself, I think it was '86 or '87 when Ian and those guys in DC kind of stepped back and said, "We started this thing, it's kind of gotten out of control, let's start something new." And they did that very consciously because hardcore had gotten kinda dumb, y' know?

MRR: EARLY ON IN YOUR FILM THERE'S FOOTAGE OF SOME VERY VIOLENT LOCAL SHOWS INCLUDING A VANDALS SHOW WHERE THEY'RE MOBBED ONSTAGE.

I think that went on everywhere, it just may have been a bit stronger in San Diego since it's a military town. So yeah, the film chronicles that and there's a very natural arc, from the death of hardcore to the birth of something a little more refined, for better or for worse, and what happens when the mainstream gets a hold of that and realizes that they've got something that's marketable. '86 is when Pitchfork started in San Diego, it's when the hardcore scene started dying, and '96 is a time when a lot of the bands in the movie started winding down and that new generation was popping up, things were changing.

MRR: WHO WERE SOME OF THE INTERVIEW SUBJECTS WHO YOU KNEW HAD TO BE INCLUDED IN ORDER TO PROPERLY DOCUMENT THAT TEN-YEAR SPAN?

That's the tough thing, since there are so many people. For me the movie is really the story of the San Diego scene as told through the experiences of three bands: Truman's Water, Drive Like Jehu, and Rocket from the Crypt. They all had very different music styles and they all took very different tacks on how they handled the idea of success. John Reis is, musically speaking, the mayor of San Diego, a lot of things revolve around him. And then it just kind of branched off from there, Justin Pearson from the Locust, the Truman's Water guys. These scenes were never comprised of just these super awesome genius people, there are always these great people who

will never be known outside of the one club they hung out at, but in some ways they're every bit as important as a John Reis. So part of my job was to wade through all of these great people and find who could convey what I was trying to get across.

MRR: WAS IT A SURPRISE FOR LOCALS AT THE TIME WHEN SAN DIEGO WAS SUDDENLY BEING TOUTED BY THE MAINSTREAM PRESS AS THE NEW SEATTLE?

It really was a press creation; all of these things are though. I think at the time people were surprised by it and in some cases seduced by it, but there's this real San Diego attitude that is wonderful and sometimes infuriating. Everybody's studiously mellow about a career in the arts in San Diego, probably because it's so hard to make a career out of it here. You'll get a band like Truman's Water whose reaction to that was just "Eh." But the others tried to maintain a sense that they weren't working to feed into the hype, it's hard to kind of look away when people are offering you money and the chance to go on the road in a decent van and a recording budget and all that. I think people were surprised but also a bit flattered.

MRR: THERE'S A GREAT MONTAGE IN THE FILM OF ALL OF THE MAJOR LABEL RELEASES FROM SAN DIEGO BANDS AT THAT TIME. AND THERE ARE A LOT OF FUN THINGS THAT COME OUT OF THAT, LIKE THE BAND CALLED RUST WHOSE BASS PLAYER BLATANTLY ADMITS THAT THEY WERE ALL ABOUT MAKING MONEY WHILE HIS OTHER BAND, CREEDLE, WAS THE REAL BAND FOR PEOPLE WHO WERE INTO REAL MUSIC.

Yeah, that's Tim, he was very honest that day.

MRR: THE MEDIA FRENZY SEEMS TO COME TO A HEAD IN THE MOVIE WITH THE INTRODUCTION OF THE BAND CALLED THORPE WHO WERE A HOAX BAND THAT WERE MANIPULATING THE HYPE.

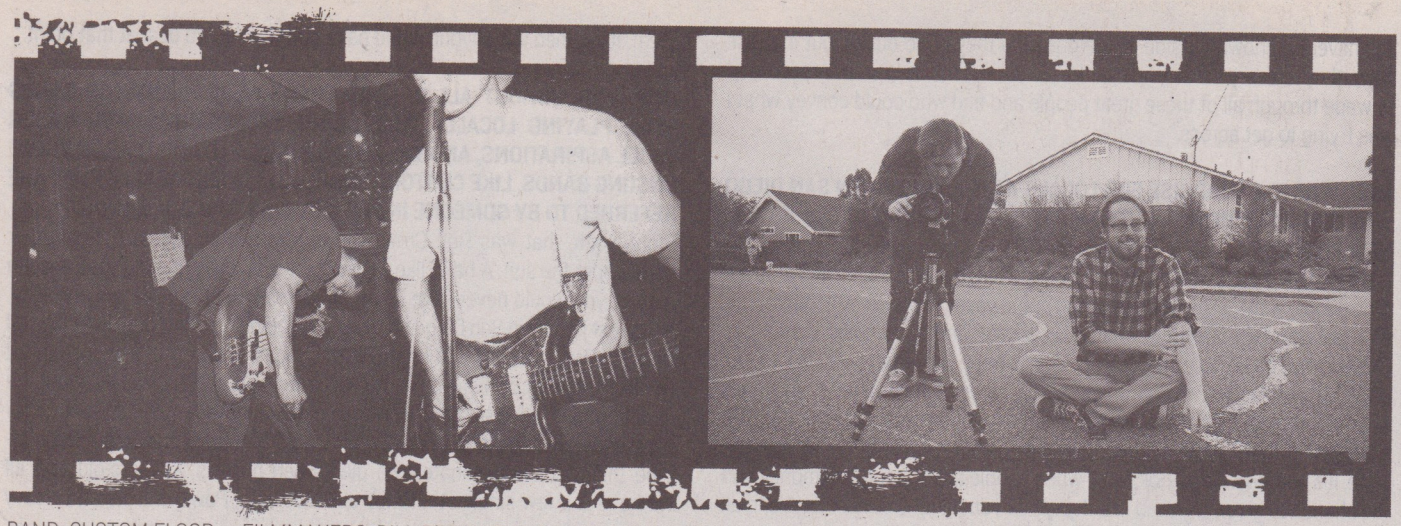
Yeah, they didn't exist, they were comprised mostly of staffers from Cargo Records so these were "industry people" themselves in a way. Bryan Spevak and Larry Munroe, they were both doing press stuff at Cargo so they were familiar with the machinations of the industry at that point and how absurd it was. And again that's a classic San Diego thing, it was completely ridiculous, based on the *White Shadow* TV show, which even in the early '90s was ancient history. It was completely ridiculous, completely stupid, the dumbest thing in the world and they ran with it for as long as they could. They got called up to do a demo tape, which was deliberately terrible, and when it ran out of juice they let it go. It's a great little commentary on what was happening then, that even a really terrible band with nothing other than the fact that they were from San Diego were having A&R people calling them. It seemed like anyone could have gotten a record deal at that point.

MRR: THROUGHOUT ALL OF THIS THERE WERE PLENTY OF BANDS STILL PLAYING LOCALLY THAT DIDN'T NECESSARILY HAVE MAJOR LABEL ASPIRATIONS, AND THE FILM SPENDS A LOT OF TIME ON THESE UNSUNG BANDS, LIKE CUSTOM FLOOR AND POWERDRESSER THAT ARE REFERRED TO BY SOMEONE IN THE MOVIE AS "UNCOOL BANDS."

Right, yeah, that was Rob Crow who is now in Pinback and every other band under the sun. A band like Powerdresser is really one of those unsung heroes, you would never have heard of Powerdresser outside of San Diego, and most people in San Diego barely know about them, but they were pivotal in a way. The leader of that band, Denver Lucas, was sort of a philosophical lynchpin for a lot of these guys. He was anti-copyright, he was all about the idea of music being a tool of communication and that it should be free for everybody. He had plans to start what would eventually become a Napster-type thing, but unfortunately he died when he was 23-years-old and all we have is a few singles that they cut. But yeah, Powerdresser and Heavy Vegetable, Truman's Water and Soul Junk, all of these bands were, even by San Diego standards, defiantly uncool, and San Diego was never that cool itself. They were just geeky guys playing nerdy music and happy doing it. It's deeply ironic that Rob Crow, who was one of the geekiest musicians at that time, is now one of the biggest success stories. He hasn't changed anything; he's making the same music he's been making for the past 20 years. It just shows how tastes change and how some of the cooler bands are maybe a bit forgotten at this point.

MRR: TOWARDS THE END OF THE FILM JOHN REIS TALKS ABOUT HOW ALL OF THIS SAN DIEGO HISTORY AND MINUTIAE IS REALLY ONLY INTERESTING TO THOSE WHO LIVED THROUGH IT. AND THAT'S REFUTED BY INSTANCES OF THE INFLUENCE THAT THE SAN DIEGO SCENE HAD ON MUSIC COMMUNITIES AROUND THE WORLD.

What John is speaking to is totally indicative of that San Diego mindset. John of all people should know, and I don't mean this to criticize him, I think it's wonderful that he thinks this way, but Rocket from the Crypt and Drive Like Jehu mean a lot to a lot of people, not just those in San Diego. I was talking to Dan Sartain from Alabama and Dan idolized the Rocket guys, he met them when he was a teenager and it changed his life, a guy with no San Diego connections who still talks so glowingly about them. What I'm saying is that John of all people should know that what starts out locally can grow to mean a lot to people who weren't involved in it, these things take on a different character for people who weren't there. I've had people from all over the world talk about their interest in the San Diego scene.



BAND: CUSTOM FLOOR • FILMMAKERS: BILL PERRINE AND RYAN WASHBURN

But of course there are people who have no knowledge of the scene, they may know Pinback or Jehu, but there does seem to be a romance about it in certain quarters. Like the guy from Metz says that he had this vision as a kid in Toronto that San Diego was like this mecca where all of this awesomeness was happening, and he's right and he's wrong at the same time. There were awesome things happening, but it's really just another mid-sized shitty city when it comes down to it. If you know where to look you'll find cool stuff, if not then it can seem pretty bleak at times. To sum it up, there is an awareness of San Diego as a scene and I think that people in San Diego were maybe a little too close to it to realize that it was a special thing that happened.

MRR: SO JOHN IS INDICATIVE OF A GREATER SAN DIEGO MENTALITY.
Absolutely, I hear it all of the time from people, John is just one of the more prominent examples of it. There's a sense that no one really cares about San Diego, but it's a great thing, it's why everyone in the San Diego music scene is so nice, they don't have big egos. At times it's a bit maddening though, they can be modest to a fault. Drive Like Jehu did a reunion concert here a few months ago and I talked to a few people in the Jehu camp who were expecting maybe 300 people to come out for this free show in Balboa Park and thousands of people showed up, like 4,000 people. It was bizarre to me that they were that modest, that they thought no one would come out to see their band. It's what's great about it, the sense that they're just making music and having fun without a lot of awareness that people are watching or interested.

MRR: DID YOU TURN TO CROWDSOURCING FOR THIS PROJECT?
I did not. I may eventually, to fund some touring and a DVD release, but I funded it entirely myself with the help of a lot of people who donated their time and efforts. We did a benefit show at the Casbah to raise a little money, but it was totally a DIY thing.

MRR: IN A WAY THAT APPROACH COMPLEMENTS THE MATERIAL ITSELF.
Yeah, I'm aware that the way I'm making the film reflects what the film is about and I've tried to honor it as much as possible, maybe to a fault. I'm definitely not the best promoter or self-promoter, just like a lot of the guys in the movie. Yeah, the movie is all about the triumphs of the underdog DIY spirit, just getting something done no matter what the circumstances and doing it the way you want to do it. And that's how I made the movie, for better or for worse, hopefully for better.

MRR: AND YOU'RE HANDLING DISTRIBUTION IN A SIMILAR MANNER?
Right now I am, I'm mainly concentrating on the live screenings, that's really what's beautiful about making a film like this, that you can bring people together in a place and kind of have a collective experience, it's like a concert. And that's the great thing about live music, being in a room with a bunch of people experiencing something that you'll never experience again, it'll never be the same thing. So I'm concentrating on the theatrical tour and then I'm not sure where to go from there yet. I'm really happy to travel around and show the film and hopefully turn people on to some interesting things.

MRR: CAN YOU COMMENT ON THE SAN DIEGO SCENE OF TODAY?
I'm a boring old fart so I'm not the best person to ask, but there are great bands in San Diego to this day, pretty much everyone in the movie is still making music today. There's Ghetto Blaster, John Reis' projects, Rob Crow's projects, I could go on and on, a lot of these bands have '90s alumni in them. A lot of younger bands that are really amazing. It can never be the same because San Diego isn't the same place, it's a lot more cosmopolitan than it used to be, the internet has changed everything. There're at least a dozen places to play within a few miles of my house, while in the '90s there were only a few at best. So it's just completely different, but great music lives on, especially in this town.

MRR: WHAT DOES IT SAY ABOUT THE CITY WHEN A LOT OF THESE MUSICIANS, INCLUDING THE ONES WHO MAY HAVE MADE GOOD MONEY OFF OF RECORD DEALS, CONTINUE TO LIVE IN THEIR HOMETOWN?
San Diego feels like a hometown, especially if you grew up here in the '70s or '80s it feels like a small town in many ways. It's gotten a lot bigger, but that mentality still kind of holds on. It's an incredibly comfortable place to live once you're here; it's hard to leave because there are a lot of wonderful people doing wonderful things. It's still very DIY, very one-for-all.

MRR: AND FINALLY, CAN YOU RECOMMEND SOME BANDS FOR READERS WHO MAY WANT TO HEAR MORE FROM THE SAN DIEGO SCENE?
Do people know who Truman's Water are? They're still kind of big in Europe, they're a great band who are sadly overlooked from that period, their second album *Spasm Smash* is one of my favorite albums of all time. Three Mile Pilot, their first couple records are especially great. For more hardcore, nosier stuff Fishwife and Tanner are both really great, they're basically the same band except Fishwife had a lead singer that they lost and then they became Tanner. Really angular math rock with catchy vocals and a San Diego sense of humor. Heroin is a great band that get a bit lost in the shuffle, they were a part of that sweater-wearing scene that some people aren't too into, but they made some great records. And Crash Worship if you're into Throbbing Gristle and industrial type stuff, I'd love to make a movie about those guys. Crash Worship was a huge influence on bands like Neurosis, bands that started putting more tribal rhythms into their music.

It's Gonna Blow: San Diego's Music Underground 1986-1996 *is currently touring across the United States. Check the film's website for screening dates: sdmusicdoc.com.*

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VIOLENCE CREEPS

Violence Creeps is a band that practices in the house I live in in Oakland, California. For a while a chaotic mumble would sneak its way through space into my room every Tuesday night but it has yet to become grating (now it's Mondays). Despite listening to this weekly repetition they remain as one of my favorite local bands, not only due to the raunchy sludge that is their music but also because of the extreme explosivity of their live shows. Recently they cajoled me out of my room for a chat. Enjoy. Introduction and interview by Marissa Magic. Photos courtesy of the band and Thomas Jackson.

Amber: Vocals
Dan: Guitar
Eral: Drums
Max: Bass

MRR: Whenever I see y'all play, the thing that I'm most impressed by is Amber's stage presence. A lot of the time when I see bands where only the singer is female it seems ornamental in a way, but with Violence Creeps it always seems like you're in the position of power and in control of everything, which was unexpected for me since it's your first band. Is it something you think about or does it just happen like that?

Amber: I've definitely thought about that, because I've totally seen bands like that where it seems like a novelty. Part of me feels like a dick thinking like that, I feel like I'm writing someone off and I don't really know them—but there are definitely times where I've seen bands and been like, "this is the gimmick." I've definitely thought about it, but I knew that wasn't the case with us so I don't worry about it anymore.

MRR: And you were the one to kind of put the band together?

Amber: No, Max and I definitely talked about it.

Max: I think it was you. I put the ball in your court, I said whenever you get some songs ready, get some people together, I'm ready to do it—then you did and then we did.

Amber: I mean, I think the three of us all started talking about it at the same time: me, Dan, and Max. I know Max encouraged me a lot, like "You should write stuff, we should do stuff."

MRR: I only know the actual lyrical content of a couple songs—one is "Basement Boy," if you could explain that one.

Amber: That was the first song I wrote—it's about maiming a dude and keeping him in your basement for sex. Actually, it didn't originally have a sexual overtone, it was just

about keeping a dude in your basement and torturing him and cutting his limbs off. But then if I remember right these guys were like, "I don't know, shouldn't he be like your sex slave or something? That's kind of dark."

Max: That's what I thought the song was about!
Dan: We were baffled when you were taken aback, like "Whoa, it's not sexual."
Amber: They were weirded out by that, like, "Wait, you wanna just keep him in the basement cutting off limbs?" And then it evolved, or devolved, into a sex thing.

MRR: So, basically there's a lot of violence, a lot of perversion. What's up with that?
Amber: I have a lot of weird aggression and I thought this would be a good place to let that out. I was like, "I'm gonna fucking go for it and not censor myself," even though I think I still do. I have a very bad temper and I get angry a lot but I can't always walk around and say stuff like that. I just felt like it was a good way of getting those feelings out. I mean, I'm not actually thinking about murdering people all the time. I'm not dangerous.

MRR: Is it more like a fantasy, or turning the tables, or really fucked up jokes, or is it entirely based in anger?
Amber: It's just based on me being pissed. There's a lot of sexual frustration in there, because I definitely have a lot of that. It's just a way of getting that out and it kind of comes out like that.
Eral: I like it because the lyrics sometimes make me squeamish. They're serious but also so extreme that they're comical in nature. But also—we talked about this before at a band practice—men have been doing this for forty years and I think it's rad that it's a woman singing about this shit, doing this shit to men.
Max: Especially since one of your points of reference specifically is '80s and '90s butt rock hair metal sort of stuff—
Amber: I love that shit.
Max: —which is really over the top and some of it is hyperviolent and hypersexual, but it's all men singing about women. You sublimated that and flipped it around, which is totally interesting. It doesn't add up to being exactly the opposite of that, it's a little more loaded because it's coming from a woman.

MRR: That's interesting too, because that era and those lyrics are violent and super sexual but more in a happy-go-lucky context.
Eral: They might even insert characters to talk about what they're actually feeling, but Amber's not inserting a character, it's her.

MRR: That music is so sparkly and what you guys are doing is pretty heavy and sludge-y, like Flipper or the second side of *My War*, but about turning tables and anger towards men specifically.
Amber: I wouldn't say it's anger towards men, it's not like "I'm so mad at dudes!" It's not really that, it's just...
Max: The human race.
Amber: Yeah, it comes out that way because a lot of it is sexual and I'm straight, but it's not anger with dudes. It's just frustration, general sexual frustration.

MRR: It's not an axe-grinder separatist thing.
Amber: No, it's not, I never even thought of it like that. I never meant for it to come across as dude-hating or separatist at all. I thought that maybe there are other people who relate to what I'm thinking, but maybe that's weird? Maybe I'm just not totally right in my brain.
Eral: We've seen firsthand that a lot of people really relate to the song "Fuck You."
Amber: That's true, people do get into that.
Max: That's just a universal sexual frustration anthem.
Amber: Definitely.
Eral: Like, even when you have a girlfriend or a boyfriend, you can still relate to that.
Amber: Everyone can still kind of remember feeling like that, even if they haven't in a while.
Amber: Also, I should mention that I don't write all the lyrics. Dan wrote the lyrics for "I'm Broke"—I maybe contributed one line. "Drop Out" is Max and "Fuck You" is also Dan.

MRR: How did that come about, other people writing the lyrics?
Amber: Well, "Drop Out" was one that Max had done a long time ago.
Max: It was from a band in Brooklyn that I played in called Brotherfucker. It was like a Screamers-type band. That song was maybe the only good song we had done so I thought we should—

MRR: Revive it.
Max: Yeah, revive it. Revive and revise.

MRR: A lot of you are involved in other arts—how do you think that influences your aesthetic, even how you approach the songs or how you play?
Max: I think of it all as the same thing. The aesthetic is just as important as the music and the presentation, the band name; it's all the same. Lyrics are just as important as music, album artwork, the whole shebang.
Eral: I came into the band filling in for somebody and I was nervous because everything seemed really complex to me, even though the songs were simple. After a few times jamming with these guys I realized that there was kind of a relationship between what I do visually with other bands, where I just try to make a thing as simple as possible yet complex. I find that with every song we come up with together, or that someone brings to the table, you're just kind of using that approach. I like that about this band. I like that we all kind of have a strong amount of equal input into each song. I think this is one of the first collaborative projects that I've been in that's kind of easy, but yet really very critical of itself in a way where we're all in the room and

the only thing that matters is the song and not the people who are making it.

MRR: It seems like you have a really specific vision.

Max: It's specific but it's not pinpointed. We never got together and said, "Oh, it needs to be this way," it just sort of happened. Things started out way differently and way looser. Even though we've never vocalized any sort of specific vision we all kind of know what we need to do to make it a Violence Creeps thing.

Amber: We're definitely pointed in a direction.

Amber: We seem to be going down a path, which I like.

Eral: We're all coming from several directions so it's really interesting. We're all going in some direction together, or maybe it's four different directions all at the same time.

Max: Also, we made Amber do drawings, like illustrations of the lyrics.

Amber: I resisted for a while. I don't draw.

Max: Amber's art is on the cover…also, Dan does visual art too, so his aesthetic definitely comes into play.

MRR: It's really cool to have all of these different influences all meld. I also think it's really interesting how for two of you this is basically your first band and then two of you have been touring forever. Does that cause any weirdness?

Eral: I don't think so; I don't think it comes up. I think Amber's a natural.

Dan: It's nice that they know stuff.

Amber: Yeah, it is. Like something that Max always has to tell me to do, that for a while I was forgetting, is to say that we have tapes. So far I'm not good at stage banter. I would prefer to just not ever stop, just go all the way through the set and just leave and be done. Or I forget to say thank you to people when I'm up there and I feel bad because it's not like an intentional thing. But Max and Eral are good about it. They know how to book shows—I've never booked a show, I don't know how to set things up, I don't know who to talk to. Without them I don't know what we would do.

Eral: I think it helps when there are a couple people in a band who have been around for a long time. I feel like the whole arrangement of songs goes by really fast, like once we have two or three parts, both of our heads are just kind of buzzing. We both have ideas and Amber and Dan do too, but I think it's just since we've been songwriters for so long that we are just kind of like "What about this and this and this?" and then it just kind of happens.

MRR: You just opened for Black Flag.

Max: True.

Eral: True, you'll see that on all our flyers: "Violence Creeps, the band that opened for Black Flag."

Max: Having a Bud watching Black Flag.

Eral: Wassup.

MRR: Now Black Flag is deemed kind of lame—but also being asked to open for Black Flag seems like such an ultra-absurd experience, I imagine it would be hard to say no. Did you guys end up with that more because of the absurd experience or because of the legendary status?

Eral: For me personally, I definitely thought it was going to be silly—and it was silly, but I also felt kind of honored to play with this band even though it wasn't the full version. I got to meet Greg Ginn, I got to stand in front of part of his amp and watch him shred and that's cool. But it was definitely very, very silly and there was an absurd amount of dude-bros there, being dude-bro-y and showing off their dudeness.

Max: Putting the bro in jabroni.

Eral: I was just cowering in the corner to be safe while headbanging. Greg was like, "I'm really glad that we got to play together," and I was like, "Oh shucks." If we played with the Henry Rollins version of Black Flag, Henry would be like, "Fuck you."

Amber: He might be nice, he's mellowed out in his old age.

Eral: I was listening to Black Flag while cleaning my room today.

Dan: You listen to *What The…*?

Eral: Oh, no…we bought the new album with band fund, I gotta give that to one of you guys.

Amber: We're sharing custody.

MRR: I feel like Amber's stage presence is a little bit Rollins too.

Amber: Oh, absolutely, he's a huge influence.

MRR: I feel like the times I've been a lead singer I've definitely intentionally tried really hard to rip off Rollins, to the point that I want people to come up to me and tell me I look like Henry Rollins—so is that something that is intentional for you?

Amber: Honestly, I don't think it was intentional. He's probably my biggest influence in terms of fronting a band, but I can't say that when I got up and started doing it that I was like "What would Rollins do?" but I do love him.

Eral: *What Would Rollins Do?*—it should be the name of our next tape.

Max: That's actually a good idea.

Amber: He's a huge influence, but I was just going for aggression and not so much a specific type. But he's probably like 80% of my influence in terms of being a frontperson.

MRR: As far as that, is there anything intentional you're trying to put across as a frontperson or is it just rage?

Amber: Just rage. When we go up there, when we play, I just think about being angry and being pissed and just channeling it all. I mean, that's the thing with me, the way that I am and the way that my temperament is: it's never very far away. I can get angry very fast and I guess that kind of helps me as a frontperson. I just think about how I feel a lot of the time and then I just let it go. I don't really think when I'm doing it, I'm just letting all this shit out to make myself feel better.

MRR: It seems like you play with a big range of bands—I think the first time I saw you was opening for Hunx and His Punx. Along with that, you end up playing at a range of places, like playing a giant stage and then somebody's living room.

Eral: I think that no matter what, playing anywhere helps me to see what a song actually means.

Max: Absolutely, that's when you find out if the song is good or not.

Amber: That's true, you see which ones connect with people and which ones people are just "eh."

Max: As far as playing different places and different types of shows, like playing houses or a bigger place like the Chapel or Brick and Mortar…I like doing different stuff and I wouldn't want to be a band that was dogmatic enough to be like, "We only play this type of show." Maybe I would like to be in a band like that, but not this band.

Eral: House shows are always 90% more likely to be magical. There's also this weirdness that comes with playing live on a big stage, you're just like, "What is this going to sound like?" and "There's just a bunch of weirdos here whom

I've never seen before—wait they're not weird, they're kind of straight. Oh, weird, they got jobs, I'm a scumbag." But then it's cool when you play a bar, kind of, you got a monitor next to you, you can hear everything, and if you're singing you can hear your own vocals. There are pros and cons to everything.

MRR: I feel like the big places are interesting because I always look out at the crowd and think, "All of you paid like twenty bucks to be in here."

Eral: How much was that Black Flag show?

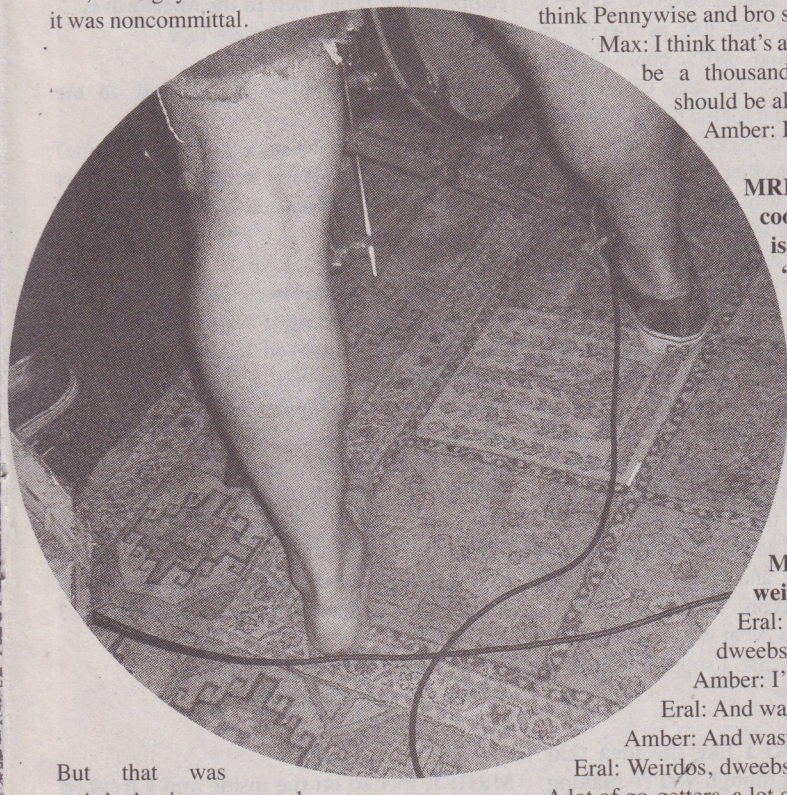
Amber: $25. Last week we played two shows back to back, Black Flag Thursday and then at Casa Sandinista Friday night. It was funny having both of those shows one after the other because they couldn't have been more different. The whole energy, the whole context.

Eral: The connection.

Amber: Yeah.

Eral: We were so there with the audience at the house show.

Amber: On Friday there were tons of people whom I didn't recognize but there were also a lot of our friends. It was really fun, I got crowd surfed for the first time. It was very exciting for me. But on Thursday at Black Flag we went on right at 8:15 so there weren't even that many people there. The people who were there, I felt like I was in the circus, like the clown or something. There's this big space and everyone was standing around the edges, like no one would come closer. I don't really care if they come close or not. At some point I think I was like, "You guys can come closer, whatever," but it was noncommittal.



But that was weird, having so much space and people are watching and they're there but they're not. They don't want to come any closer.

Max: We're the same band, whether we play in a big place or small place. We're the same band, the band gets changed by the fact that's its recontextualized. I feel like recontextualizing the songs from practice to a show is the same thing: same song but suddenly you see it in a different way because it's being played in a different space.

Amber: I don't have anything against playing with a lot of different bands. We're definitely a pretty weird band. I don't think we really fit in anywhere and I think that gives us a lot of flexibility. We're definitely not a straight-up punk band, we're not walking around with back patches or studded jackets.

Max: We could change that.

Dan: I have four Burger Records buttons.

Amber: I do have a Hunx and His Punx and a Clams button on my jacket, but you know what I mean? We're not, but we definitely describe ourselves as a punk band because I don't know any other way to describe us.

Max: That's how it should be.

Amber: But there are so many weird definitions of punk: there are crusty people and dudes who think Pennywise and bro stuff is punk.

Max: I think that's awesome. Punk should be a thousand different things, it should be all sorts of stuff.

Amber: I feel the same way.

MRR: I think it's cooler when "punk" is just a signifier for "weirdo" rather than a signifier for liberty spikes or a certain…

Max: Dogma.

Eral: Or just a sound. When I think "punk" I think "sound," but also just "weirdos."

MRR: General weirdos.

Eral: Dweebs. Weirdos, dweebs, twerps.

Amber: I'm definitely a twerp.

Eral: And wasters.

Amber: And wastoids.

Eral: Weirdos, dweebs, twerps, and wasters. A lot of go-getters, a lot of down-and-outers.

Max: I also think that every band thinks that they don't belong in any sort of category.

Eral: I bet every single band thinks that: "I don't

know how to categorize it." I feel like I've read that in almost every single interview in *MRR*.

Dan: But Metallica thinks that?

Max: No, no, no, no, in every issue of *MRR*, every band in *MRR*.

MRR: I don't think it's an ego thing exactly—being asked to describe your band is kind of the most embarrassing, most annoying question ever because it's like, how do we do this? Saying you're a punk band is kind of the easiest thing because it's general.

Eral: It's like being asked to write an artist statement. Like, well, I'm an artist, why don't you just look at my art? Why don't you just listen to my music and you'll fucking get it or you won't, and if you don't get it, fuck off and don't talk to me and drive your car off a cliff because you don't deserve to exist.

Max: But the idea of coming up with a label or an artist statement or something like that is something that is made for a product-oriented purpose. It's made to streamline something so it can be sold—which I guess is well and good for the people who want to do that, but it doesn't particularly sound that interesting to me.

Eral: It's convenient, but it's ugly, but then also it's not ugly in a way. Like, how do you communicate this stuff to somebody on the East Coast who has never heard your music before? In one way it's not ugly, because of the internet: if someone wants to hear some new punk music on some website, and they want to just stream your music, they see "punk" or "East Bay" or whatever, you know, "crusty weirdo freaks," "Oakland noise freaks," then they listen to us and they're happy—that's cool. I mean it's still a form of consumption but…

MRR: I think that bands and punk in general are existing more and more just on the internet. Flyers are becoming a rarity. I mean, tapes are hip right now, but the dependence on the internet now is an interesting thing to me.

Dan: It'd be weird to be an internet-only band, just play live only on the internet, never to actual live people.

Amber: That'd be weird.

Eral: The internet is going to always be around, just like tapes are always going to be around. Tapes have been around for like...

Dan: Thousands of years

Max: Literally thousands of years.

Eral: I feel like tapes and the internet are going to be this thing that will be together, because tapes have helped other media hop along and they have just always been kind of there, hiding out, and have been the burden of the music industry. Now the internet is the new burden of the music industry.

MRR: As far as stealing music?

Eral: Yeah, but you can steal music from the internet and put it on your tape, and you can steal music from tapes and put it on the internet. So I feel like tapes and the internet will become close friends. Like, in two years everybody will get rid of their record collection, their CDs, their minidiscs, and they'll go to dial-up and they'll have tapes and dial-up only and it'll be internet and tape togetherness.

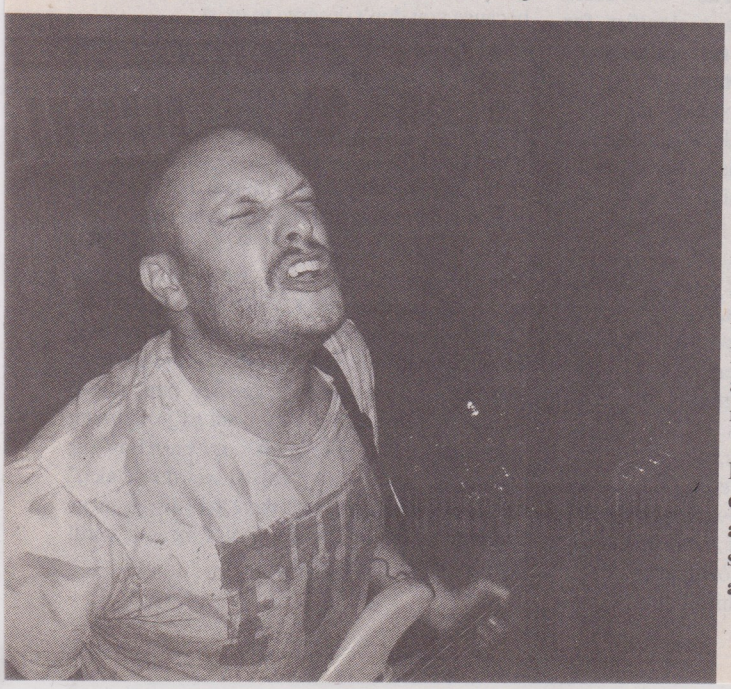
MRR: But I think tapes being popular is a relatively new thing.

Eral: Yeah, they're popular but they've always been around. I have always used tapes.

MRR: But I mean, not in like a mixtape-culture way, but more in a bands-having-tapes way. When we went on tour we had this vinyl we put out ourselves and the number one question across the board was "Do you have tapes?" I know that's partially because tapes are cheaper and more portable but also...I was talking to Ned recently about when noise got popular and how CD-Rs were the thing: you could go on tour and have like 500 CD-Rs and it would be like nothing, no space, but 500 tapes is a lot space-wise—an envelope versus a box. CDR-s are definitely not cool anymore.

Eral: They're trash, they fall apart. A tape connects with the playing mechanism just like a record does so it's almost as good. There's definitely an upswing, but just as there's an upswing to vinyl and MP3 consumption. They're all blowing up at the same time.

Max: CDs are just fodder for the music industry. It's just a product with jacked up prices, and tapes barely edged into that. CDs were part of product fetishism in a way. The thing is that our tape is like our demo tape. We called it that. It's not an album, it doesn't have a title. We just finished recording a 7" and I like the idea of being a band where, even though we're doing our own thing and being weird and specific to ourselves, we're still following a punk trajectory: we make our own demo tape, and then we put out a 7" with some of the songs from that, and then we're going to record an album. I don't know what we're going to do after that. I suppose sign to a major.



MRR: I like the idea that even though you're making a product, recording the same song over and over again, it changes slightly for every recording. I think that's really interesting because it kind of cuts out the idea of a final product.

Eral: I play so stiffly on the demo tape. I like the idea of having different versions, because after you go into a studio setting, or a home recording setting, and you're like, "This is it, this is what we've recorded," you play the song a few times more live and there's something else that happens that hasn't been documented. The song is different even in the minutest sense.

Max: You learn what the song wants because you're engaging with it.

Eral: It's too bad that people are so married to "Oh, that was already recorded." That's why I think it's cool that tapes and the internet exist, because you can put shit out on the internet right away, and you could put a tape out almost as instantaneously if you wanted to. I think that's something interesting that tapes and the internet have in common. You can just say, "The song is different now, I want to share this."

MRR: An immediacy.

Eral: Yeah, I mean, tapes are not so immediate, like CD-Rs, but nobody likes CD-Rs.

Max: You can get the exact same quality on a CD that you can get on an MP3—you get a download code and you can give that away. A CD is just a product.

Dan: Tapes are good because you can throw them at your brother when you're mad and they still work.

MRR: I microwaved one of my sister's tapes when I was a teenager and that was when I realized that tapes melt in the microwave.

Max: Was it a Violence Creeps tape?

MRR: That would be some *Back to the Future* shit.

Max: I don't know, what kind of time machine?

Eral: We used a Borg temporal transmitter and we sent it to you via this Borg temporal transmitter.

MRR: But you wouldn't be sending it to me, you'd be sending it to my sister, it was her tape. I microwaved it because she was listening to it too much.

Max: So she was a big fan then.

Eral: Cool.

Max: She should write the introduction.

Dan: You have to tell us what tape it was.

MRR: It was a U2 tape.

Max: I thought maybe it was the Smithereens.

Amber: Do you remember which album it was?

MRR: I think it was *Joshua Tree*.

Amber: Oh yeah, fuck that.

Dan: Good call.

MRR: It melted on the inside and I freaked out because I couldn't just put it back and hope she didn't notice, so I threw it over the backyard fence. Desperation of an

adolescent.
Dan: Amber and I were watching Metallica's *Through The Never* and I could not believe that they were playing the same songs the same way as they were in like 1986. I mean, there's a lot more vocal sass, but other than, that how can you fucking do that? How can you not be fucking bored? How can you not, over the years, be like, "You know, it would be better if we did this here," or "What if we did this?"
Max: They're bored but they're rich.

MRR: That's their fucking job, that's how they pay rent.
Max: They're clocked in.

MRR: They probably don't even know how to just freak out anymore.
Amber: There's no way they do.
Max: They have to support the Metallica brand. They have to be kind of loyal to the idea.
Eral: No side projects, only Metallica.
Max: If you were stoked on a contemporary Metallica set, you personally, then I would say they haven't been doing their jobs correctly.

MRR: I definitely think that with those types of bands at some point just start making the same album over and over again. That would be kind of a bummer—you'd have to realize that no one likes the stuff you're currently making and everyone likes the stuff you made twenty years ago.
Eral: That's why they made *Death Magnetic*, because they were like, "Let's try to sound like *...And Justice For All* again." I was getting drunk in a bar and I heard *Death Magnetica* and it kind of sounded decent. Then I realized James Hetfield was doing his new school crooning over it.
Dan: He did that in *Through The Never*, he inserted a "Good God." It's terrible.
Amber: Or there would be this sassy "fuck" or "shit," like being extra cool.
Dan: It's totally pre-rehearsed.
Max: I've never liked Metallica.
Eral: That's unfortunate but I'm okay with it.

MRR: Does everyone in Violence Creeps have the same performance sass in practice as they do on stage? It's something I find interesting, to discover that people don't move in practice.
Max: There's not enough room to do that in there.
Eral: Amber kind of gets close. When we were recording our 7" I was just totally amazed. I was playing the drums and trying to be so straight and do everything right and good. Amber had her vocal amp towards her and she was just like, crouched down and snarled as fuck, like a cat trapped in a butthole alley, and she was just going for it. I was just like, "Wow, she's doing *this* and I'm just playing the drums. Damn, I wish I was doing that." It was like she was at a show and every time we fucked up she was just like, "Damn, I was singing so good."
Dan: Oh yeah, that did happen.
Amber: It was more that I felt mentally in the zone.
Max: I'm trying to make the song as good as I can in practice so that I can make it the best that I can when I play a show, which is why it's different for me.

MRR: Eral, before you started playing drums for Violence Creeps you had already said that you wanted to put out their tape—so was it like Rollins joining Black Flag, like getting to join this band that you're really into?
Eral: Yeah, I was like, "I won't be able to watch them, and my other band Straight Crimes won't be able to play with them." Seriously, that was one of my main cons to being in the band: I wouldn't be able to watch Violence Creeps. I jammed a couple times with them and I was really busy, I didn't think that I could do it. But then I was like, "Man, this is exactly what I need, it's making me happy." I'm glad I was asked to play drums but there was definitely extreme fandom for the band and it made me feel very nervous about playing with them at first. I felt like I needed to emulate them but they were like, "No you don't."

Max: I'm glad you don't.
Dan: When Eral joined it felt a lot more like when Rollins was asked to join Rollins Band.
Eral: Awwww.
Max: Like a glove.
Eral: Studded with skulls.

MRR: You have a 7" coming out on Smart Brains.
Max: Eventually, when we finish recording it. We're still overdubbing. We're trying to fire off some studio magic.
Amber: Just some more finishing touches.

MRR: On your 7" you're pretty specifically trying to put in all of this stuff that's obviously not in your live show. I think some bands intentionally try to reproduce their live show and some bands try to specifically make something a recording.
Eral: Well, you know, we're going into a studio—or I mean, our friends' practice space. A record is not a live show. It's a recording and everything is cleanly separated, so might as well just try to play the part a little bit, you know, just add a little bit of extra nuances that we kind of do anyway. Max is always yelling along to Amber anyway. It's a studio recording so you might as well. The music was live, everything was recorded live, we're just adding a little bit.
Max: A little oomph, chutzpah.
Eral: Might as well go with it.
Max: It's a chance to do something different. We made a punk demo that was recorded onto a cassette, why not try something totally different?
Eral: It's still gonna sound raw as fuck.

MRR: You realize that sarcasm doesn't come across?
Eral: No, I meant that.
Max: Also, I like the Minutemen idea of using the recording as a flyer. Everything is a flyer. For that band, specifically, everything was a flyer to get people to go to the live show because that was the ultimate experience you could have with that band. I really like that idea. Also, to me my favorite part of being in a band is playing live, so it's cool to make something enticing to watch us.
Dan: If we went to the studio and made a great perfect document of what we're like live, then why see us live?
Max: It should be a different experience, totally re-contextualizing it.
Dan: That's what live albums are for.
Max: A studio is a different place than the practice space, which is different than playing live.

MRR: Anything else?
Max: I just want to give a shout out to Smart Brains Records.
Dan: You don't need to shout.
Max: I could say it with a gentle whisper.

MRR: It seems like it worked out.
Max: Destroy this tape.

As part of the 16th issue of Degenerate *mag, Violence Creeps are set to release a flexi-disc in June featuring certified star-making material, "I'm Broke" and "Gridlock." Stay in touch with the band at violencecreeps.bandcamp.com.*

Don't Fucking Tell Me

A conversation with Sean Gray of Birth (Defects) and Accidental Guest Recordings about his new web project "Is This Venue Accessible?" and the struggles and merits of disabled punkhood

Interview and commentary by Neve "Beast Ly" Bianco

I discovered Sean Gray, a bespectacled, clean-cut, singing, networking, walker using badass and his brand new project Is this Venue Accessible? *(ITVA) through a friend of mine from New Jersey who posted an interview with him on my Facebook wall. While it's true that punks are often weird and shy, we don't have much of a problem reaching out as strangers who might have something in common to say, "I loved your show, tape, zine, drunken speech, etc." The same is true, if not truer, of disabled people.*

While some disabled people living in cities and engaging in various aspects of alternative culture might not be completely physically isolated on a regular basis from the rest of the world, we are frequently still isolated from one another. It's a familiar experience for a visibly disabled punk to get a high five from an able-bodied stranger at whatever show, event, party they find themselves at as soon as they drag themselves, or are carried, up the steps. This high five means, "GOOD JOB LEAVING THE HOUSE. I AM PERSONALLY SURPRISED TO SEE A DISABLED PERSON HERE AND PRIOR TO MEETING YOU I COULDN'T REALLY IMAGINE A DISABLED PERSON HAVING ANY FUN OR BEING SUPER COOL." When I messaged Sean and proposed he be interviewed by another disabled punk about his project of calling out venue inaccessibility and promoting accessibility and equity in punk culture with ITVA, *he was like, "Fuck yes."*

I'm telling you, disabled people love skype. Physical and frequent travel is not always accessible to the sore, fatigued, chronically ill, non- or partially ambulatory among us, yet we still love to reach out and network and show up to each other's events, so video chat is essential. I'm an organizer and performer with the disability and community justice performance organization Sins Invalid, and so many of our meetings and talks happen via a computer. When I got ready to interview Sean, I was at one such Sins Invalid performer's accessible, roll in home in Seattle. I hang out at ET Russian's house a lot so that I have the option to get fresh air while my partner is at work, because he is still in the process of putting a ramp on his house, and I come to visit him from the Bay every other month. You may think that this is a lot of information, but one point Sean and I discussed is that "information is power", and that any up-to-par accessibility info will be verbose and detailed at the very least.

I am pleased that Sean and I both have heavily framed glasses, and that his first comment after we introduce ourselves is, "Just so you know I'm drinking whiskey." I feel a little pang of jealousy, as I am very nervous, but also it is 4:00 p.m. my time and 7:00 p.m. his time in Washington, DC, and my iced coffee will do just fine. Sean doesn't wait for any questions, he jumps right into it. I am looking into a sort of studio-y room in his house, lamp lit. He tells me that the place is a little more than he can afford, but that he has to choose places with elevators. Sean talks sharp and fast and sweetly and he swears a lot and I feel immediately at ease. So at ease that we were talking for forty minutes before I realized that we weren't exactly speaking in a question and answer type of format, and this was going to be a bitch to transcribe. So there is no true transcription here. This is not Q&A, this is two disabled punks sharing with each other what knowledge we can: musical, cultural, physical, intellectual, emotional.

Before asking about the website (and we do talk for a long fucking time before we even get there) I want to talk about us. I feel like it has taken a long time for me to work with this interview, to write and edit this article, maybe longer than usual. And that's because there's a lot of pain in here. There are sticky places, some shameover that has nothing to do with whiskey. Even while we are swearing and ragging on flights of stairs, and laughing about bands, there's also some reckoning with our bodies, and with the people who have been there to support us but had their limitations too. Disability is not something, as my talented cartoonist, writer, dancer, and very punk rock friend ET Russian said, that we are taught to think of as a culture. Nondisabled parents do not often educate their disabled kids about the importance of recognizing themselves as a disabled person sharing community and legacy with other disabled people. Given the way disabled people are societally and institutionally isolated from relating to one another, when disabled people get together to discuss their lived experiences and scheme/dream, sparks can really fly.

Sean tells me, on his politicization around his disability and his identity surrounding disability, "I came out with my disability kind of late. I was born with cerebral palsy, and I was socialized with this idea, you know, and I'm not shitting on my parents

This kind of pre-planning, this bodily incompatibility with spontaneity, is part of what made me feel like I was bad at being a punk, or even just bad at being a youth, much of my life.

for this, but, 'you can do whatever you want as long as you just fucking believe!*' and whatever and that's bullshit. So I didn't really come out with my disability until I was in my mid-twenties. I was a sociology major studying issues of race, gender, sexuality, and I started putting the puzzle pieces together that my disability just might be an oppression. And what does that mean based on things that I've experienced?"*

What might be considered the positive component of recognizing that disability is an oppression is also recognizing that there is such thing as disability culture. But I think that a lot of us have to recognize our identity as being marginalized before we can see the other people who have been pushed into the corner with us. Sean's parents' approach is not uncommon. Although I was lucky enough to have a mom who taught me the phrase, "I am a person with a disability," who taught me that there are derogatory ways to refer to many different kinds of disabled people and that I shouldn't use any of them out of solidarity, a mom who even made sure that I was introduced to disabled adults as a kid, she too, believed and hoped that one day I would grow up to be fully independent, and that I could do anything as long as I believed and tried really hard. She is brilliant but I'm not sure exactly where she pictured me living. In some senses, we can do whatever we want, it's just that what we want is now is more cognizant of our bodies and our bodies' reasonable limitations. And now, as people like Sean and I age, we are both examining what "independence" really looks like, and how it's a little bit of a sham. But a complicated sham. Like Sean, I also grew up on the East Coast.

NEVE: How do you think the accessibility of D.C. compares to other places...I mean I don't know if you've traveled or been on tour...

SEAN: Yeah, I mean I've been around, mostly to major cities...People ask, "How does it compare to New York?" And really, in terms of public transportation, D.C. is pretty good. The metro... there's an elevator at every station. That doesn't mean it works!

NEVE: *Right!*

SEAN: But you know, thank god for apps now, because I can check ahead. You know, being disabled, you have to pre-plan everything. Even if you're just meeting someone for a drink you have to plan it. If I'm taking a cab, or public transportation, it's gotta be working. DC is really good Metro-wise, but it starts getting really dicey when it comes to where you want to go. Bars, or...DIY venues, DIY venues everywhere are pretty bad.

For the record, New York's accessibility, besides the buses, is bad. Like, really, really bad. The other night, I shocked my friend who was asking me if the Bay Area was better than other places in terms of BART versus subway or metro transit and I almost threw my beer at her. San Francisco elevators do break all the time, but there is one at every station. The Bay Area, specifically Berkeley, is home to the Independent Living movement, disability rights, and truly, disability justice at large. This doesn't mean that every space has a handle on accessibility, but the culture is one that is somewhat teeming with the voices of disabled people, identifying proudly as people with a variety of disabilities, advocating for equal access, and communication around accessibility. Even so, I in Oakland, like Sean in D.C., have to write on the wall of most Facebook events I see to ask, "Is this venue accessible? Please post info." If I don't, if I just show up with no information and late, like most of my friends, I risk a really stressful, painful situation. In fact, I risk not getting inside at all. This kind of pre-planning, this bodily incompatibility with spontaneity, is part of what made me feel like I was bad at being a punk, or even just bad at being a youth, much of my life. I have hitchhiked around the country, gone on tour, winged it many times, but I also struggled, and so did the folks providing me access support. Sometimes you wonder which is worse, having folks invite you to shit without considering accessibility as a factor, or having people decide not to invite you at all?

Is This Venue Accessible? "was born out of punk," the parts of it that are fun and adventurous and figure-it-out-for-your-fucking-self, and also out of pain, out of struggle—showing up to a show and finding out no one told you, no one thought to tell you, that either the door or the bathroom or the nearest exit, were not accessible at all.

It Could Be Worse:

As a teenager and a young adult, I think I had a bit of a Napoleon complex. I feel weird saying that because what was his deal, that he was a short dude, right? I don't know how much harder I would have pushed myself if I had been socialized as male, maybe not even as hard, but as a young disabled girl, who everyone expected to be fragile in rougher punk and street artist youth spaces, I made sure that I was at the very front of every show, that I was in the center of every pit. As I mentioned earlier, people are impressed by you if you are disabled and show up to an event in public at all, let alone if you participate in other aspects of culture. Sean and I get down to discussing our differences in disability: he has cerebral palsy and walks with a walker or other mobility device, and I have arthrogryposis, specifically amyoplasia, a non-neurological but also congenital/developmental disability which causes joint and muscle atrophy and contracture. We also discuss our differences in punk socialization, although we do have certain important common experiences as disabled punks.

SEAN: I didn't have that punk friend in high school that made me a mixtape. I wasn't like, "I fuckin' heard the Germs" and then my life changed. That's not how that went for me. I fuckin' heard Nirvana...and then I fuckin' heard Sleater-Kinney, and Bikini Kill. And luckily I grew up at the beginning of sort of mainstream internet, where I was able to connect with people, and really get a sense of what punk was to me."

NEVE: I was with a group of kids that very much understood and cared about my disability, but not necessarily in a wider societal sense. They cared about me. "Bea is so hardcore." She'll go anywhere. You can carry her, whatever, it doesn't matter where the show is, Bea will be there!

Photo of Birth (Defects) by Josh Sisk

I had seen the band twice before and I went knowing it would be kind of rough on the floor, but always in a way I felt I could handle. This was during Pride in San Francisco and there were a fuck ton of people at Sub-Mission. Sub-Mission, as venues go, is largely accessible—the bathrooms are not so ideal but you can get in and out of the building itself with a wheelchair or crutches no problem. The problem with the relationship between the stage and the floor is that once it is packed in there, there isn't a whole lot of circulation or means of escape. My boyfriend and I had not planned an exit strategy; we were smashed up against the low stage and I had a few friends nearby, I wasn't worried. But as soon as the first chord struck, an entire can of beer was emptied onto my head, and all hell broke loose. There was no getting to the door, so we had to birth ourselves through the narrow hall stage right, practically surfing my chair over people's stubborn legs, determined to hold their place in the crowd. This is another aspect of accessibility—people not responding very well or immediately to an access crisis. When shit goes wrong, like if you fall down or need to get the hell outta there, different bodies will be affected in different ways.

Sean Gray recognizes this difference—he knows that he is white and straight and a cis-male, and so he experiences his disability and oppression surrounding his disability also with these "dorky" lenses.

SEAN: I still think in punk people don't realize there's a lot of intersectionality going on; that there are a lot of different experiences going on. There's still this narrative of like the *punk* experience. And I think that really needs to change...I grew up, I had this one idea of punk, and it changed. And then in my mid-twenties I had these friends who I had to look at and realize maybe they weren't as punk as I thought they were. 'Cause at the end of the day yeah they cared about me, but they would say, "It's so cool that you go to all these shows [despite...]" but they never asked me how I felt. I was like inspirational porn to a lot of people.

NEVE: *Inspo-porn!*

SEAN: Yeah! I used to use the phrase a lot: "It could be worse." Now I hate that phrase. Because that's the phrase that really birthed inspirational porn. "It could be worse" is probably the grandfather of inspirational porn. Looking back, when I was

This was true of statements made by my more contemporary punk allies and partners in crime as well. As recent as five years ago, people were saying, "If Beast can do it, anybody can."

NEVE: Most of my socialization was around crust punks—so very much about being dirty, being on the streets, traveling, all that shit, you know? And I was really forcing myself...to be that hard. And I think I'm a hardcore person, haha. Like I have face tattoos, I'm legit! [*laughter*]. But I don't want to have to abuse myself to get a VIP pass. I would like to be able to recognize my limitations. And I would like other people to recognize their limitations...to me, punk and DIY culture does not have to be about denying yourself. Denying you have needs, denying you have limitations, denying that your body doesn't always work, and fucking hurts sometimes.

SEAN: Yeah, I was never really crust...but I relate to what you were saying a lot. I hadn't really thought about it that way until you said it, but looking back on it, I really put my body through a lot of abuse....

What a lot of people don't get about [the relationship between] being punk and being disabled is punk is really about seeing that shit live. Especially with hardcore. Whenever I see old like '80s hardcore shows it's always people really physically getting into it. There's this real physicality to punk that I don't think you really see in a lot of other genres of music.

NEVE: Well, like moshing! I used to have to mosh, and now I take a minute and consider, is this pit going to be able to handle and take care of my body or am I gonna get lost and die?

SEAN: Yeah! And this was literally a month ago, I saw this band Glue, and there weren't a lot of people, maybe 50 people, and the pit, it wasn't even that great of a pit! It was just people running into each other. But I got knocked over, and some friends of mine, people caught me and I was fine, but I thought to myself like fuck, I'm 32 and I'm still being pushed over, maybe I don't really want to be up front anymore.

Last summer I had a similar awakening experience, when I went to a Limp Wrist show with my boyfriend.

growing up in punk? Fuck punk. I had to put myself through this shit to be accepted? And I'm happy and I'm glad that I met the people that I met but the reality is, fuck it. I had to carve out my own little space.

And this is how a website as community forum was born. Children of the internet, but also of punk rock, Sean and I both use social media to determine accessibility of spaces, to listen to music and discover new bands, and to network with other disabled punks and nondisabled punks. As Sean said, Is This Venue Accessible? *"was born out of punk," the parts of it that are fun and adventurous and figure-it-out-for-your-fucking-self, and also out of pain, out of struggle—showing up to a show and finding out no one told you, no one thought to tell you, that either the door or the bathroom or the nearest exit, were not accessible at all. Even as an adult and the owner of record label, Accidental Guest, Sean still runs into this problem.*

SEAN: I run a record label, that's what I do, I run a punk label. And I can't even go see some of the bands that I have on my label play.
NEVE: Dude, you're breaking my heart!
SEAN: This band I have signed, Roomrunner, was playing a DIY venue in Baltimore, and in the back of my mind I was saying, "Is this place going to be accessible? How am I going to navigate if it's not?"—whether that's a friend helping me with the stairs or if I just kind of go for it and take the railing myself. Well, there was no railing, and the stairs were so narrow that it was even hard for able-bodied folks carrying things to navigate. My friend was there taking photos of this band for the label so I had to be there. I get there and my friends say, "Oh well we'll carry you." I look down and they're the kind of stairs that are not only narrow but are also really long and tall, so a step down is a big step down, and if you're carrying something that's a big risk. And I said, "No, no way am I going to risk disabling myself even further." So I stayed outside and the reality was basically I got to see this punk show but not see it. I got to listen to the show from outside. And the band that was headlining, I was putting out their record. They would come outside between sets. And that was really bizarre. They apologized, but there was not a lot they could do per se.

Not to call out Roomrunner, because they are by no means the only band to knowingly or unknowingly play an inaccessible venue; and accessible spaces, whether private or public, are not the norm, especially not on the east coast, but I do think there is something they could do, and it's something Sean and I would like to officially, lovingly, but also with a bit of drunken crip punk wobble and fire, ask all bands to do—say no to the inaccessible venue. The push came to shove more recently for Sean, when he was attempting to attend a show not as a record label owner or on any professional level, but rather unprofessionally, as a recently laid off punk.

SEAN: I got laid off from my job, and I didn't leave my apartment for a few days. When you're disabled it's pretty easy to stay in one place! [*laughter*] There was this hardcore show in DC—shoutout to the DC hardcore scene right now. Bands are doing some really cool stuff!—and Red Death, this band I really like was playing, so I went to the Facebook page to see where it was. It was at this venue an old band of mine played, so I knew that the bar was on the ground level, but the space where the band was gonna play was down like ten or eleven steps. And you know like rounded steps. And it was this situation where it was last minute, and I couldn't get anyone to go! And so I felt like, I can't grieve, or let off steam like anybody else, I can't. And I got really angry.

But also, why host a radically inclusive event in an exclusive space?

It's no secret that lots of commercial venues are not only inaccessible to disabled people, but also discriminatory, unsafe places for other differently and intersectionally marginalized people. There is often a disconnect between the values of the folks renting the space and hosting the event, and the values of the folks that own the space. It's when a space is operated by the folks that I supposedly share values with that I get very bummed to find the space incongruent with the values promoted. But also, why host a radically inclusive event in an exclusive space?

SEAN: The DIY [radical, etc.] and punk community is actually more disappointing to me because they should know better. Spaces can add the info that they have vegan treats, that no one will be turned away for lack of funds, but you won't tell me if I'm gonna be able to piss in your bathroom?
NEVE: Sometimes people don't even know! My boyfriend messages someone and asks, "Is the house accessible?" And someone messages back and says yes. Then a few minutes later messages again and says, "There are eleven stairs." How did you miss eleven stairs walking into your friend's house? Like on Facebook events for punk and or radical events, there is a list of behaviors that will not be tolerated. This usually includes racism, sexism, homophobia, more recently transphobia, and even more recently, ableism. But how can you write on an event description that you don't tolerate ableism, when you are hosting an event in a space that is not accessible or inclusive of certain people? Or when you don't know that information, or at least have not taken the time to provide it? Recently on Facebook, my boyfriend called an event host out for that, for claiming not to tolerate ableism while not speaking to the fact that they were hosting an inaccessible event. That's actually promoting ableism.
SEAN: Yeah! Like how are you going to say that a space is welcoming of LGBTQ people, and then have a bouncer to meet you at the door that hates LGBTQ people? Or say that a space is anti-racist, and then let a white nationalist band play? I think that the DIY community, the punk community, is afraid of critique.

Which sucks because it means that people really aren't educated about disability—that it's a huge spectrum. That's the thing that I think is hard for people to grasp and is also sometimes the excuse for people not making venues accessible. Because it's a spectrum: not one size fits all.
NEVE: When people hear "ADA Accessible" they have this thing in their head of what that has to mean, and so then they're like, "Oh! Well, I can't make the door three feet wide, and I can't

put bars in there, and I can't do a thousand things." And even though, yes that would be amazing for a lot of people, even the smallest adjustment would be better than what they're doing now. People worry that if they make a little adjustment or a little attempt, that then they are going to be beholden to doing this big project.

Since doing this interview I have done a lot of reading up on Title III of the Americans with Disabilities Act. As it is written, any "facility" constructed after 1993 has to be ADA accessible. Any existing facilities are required to make accessible modifications which are "readily achievable," which unfortunately is determined on a case by case basis, and usually is not determined at all. The truth is, things like grab bars, and ramp three to four steps, are considered some of the most readily achievable modifications you can make. When removing all barriers to access is proven truly impossible, having staff who are willing to provide accommodations and simple access support to the community and patrons is common courtesy. I am all for individual and community empowerment, but I am not about to sue every single venue that violates ADA code. Especially not in DIY or illegal spaces! I want community spaces that benefit my loved ones and those who I am in solidarity with to truly thrive, with little hardship and low cost if possible. That means that folks need to be open to personal and community critique, and be willing to be accountable for making changes towards promoting accessibility structurally and socially, without the long arm of the law forcing this accountability.

SEAN: [When that show happened] I was gonna call out the venue, and then I was like, you know what fuck it, we live in 2014, I'm just gonna make a blog.

Is This Venue Accessible? *began as a Tumblr site and now has its own domain: itvaccessible.com. While it is not yet a complete comprehensive list of accessible and inaccessible venues, the number of cities listed is increasing every day—and Sean needs your help!*

SEAN: Something that I want to make really clear about this project is that I'm doing this by myself. I have a buddy who's helping me with coding, but the major content, that's me and I love to do it, but I need help.

NEVE: Do you see *ITVA* as a collaborative project?

SEAN: Yes I do, 100%. When it first started I wanted to keep it in DC, but I felt like in the end, this is a project for everyone. If I have the privilege to reach out to people who can help, I should utilize that. I'm really proud of *ITVA* and what we might be able to accomplish, the community aspect of it, but there will be things that I get wrong. People have to be okay with being critiqued. I'm okay with somebody calling out the website and being like, "Fuck, why didn't you include this?"

NEVE: Would you be interested in a submission or interactive message board type format where disabled punks could post or interact about accessibility?

SEAN: We do have a submission feature. I've toyed with the idea of a message board. There are pluses and minuses to that, though I think the idea of connecting people is what's most important so I could see it happening.

Getting into the nitty gritty of submissions: when you allow for them, you complicate your site. Which when we're talking about overall accessibility as experienced by a large variety of people, is a really good thing.

SEAN: People have this weird idea about disability, that like either you're extremely disabled or you're not that disabled. I recognize both visible and invisible disabilities. It's not one size fits all. Something I want to add to the site, an aspect of accessibility, is capacity. Someone with anxiety would be affected by how many people can fit into the space before it is considered at capacity. And the physicality of the space—when it's packed, how am I going to get in and out of there?

I could not be more excited about Sean's project, because embedded in its nature, is the potential for it to be our *project. The possibilities are endless. Now that's some* real *inspirational porn. The satisfying irony for me in having this conversation with Sean and writing this article for* MRR, *is that this was what I imagined myself doing, when I originally set out to write a guest column for the zine. I thought it could be like, Beast Ly tours punk show spaces, sets out to insert their body in all the right and wrong spaces, in order to enact positive change and show you that "lame"* is *punk. When my friend first posted the article about Sean on my Facebook wall, my first thought was, "Shit, that was my idea!" But now I recognize that Sean's idea, while not the first of its kind, will also not be the last.*

Punks need to start thinking about the fact that disability, and therefore, barriers to access, are all around us, and its not just an individual person's problem, it's a community problem, and some of us are already thinking that way.

Already, people in Seattle are collaborating on a website that would centralize detailed, user editable information on the accessibility of Seattle venues. I know of an existing, shareable Google doc which documents accessible, rentable venues in the San Francisco Bay Area. The goal is multi-faceted and multi-directional. If bands refused to play inaccessible spaces, might the inaccessible spaces be forced to recognize themselves as inaccessible and in need of a modification? And if accessibility or lack of accessibility was at the forefront of people's minds, might people post accessibility information on the event description of every event they host? What if the kind of short term DIY project that galvanized a community was building ramps on every rampable house that hosts community events? Punks need to start thinking about the fact that disability, and therefore, barriers to access, are all around us, and its not just an individual person's problem, it's a community problem, and some of us are already thinking that way.

Living where I do now, I have access to a lot of intersectional radical and DIY communities that are thinking creatively. Some of them are punk music focused, some of them are disability justice and disability arts focused. A lot of radical disabled folks I know used to identify as punks and don't any more because of the ways that punk has let them down. It was refreshing to talk to Sean, a person with a disability who, for whatever reason, has chosen not to give up on punk. It begs the question, why punk? Why not be some other kind of

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Principle 7: Size and Space for Approach and Use Appropriate size and space is provided for approach, reach, manipulation, and use regardless of user's body size, posture, or mobility. *(The 7 Principles of Universal Design were developed in 1997 by a working group of architects, product designers, engineers and environmental design researchers.)*

aesthetically signified, disaffected loser organizing with other losers as a part of a subculture, against the status quo, in hopes of finding joy and maybe even a home?

SEAN: To me, punk now is whatever you make it to be. I think it's punk to be disabled and to say, "Fuck you" to these inaccessible venues that are DIY venues. I'm sorry that might be harsh, but don't say you're a band that cares about inclusion and then don't recognize accessibility as a part of inclusion. I'm sorry that's not punk! So why punk is because it's where you can say, "Fuck you!" and it can be okay!

NEVE: *[laughter]*

SEAN: So why punk is because punk allows me to say, "Fuck no, this is wrong."

NEVE: Fuck yes.

SEAN: I think it should be up to bands to say no inaccessible venues. And I get that not all bands will have the privilege to always say no, but then they need to be aware of the issue and name it when they choose to go with an inaccessible venue. Accessibility doesn't stop with the ADA, it doesn't stop with this website. Why punk, because I'm a punk, punk matters to me, and, uh, fuck you.

NEVE: Fuck yes. I feel like punk is also a place where I can be like, ugly and sexy. As a disabled person, as a brown person, as someone with strange movements, I feel like when I was growing up, there was a lot of emphasis on being dignified, on being able to present my best face to the world. Even when I was like mad about racism or mad about inaccessibility or when I had to crawl up a fucking flight of stairs and my knees got dirty and my elbows got dirty from moving my chair you know—I can be dirty, and ugly, and angry, and freaked out, and still fucking sexy as a punk, haha! I think that's fucking important.

SEAN: Yeah, and it's still a community that I believe in, even with its faults. I keep going back to why I loved it in the first place, because punk let me believe that I could change something. It starts here.

Sean and Neve video chatting

The Maximum Rocknroll *compound has step free access through our garage. The bathroom is at the end of a hallway partially obstructed by record shelves. Taking the shelves into account, the hallway is two feet wide at its narrowest point.*

Keep up with Is This Venue Accessible? *at itvaccessible.com. Sean's band Birth (Defects) can be found at birthdefects.bandcamp.com and will be playing Smash It® Dead Fest in Boston this June. For information on his label Accidental Guest Recordings see accidentalguest.bandcamp.com.*

Stay up to date with Neve Bianco at lyricsealsucks.tumblr.com

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- Submit venues from your town to *Is This Venue Accessible?* at itvaccessible.com:
  Are there stairs to the entrance? To the show space? To the bathroom? How many? Are there railings? How wide are the doors? The more detailed the information is, the better.
- Mark your flyers and other promotional events with clear accessibility information.
- If you play or book shows, make choices to only work with accessible venues.

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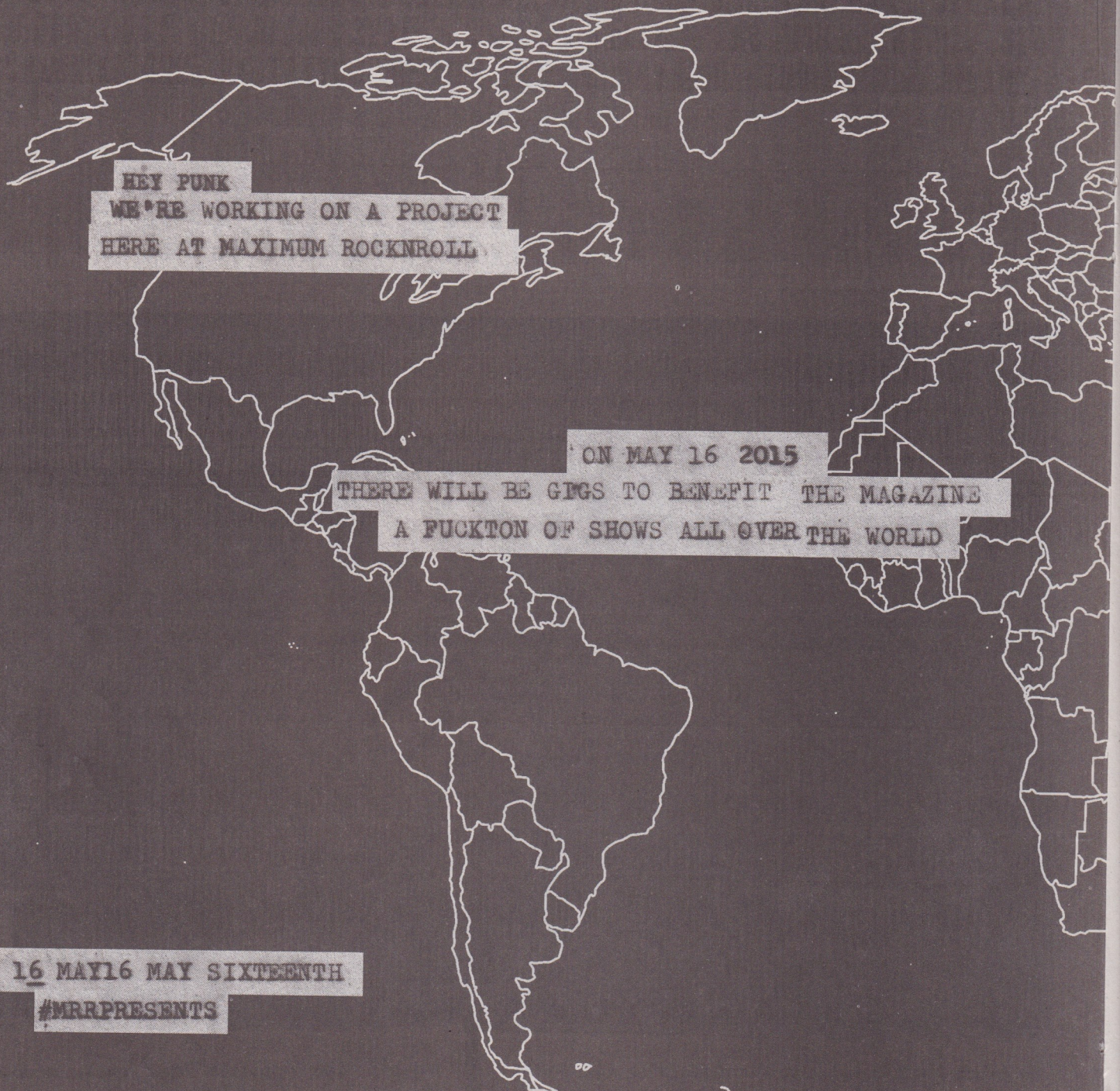

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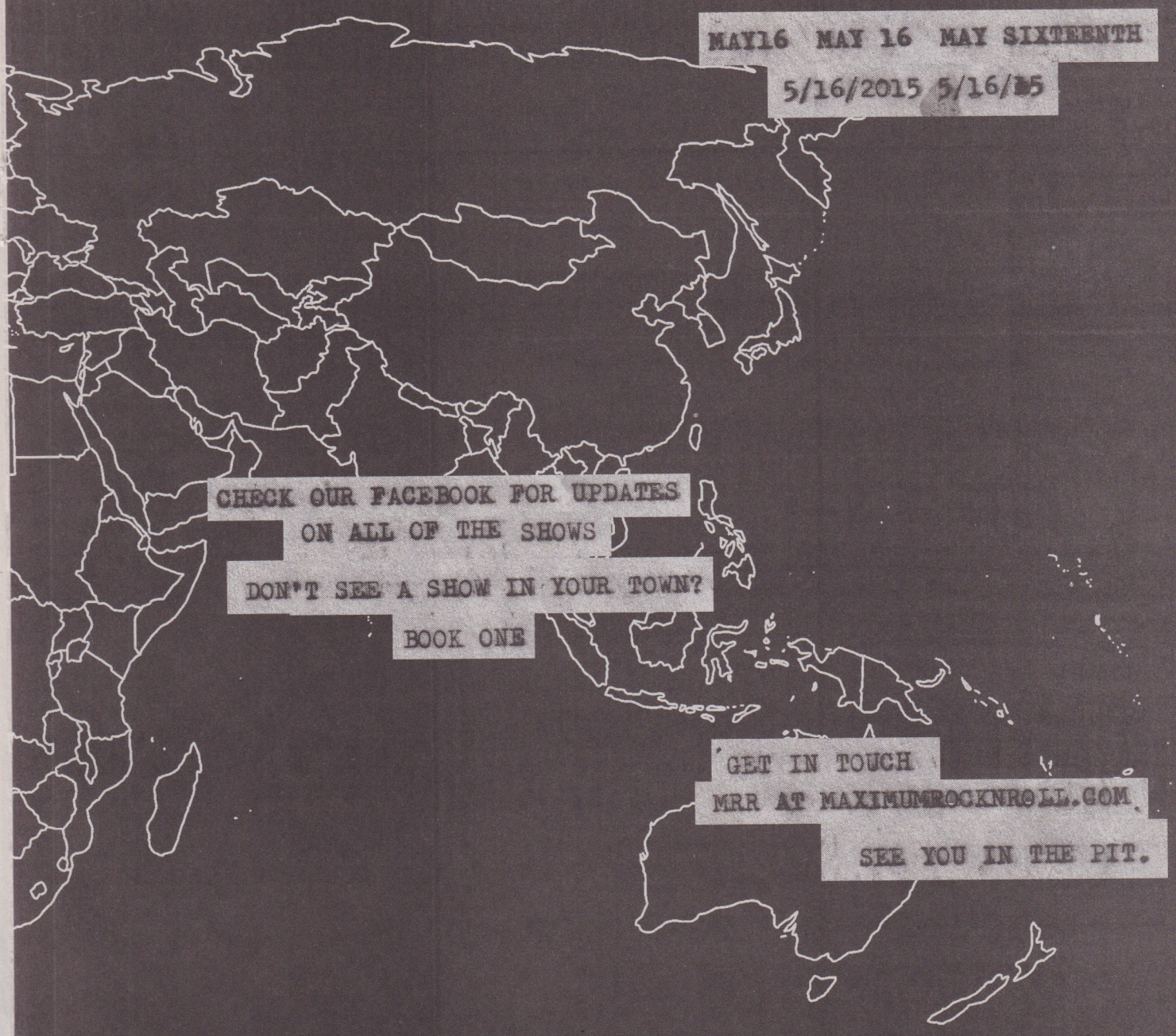

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SMZB frontman Wu Wei is the kind of guy you can't help but worry about, because he doesn't know when to shut up. For most people in China, silence is a survival instinct; bring up politics and they get uncomfortable, shifting in their seats or laughing nervously as if you've suddenly disclosed some embarrassing family secret.

But Wu, apparently, never got the memo. Not ten minutes into our conversation at the Beijing stop of SMZB's album-release tour, he's already veering into social and political commentary with the grim, unflinching determination of a late-night truck driver. It's a part that fits him well—at 39, Wu is lean and angular, with tired eyes and pockmarked cheeks. Ahead of the show he wanders through the crowd in his flat cap and black hoodie, shaking hands and talking with all the local punks who've come to see him. They call him "Old Wu" or "Big Brother Wu" as a sign of respect. He's earned it.

For the majority of SMZB's 18-year career, the singer-songwriter has been probing everything from government oppression to social apathy, earning the band major respect and the attention of the authorities in the process. SMZB has been banned from festivals, pulled from shows, and Wu has had his phone and email tapped.

It's a lonely place they've found themselves in. While the majority of punk bands in China have dedicated themselves to skinhead sloganeering or Johnny Thunders-style retro punk, SMZB are the lone holdover of politically conscious punk bands from the '90s and early '00s. This year, they've pushed that status further than ever with the release of their eighth album, A Letter from China, *the cover of which features a stark red print of a tank with the caption "1989-2014 / 25th Anniversary."*

It's the kind of thing that, as a foreigner, you want to make a big deal about, but know you shouldn't. Ahead of his coming to Beijing, I interviewed Wu Wei over email for an English-language magazine I work for, but knowing his communications are tapped I was reluctant to get too far into political questions. He was upfront anyway, saying that for the more sensitive stuff we could meet before his Beijing show to chat. Even face-to-face, I worried for him, wondering if he was conscious of the fact that everything he said might go down in print.

The unsayable truth is that he could easily go the same way as so many other artists and activists who've disappeared over the years, and, unlike someone like artist Ai Weiwei, he doesn't have the international visibility to save himself. So the people around him, we have to watch out for him. He's the father figure and moral voice of Chinese punk, but there's a recklessness to his honesty that might eventually prove his undoing.

Introduction and interview by Liz Tung, photos courtesy of SMZB.

MRR: You've been playing in SMZB now for almost 20 years. What are some of the biggest ways that you think you've changed in that time, as a musician and in terms of your beliefs and politics?
Right, it's been 18 years already. Of course, the changes in the music you can see for yourself. I don't think I've changed much as a person. It wasn't until I started making music that I started thinking about society and its relationship to institutions.

MRR: You've had a big hand in shaping the Wuhan music scene and helping to define it as a "punk city." In what ways do you think Wuhan has shaped you as a person and as a musician?
Yeah, Wuhan is a famous punk city, but that was ten years ago. Now, Wuhan doesn't really have many punk bands, and there aren't that many people who listen to punk music either. It's the same all over the country—there's still a very small audience for punk. I think no matter what city you grew up in or live in, you'll always have your own feelings and thoughts. Along with the development of society comes changes to the urban landscape, cultural and economic and so on, and those changes inevitably lead me to think about a variety of issues. Most of my lyrics have to do with how I feel about living in a city like this, under this kind of a system...

MRR: What's the scene in Wuhan like now?
Wuhan is a huge city, but there are really few mature or long-lived bands. Right now in Wuhan there are only two or three really young new punk bands aside from us; we're all good friends. I also have my own independent record label called Wuhan Prison to help young bands from Wuhan or other cities do things: help them produce records, set up shows, and so on.

MRR: Do you think the weakness of the punk scene is just the case for Wuhan or for all of China?
All of China, yeah. Because right now in China, there's barely anyone who listens to punk, and there aren't a lot of punk bands either. Actually, it's not just punk—in China there still aren't a lot of people who listen to rock music.

MRR: But do you think that punk in China isn't as popular as it used to be? Or do you think it's gotten bigger and bigger?
The audience is bigger, and there are also more bands than before. But it's still a really small scene.

MRR: Most of China's other early punk bands, like Underground Baby or the Wuliao Contingent bands, have all disappeared or switched over to another kind of music. Why do you think it is that you guys have been able to keep going?
Because the reason I do this band is that I have so much that I want to say, so many ideas I want to express. I've always had a lot of things that I want to say about my life experiences and my understanding of society, and I need music to express that. That's carried me naturally up to this point.

MRR: But you could have chosen other kinds of music or art to express what you want to say...
Yeah—well, I also make films. Actually I have a script now that I'm about to finish. After we finish this tour I'll edit it. Then I'll start planning. Probably in the second half of the year we'll start shooting.

MRR: Can you describe the story?
It's about...revenge. My father, in the film, was killed by my boss. He's part of the underworld. So I work for my boss, but he's killed my father and then he sends me to prison. By the time I've gotten out, I've found out that it's he who killed my father. So I want revenge—I want him dead. The English name is *One Poison*. The Chinese name is 江湖大逃亡 (*The Jianghu Great Escape*).

MRR: Is this the first film you've directed?
Yeah. I've acted before, but I've never directed. The first time I did a movie, the first time I acted in one, was probably in 2003 or 2004.

MRR: So you've always had this interest.
Yeah, I really love movies. I can speak English, but not very well. My grammar isn't very correct, because I never really studied it formally. I just studied it myself by watching movies. Back before there were DVDs we had videotapes, and I used to rent them all the time, but a lot of them weren't that good. But I didn't want to waste my money, because I'd already rented them right? At the bottom they'd have subtitles in Chinese and English, so I'd just read them throughout the whole thing, and I learned English that way. Before I started doing music I couldn't speak English at all. I used to listen to all kinds of stuff from abroad—the Doors, some blues bands, some Hendrix, Led Zeppelin, the Ramones, the Clash, the Sex Pistols, Nirvana...a lot of stuff. In the beginning I just wanted to know their music. Later I wanted to know what they were singing, so I ended up buying a Chinese-English dictionary.

MRR: So which band did you think had the best lyrics?
I'd say the Clash and the Doors. They're totally different, but I liked them both.

MRR: What kind of stuff do you listen to now?
These days, I still listen to old stuff—probably 70-80% of what I listen to is old. I don't listen to a lot of new stuff. I don't think there are a lot of good new bands right now.

MRR: There are none overseas you like either?
Nah—China doesn't have any either. Actually, I listen to classical too. I like Bach.

MRR: Did you always like classical music or was it only in recent years?
It was after I started making music. I didn't really listen to music before I started a band. I just didn't have any interest in it. Before that I used to paint, you know? And then later I did calligraphy... that's China. After I graduated high school I stopped painting and started a band. I never thought I'd end up doing music, because I had absolutely no interest in it before. I just used to paint and read. Actually, it was because of a kind of accidental opportunity that I ended up deciding to come to Beijing. I went to the Midi School [a contemporary music school] to study bass.

I got to Beijing at the beginning of February in 1995 to go to the Midi School, and I was feeling really confused before that time. I didn't know what to do next. A lot of my friends around me

at the time were doing drugs, you know? And I was feeling really disappointed with things. I slowly just lost my grip on what I was doing, so I wanted to get out of Wuhan. Then I saw something about the Midi School in a magazine, and I thought, "Okay—I'll just go there and study something new, something I've never come in contact with before." So I came to Beijing and immediately got into rock music. And I thought, "This is what I want to do."

MRR: You felt like music was a good way to express your ideas?
Yes, yes, yes. I still liked painting, and did for a while after. But now… Maybe when I stop doing music. My plan for this year is, after we finish our tour, to record a new album.

MRR: Have you already finished writing it?
Yeah, we finished writing it a while ago; we just have to practice the songs more. And then, after we finish recording the album, I'm going to work on my film. So in 2015 I won't be touring much, and then we'll have a big one in 2016. That year will be our twentieth anniversary, so it's an important one. [The album will] be called *The Chinese are Coming*.

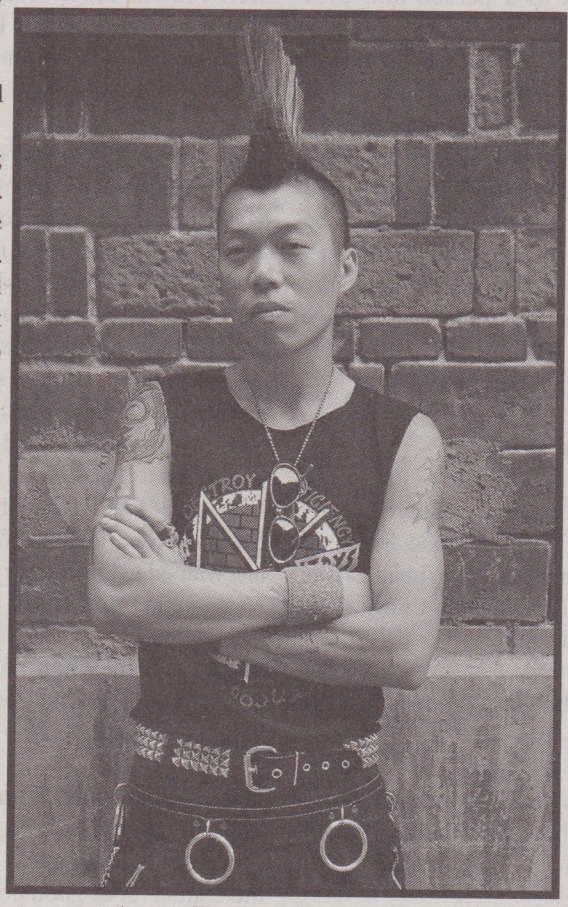
MRR: How do you write songs? You write all the lyrics right?
Yeah, and then we do the music part together. So, like, I'll write the lyrics and the melody, and then we play around with it to figure out the structure—like when to sing this part, when to sing that part. So yeah, we work everything out as a band, but I write the lyrics and melody.

MRR: So why did you choose the name *The Chinese Are Coming*?
Actually, the song is kind of meant as a reproach to Chinese people.

MRR: A reproach?
Yeah. When we go abroad to play shows or travel, I see a lot of Chinese, and their behavior is just…[switches to English] Even in China, I really hate that they—they yell at the waitress or waiter. I really hate that. They spit everywhere, no order. [Back to Chinese] They throw trash everywhere. It's really bad. And they act this way overseas too, you know? That's why I wrote this song.

MRR: To me, the title kind of sounds like—you know in the US, people are really worried about China overtaking us, taking over the world. Was there that meaning to it as well?
No, it's more just my own view on Chinese people. Some of it stems from the people themselves, some of it is because of the education they receive. It's terrible, really terrible. There's another song called "The Chinese Are Coming Again" on the new album, and a song called "The Foreigners are Coming," which curses foreigners. Because I work in Wuhan—well, it's not just Wuhan, it's a lot of places. But I know a lot of foreigners, I see them, I come in contact with them, and a lot of them are actually really nice. But after they come to China they start to change—they become more like Chinese people.

MRR: Where overseas have you guys toured? Where did you like touring the most?
We went to Europe twice, once in 2005 and once in 2007. In 2004 we went to Thailand. They were all good. Europe was really good because punk is really big there. We'll probably also go to the US, maybe this summer. We're still working it out. But this summer we can either go to the US or we can go back to Europe.


A young Wu Wei

MRR: So this album is called *A Letter from China*. Why did you choose that name? Was it because you hoped that people outside China could hear it and understand what's going on here, or…
It's just…just like writing a letter for the whole world. We are one band, from China, from Wuhan. And…have you heard the song or read the lyrics?

MRR: I've seen them, but I didn't understand all of them.
Right, it's just…[in English] "This is a letter from Wuhan, China. This is a letter for the world. No more…no more racism. No more fucking war."

MRR: Do you think this is a problem especially in China or in the whole world?
The whole world. [In English] Cherish your freedom. What you have we never had.

MRR: Have you always thought this way, or did you come to that realization after going to other countries and seeing what they were like?
It was after I started the band that I started to slowly begin thinking more about my relationship with this country and with this society. What should I do—what *can* I do? I never thought about these questions before I started making music.

MRR: But I think you must also be special—because there aren't a lot of people here who necessarily go through that through process.
In China, no.

MRR: So why do you think you came to it?
I don't know. I really don't know. Maybe it has something to do with my personality or…it's really difficult to say. I don't know either why I care so much about these things, you know?

MRR: But were there any people or books or music that had a big influence on the way you think?
How to think about this—it's just…you change as a person. You

develop. You listen to music from abroad, read their lyrics, and I just knew what they were thinking, what they were saying. I also read some books, figured out what they were saying, what kinds of things they were thinking about. In this way you slowly, slowly, step by step, naturally change and move.

MRR: So in the beginning, you weren't so...
In the beginning, I hadn't thought about these things at all. Or at least, I hadn't thought about them much. I was thinking more about...for example, life in Wuhan, and I'd see a lot of bad stuff there. And I thought, why are they doing this? Why? People use violence so easily. Even though they come from the same families. I saw it on the news a lot—families that so easily just resort to violence to solve problems. And I didn't know why. So I just wrote a song about it to express my thoughts.

MRR: Are your parents very political people?
They're just the same as most Chinese people. They don't think about these things.

MRR: So what do they think of you?
They just wish I were the same as other Chinese people. They want me to have a good job, get married, have children. But this is the life I've chosen, so what can they do, right? They can't force me to go do a job I don't like, and so on.

MRR: Going back to the album, the song "Set Off Your Hijab" really caught my attention—it's like a traditional love song, but in the US at least I know that title would be pretty inflammatory. Why did you write this song?
Ah, this song was originally sung by Wang Luobing, who's already passed away. He was an old-generation Chinese folk singer I really like and respect. He wrote this song as a love song. One reason that I covered it is that I just really like it, and also as a tribute to him. Ah, you're right, another reason is to dedicate it to [Iranian-born French graphic novelist] Marjane Satrapi—I don't know her, so I have no way of telling her, ha ha! I guess you might have heard of her or seen her books. So now you ought to understand why I would cover this song...

MRR: What kind of stuff does this album focus on aside from political questions?
It's just like *The Chinese Are Coming*—people's habits, their life habits, the way they talk, the way they do things. Like I was just saying, it's partly because of themselves and also China's education system that's led Chinese people to be like this. There are also a lot of Chinese people who I think are really good and right in the way they deal with things—but not a lot. I only write about the things that I think aren't right, including people or the system. Most of my songs focus on that.

A lot of people think that we're a really serious band, you know what I mean? [*laughter*] But it isn't that we're choosing to try and be serious, it's just that the things we want to sing about are actually quite serious. So it's a very natural thing.

MRR: So do you think these kinds of problems—for example, people treating servers badly, always spitting on the ground, throwing trash everywhere—have a close relationship to China's political history?
Oh, of course. It's because of the system we have. I mean, you know that China is not a democracy, nor is it a free country. So, as a result of that system, we have a certain kind of education system, you know? And it's not about teaching kids how to become real people; it's entirely about maintaining itself—maintaining the Communist party and its status. That's why there are no other parties. It's really terrible. That includes their development, all development—it's destroying the environment, destroying nature. I mean, living in China, in Beijing, you know about the pollution, right? And of course there's demolition everywhere, in every city—knocking down the old buildings and putting up new ones to sell...

They haven't protected traditional things in China, whether you're talking about buildings or culture, you know? The Cultural Revolution—right. [In English] Terrible, you know. [In Chinese] So many things were destroyed—culturally, materially, spiritually. And that's resulted in the majority of people being the way they are today. *A Letter From China* has a song about this. Maybe in ten years, only ten years, you can accumulate a lot of things. But you maybe need a hundred years before you're able to recover—that's what I think. Maybe you'll never recover. So it's just really bad.

MRR: In Beijing, at least, I feel like the punk scene has become almost completely depoliticized, aside from a couple of bands. I read in a previous interview of yours that a lot of people around you don't like discussing politics either, yet it seems like politics were a bigger focus in the early punk scene. What do you think has caused this shift?
It's not just the punk scene—almost China's entire rock scene isn't political. Of course I'm not saying that everyone needs to be political, it depends on the band. The fact that a lot of Chinese people aren't willing to think or talk about these things has a really big history and institutional reasons behind it. It's a really big problem. I think that living with modern technology and in this developed society, everyone is a part of politics, no matter what your profession. You can't get away from it, it affects and influences your life. Unless you go up to live on a mountain or on a deserted island to live as a hermit...

MRR: Do you think Chinese people have always been this way, or is it a recent phenomenon from the past fifteen or so years?
I think it's always been this way under this system—but [in English] in 1989, the fourth of June, you know what happened right? [The date of the Tiananmen Square massacre.] [Back to Chinese] Before that, a lot of Chinese people, or at least some students, thought a lot—about our country, about the system. But afterwards you didn't have it anymore. The government just let people earn money, put all their efforts into earning money and they were happy, and they didn't want to think about anything else. That's the way it was. Now, Chinese people are all like this. It's just money, money, money, regardless of anything. It's really terrible.

MRR: So in 1989 how old were you, and what do you remember?
At that time I was fourteen, a sophomore in junior high school, but I didn't know what had happened. Every day, out on the street, I'd see all of these college students, but I didn't know what exactly

had happened. And I didn't know that those things had happened at Tiananmen Square. It wasn't until after I started making music that I started to slowly gain an awareness of that. I read a lot of books about it, you know?

MRR: Where could you find books like that?
I had some foreign friends who brought them for me. And then there were some that came from Hong Kong…because you can't find them on the mainland.

MRR: So then most people in China…
Right, they don't know.

MRR: In 2008 you signed Charter 08. How did that come about?
Well, it was 2008. Liu Xiaobo and some other intellectuals wrote a document called Charter 08. Because you know, in the Czech Republic, in 1977 they had Charter 77. It was written by several people—including one person who later ended up becoming the president—in an effort to improve their country. So they wrote it and gave it to the government, and it became really famous. So this was written in 2008 and named Charter 08 in reference to that, and a lot of people signed it. But it's because of this that Liu Xiaobo was arrested by the government. And in jail...he won the 2012 Nobel Prize. But he's still in jail. So this year it seems like the US government wants the Chinese government to release him. So…[in English] they find me too, deport me.

MRR: How would they find you?
They monitor my cell phone and my email, my QQ [an instant messaging service]. They can listen in. It's because after I signed my name in 1995 [Liu Xiaobo's petition calling on the government to reassess the Tiananmen massacre and to initiate political reform], they could watch each person if they wanted, no matter what city. That's the way it was.

MRR: So this was happening even before 2008, that they were tapping your communications?
Yeah, since before 2008, continuously until today. Of course, yeah. They think certain people…they think they're dangerous. You know? People who curse the system. They'll be watching them.

MRR: So how was it that you came to sign Charter 08? Did you already know the people who created it?
Someone I knew sent me an email, and sent it to me. I looked at it, and thought it was written really well. I thought it was good, so I signed my name.

MRR: And you weren't worried about the consequences?
[In English] I don't care. I don't care. [In Chinese] Even now, with this band, because of our lyrics we can't go to a lot of outdoor music festivals. They won't let us play. They don't like what we sing about. But back in 1998 it still wasn't a problem.

MRR: Your early records were also fairly political, but with this album—the cover is especially controversial, especially dangerous. Why did you choose a tank for the cover art?
This year is the 25th anniversary of the Tiananmen incident, so I chose to use this photo as a means of commemoration, to keep myself and other people from forgetting this part of history. Also, it's a piece of history that's still very close to us and something that had such a deep influence on our country. I think it's very necessary and meaningful. I'll never worry about problems with the cover or our lyrics. Of course it's very clear that this will probably never be publicly released, although we've signed to Maybe Mars, but we can only sell the record online or at our live shows.

MRR: But you don't worry about people seeing it online?
Yeah, yeah. I don't think there's…I just want to—I just want to sing about what I want.

MRR: Is the reason you're not worried because you think they wouldn't…they wouldn't arrest you, or…
I don't care. For a long time, they could have arrested me at any time. I don't care. I tell my band, if there's trouble one day, just tell them you didn't know what I was singing about [*Laughs*]. I don't want to get them in trouble just because of me, because of the band, because of what I sing about. But they're not worried either.

MRR: So aside from having your communications tapped, have there been any other major run-ins you've had with the authorities because of your politics or music?
In 2012 in Wuhan. Every year in Wuhan we always play a big show around the beginning of October. In 2012 it was before sound-check, and by the time we got to the bar, there were already six or seven police officers. They were talking to the people who worked there and said we weren't allowed to play that night. So I talked to them and asked them why. They said because there were too many people—it would be 600 or 700, and they said they didn't want that many people together in one place. They think if there are a lot of people, then something will happen. The Chinese government always worries about lots of people assembling in one place. But they also knew the kinds of things we sing about, you know? So I said, we can't not play, because a lot of people have traveled into Wuhan from other places and they'll have wasted all of the money they spent getting here. So I thought after saying that, they'd definitely let us play. But they said, "You need to control the number of people"—you know? So that night they stood at the door, and after 300 people had come in, they shut the doors and wouldn't let anyone else in. There were still 200 or 300 people outside who couldn't come in. But there was nothing we could do. The only thing we could do was at least play our show.

Another one was in 2013 in Nanjing. There was a music festival. We were originally supposed to play ten songs, but after seeing our lyrics, they would only let us play five. So we were onstage and we'd just finished playing the fifth song, and I just thought…that's too little. Because below us the crowd was shouting, "One more! One more!" So we decided to sing one last one. Just as we'd started, our manager started to come from the side of the stage, and he said to me, "Don't play, you don't have to play." At that time I didn't know what had happened. I also didn't know there was an official from a government agency, the Nanjing government, standing at the side of the stage, making our manager tell us to stop playing. But at that time I didn't know it was them making him tell me that. So I just said, "Listen, we'll finish this one and then we'll stop." When he got back to the side of the stage, the official just started hitting him with both hands. [In English] Even now, I still feel guilty. [In Chinese] I didn't know.

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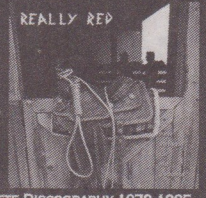

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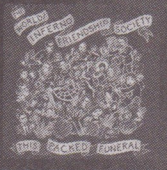

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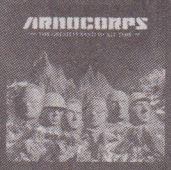

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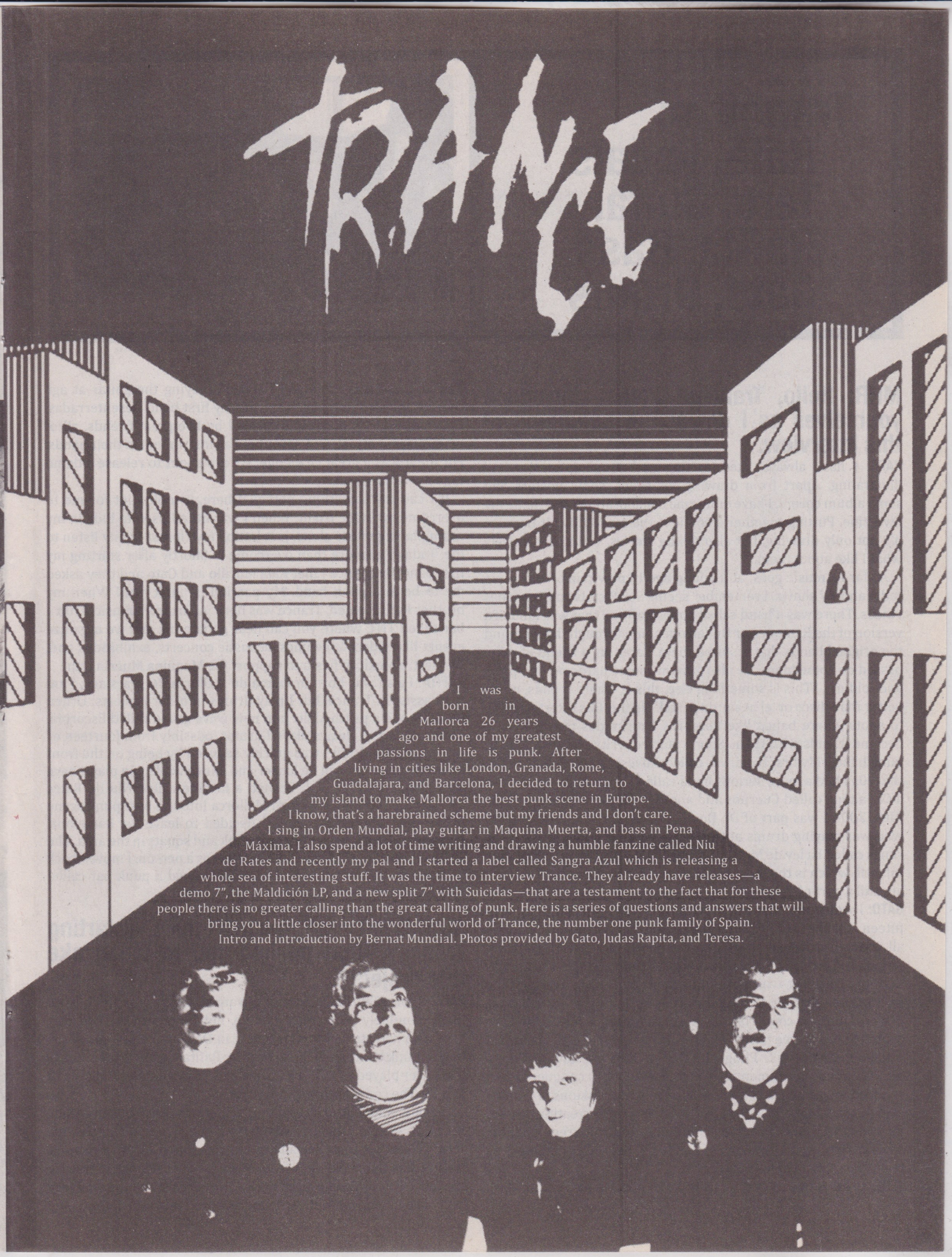


I was born in Mallorca 26 years ago and one of my greatest passions in life is punk. After living in cities like London, Granada, Rome, Guadalajara, and Barcelona, I decided to return to my island to make Mallorca the best punk scene in Europe. I know, that's a harebrained scheme but my friends and I don't care. I sing in Orden Mundial, play guitar in Maquina Muerta, and bass in Pena Máxima. I also spend a lot of time writing and drawing a humble fanzine called Niu de Rates and recently my pal and I started a label called Sangra Azul which is releasing a whole sea of interesting stuff. It was the time to interview Trance. They already have releases—a demo 7", the Maldición LP, and a new split 7" with Suicidas—that are a testament to the fact that for these people there is no greater calling than the great calling of punk. Here is a series of questions and answers that will bring you a little closer into the wonderful world of Trance, the number one punk family of Spain.

Intro and introduction by Bernat Mundial. Photos provided by Gato, Judas Rapita, and Teresa.

Trance is:
Rafa, Vocals
Tere, Guitar
Rafita, Bass
Gato, Drums

MRR: Hello, Trances! Please introduce yourselves as I did at the beginning of this interview.

RAFA: I have always liked writing and drawing comics and illustrating. Apart from drawing for event, show posters and some album covers, I have done zine collaborations and made my own zine. Putting together a comic is the most difficult because it's not only drawing, but also telling stories, which is precisely what I like about them.

As far as music goes, at a young age I knew punk from some radio and TV shows. I remember seeing Sex Pistols and Ramones videos. There was a band called Siniestro Total that was kind of a version of the Ramones or Undertones, and through them I found the original bands that inspired them. Later on, a friend of mine passed on some tapes. He also gave me some hardcore and punk and told me, "This is something else, this is where it ends, much better than disco or 'el heavy de pastel.'" In the '80s I started going to spots where bands like Cerebros Exprimidos practiced and became friends with them. Soon I started writing and singing in punk bands. My first band was called Sálvese Quien Pueda and in the '90s I had a more serious band called Cannibales. We put out a CD, a tape called Cuerpos and another CD called Human Soup. After 2004 I was part of Dr. Doom and that is where I met Gato who was playing drums at that time. We put out a CD of twelve songs called La ley de Murphy. Along with Gato, I formed Aspirina Infantil, which is the most fruitful band I have been part of and I am still a part of Trance.

GATO: I would say that I became interested in punk when I was fifteen, thanks to my older sister and her friends, who were all about passing on tapes of good bands like Dead Kennedys, Ramones, Devo, etc. After that it was non-stop. My first band was Culturas Perdidas, which put out a demo in '89 and another tape in '93. After that we formed Fun People, and in seven years we played countless concerts, toured South America, Mexico and the United States (three times) and recorded seven LPs. In Mallorca I was part of bands like Phogo, Dr. Doom, DMC, etc, and Barcelona de STA, a dub instrumental group...a genre that conquered and seduced me as much as punk. Another of my passions is graphic design. In all these years I've dedicated myself to creating posters for concerts, fanzines, some exhibitions, and silkscreen printing covers. Dub, queso mahonés, and cold beer accompanied by buenxsamigxs all drive me crazy.

TERE: I was born 23 years ago in Palma de Mallorca, I am dark haired, but I dye it blonde, I started playing the guitar at age twlelve and two years ago I started my first band Desenterradas. Desenterradas is post-punk formed by five great friends, all of whom except myself had never held an instrument in their hands. For me it was a great challenge. We are about to release a demo tape on Sangre Azul.

If I can say something personal here, it took a lot for me to overcome my stage fright. When I was little I used to hide in my room playing music alone, just letting my closest family listen to me. Today I've more than overcome it. Shortly after starting my first band, by chance I met Rafa Murillo and Gato and they asked me to be in a punk band. My passion is punk rock! When my brother Rafita joined, Trance was born. Apart from music, I run a bar called TNT, where you can hear good punk and we organize events like video screenings, acoustic concerts, exhibitions and, the best, a Mexican fiesta to support the Maquina Muerta tour.

RAFITA: I also was born in Palma de Mallorca 26 years ago, I am the bassist in Trance, but I play drums in other projects: Orden Mundial and a psychedelic pop new wave group called Escorpio. The truth is I've always played drums, possibly from fourteen or fifteen years old, but I was quickly seduced by being on the front lines on stage. You can be looser and dance while you play. I have some joint projects with Bernat, a fanzine called Niu de Rates and another, designed to turn Mallorca into the best punk scene in Europe. When I got older, I decided to leave for Barcelona, immerse myself within all things punk and squats in the area. The experience was great and I think I grew as a person. I moved back to Mallorca two years ago. My family opened a punk bar called TNT and I feel like it's the temple of my empire.

MRR: What were your intentions in starting Trance? What pushed you to undertake this project?

RAFA: Around 2012, Gato and I wanted to start another band more genuinely punk rock; simple, not hardcore. We had met Tere who had started to play guitar in Desenterradas, an all-girl horror punk band, and whose brother Rafita played drums. Rafita had never played bass, but he came from Barcelona to Mallorca to join us. The connection was very good.

Quickly, and without thinking too much, we recorded four songs at Puerta Cósmica, our friend Puter's recording studio. That's where we recorded all the Aspirina Infantil stuff with great results, and that gave Ovas from Metadona confidence to release the *Demo* EP with some other labels. Although the sound was very fuzzy and kinda weird, it stuck and was well received. Before long

we already had enough tracks to record a whole LP, and that's when Holyrook (STA member, Robots...) appeared who liked our style. Holyrook suggested recording in his studio in Barcelona. We took off without a second thought and recorded the whole *Maldición* LP in four days. The sound was equally urgent, but more robust and refined, which was great. Metadona Records hooked up with us again and split released the LP with Solo Para Punks. Throughout this process we took advantage of our time and location by playing Barcelona, Madrid, Logroño, Granada, Zaragoza...For us this is not a passing novelty or just a hobby. It is something vital understood by anyone who is dedicated to any form of expression or their artistic side. Besides that, I think it's great that Rafita and Tere are playing something different from what they did in their other bands. As more "seasoned" people, Gato and I like the youth and freshness that they bring to the band.

MRR: On a personal level, are you worried about your future? I refer mainly to economic issues, having a roof to sleep under tomorrow. Do you envision a happy future or do you fear things going wrong?

RAFITA: I have no idea. Honestly, we could dwell on this question forever. I guess there are several factors and issues that we could go on about. The Future? It's like talking about God or heaven and hell. I honestly do not believe in the future, but sometimes I think about how the passing of time is inevitable and of course you question things. What I will tell you is that I feel sure of myself with an abysmal force. This is also how I see my bandmates, as true survivors.

The economy is fucked, you look at three euros a day like it's a true fortune. I guess we have learned to deal with it. In a sense we are already used to having zero or very little and there is only one way to go from here. Up. We are stray dogs. We don't have iPads or good gear, but we are happy assholes! There are plenty of people with more than enough money. I don't think the future is something that Trance worries about too much. Ours is to gamble all our shit on a slot machine, finish the last swig from a bottle of bad whiskey and a pack of smokes. What good it is to worry about money if later on you commit suicide because of a broken heart? I think we all more or less know that is not important and thank whoever that we know we do not need that to be happy. We are a secure and united family, there will be no problem, everything will be fine. Everything is fine.

GATO: The future is now.

TERE: The four of us come from modest families. We live day to day. We were not born with silver spoons in our mouths, but what we have is enough. I have learned to build my path in the now. Tomorrow is uncertain. It may sound cliché, but it's what I think.

MRR: Tell us about Mallorca. What do you think might interest a MRR reader? Conditions of the island, the punk scene, Metadona records...whatever you fancy!

RAFA: It's normal that nobody wants to lose money, but in Mallorca, with few exceptions, the people organizing shows are usually only concerned about making easy money at the expense of "rocker youth." They don't know what it means to be in a band. They think everything is a breeze and act as if they are doing you a favor letting you play at their spot when it should be something reciprocal. Luckily there are some who aren't like that and are motivated to do things with their heart as well as their mind. Then there are events that we musicians organize ourselves, which is something different. Since you mentioned Metadona, I will say that it's the best thing that could have happened around here. It has motivated people to create their own labels collaborating in small collective releases. DIY, that's what it's about.

RAFITA: Mallorca is good. There are people with enthusiasm and we have fun taking things on. When you live in a city like Barcelona it's easy to move around and have fun, the same city gives you everything you need. Here in Palma de Mallorca it's different. If you want something to happen you have to do it and take it on yourselves, but in general people are very grateful and are hungry for things to happen. We try to do something about it, especially within punk. This is a beautiful island, I will always say that. We have everything here, Caribbean style beaches and mountains, and all of this great stuff near a sewer called Palma. We have the "Mallorquin movement." It's a movement that only a good Mallorquin knows, but it's a secret. Being a nice little place has made us savage and primitive. It's easy to spot a Mallorquin in Barcelona—we go a bit nuts, but we are quite sociable and sympathetic in general.

Metadona and El Emperor who runs it has worked hard for the punk community. I'm with Rafa, I think it has encouraged other people to move forward with releasing music. There are also the guys from Old Kids Brigade distro putting out good stuff. Lately I have been seeing the results of these projects and although they

are few, I see sixteen and seventeen-year-old punks. That's a good sign. I hope they are encouraged to be part of this family shortly.

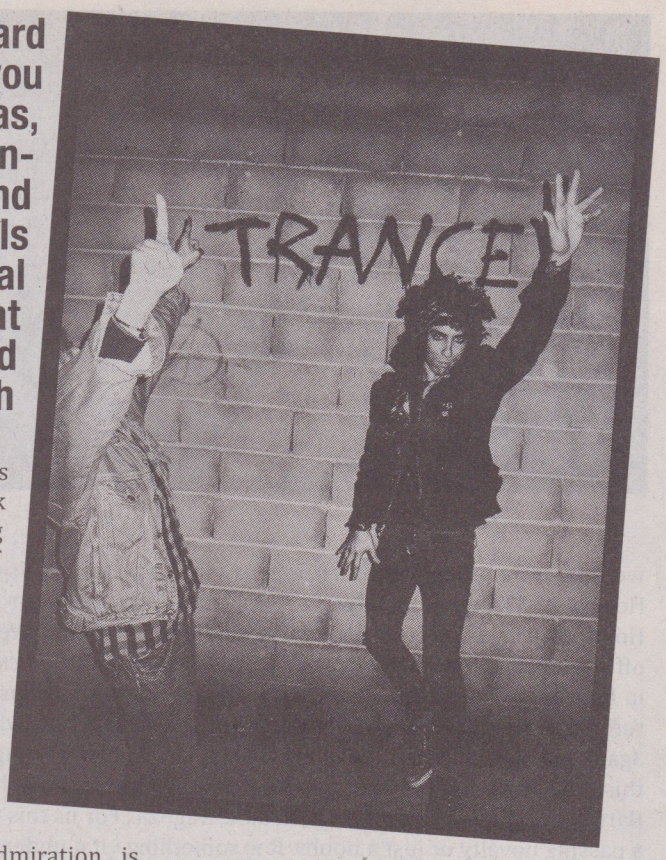
MRR: I'm not the only one who believes that the Maldición LP tops your Demo 7". My favorite tracks are "Maldición" and "Cerca del Bar." My favorite Trance songs are melancholy and slow, perhaps the most pop ones? What do you think?

RAFA: Honestly, that surprises me a little, but it shouldn't. Obviously there are people that don't get both of them. There are people who like some releases better than others and some that won't like you at all. The designation "pop" has always been met with rejection from the more "authentic" rockers, and not without reason, because of the subsequent music that degenerated the concept. For me pop is synonymous with song and as I said before, what we want to do is write songs. You can call us melodic punk if you'd like—it won't offend us if you even want to call us pop punk. Pop shouldn't be exclusively part of indie heritage, as many of its quirks have been influenced by punk.

Besides punk, I have always listened to early music, especially from the '60s. These songs were the sum of pop and the classics. R&B, soul, girl groups, garage, vocal and instrumental surf, these are a goldmine for the good listener. Punks in the past knew this well, that they could be destroyers, but they could also have melody, because ultimately they were rock bands. It has always been an obsession of mine to successfully put together a melody with a strong rhythm section and sharp guitar. For example, you'll see that when writing a record, we do not strictly favor any punk band rules or sounds.

RAFITA: Well, it's relative. I've had different opinions, but of course when a song is a hit, it's a hit. Now we have re-recorded and it accidentally left us with some quite romantic and relaxing songs. But hey, that's Trance and things came out. I'm lucky to be able to write some Trance songs, because, honestly, I can be quite the romantic...but it is what it is. I think that this "rollo rock nacional" burning style or even "Rosendo" suits us well. That real wound-up jazz and doom of the Madrid scene. The Ramones also did it and if the Ramones did it so can we.

MRR: I've heard rumors that are you are fans of Suicidas, the Austrian-Barcelonan band that we all know. Is this admiration real and is it true that you may be involved in a project with them?



RAFA: We have some things in common. I love their lack of prejudice in tackling issues, their approach and, of course, how they play. Trance recently stayed at the Caos a Gràcia in Barcelona and incidentally recorded four new songs back at Holyrook, two of which were included on a split 7" with Suicidas which just came out on Metadona Records.

GATO: Yes! I think the admiration is mutual.

TERE: Now it's all being said! I love Suicidas! I recommend you listen to them! It's the best punk rock in Spain right now.

MRR: What bands and current projects of the Spanish state, musical and non-musical, are Trance's favorite? What impresses you?

GATO: For me it's Suicidas and Eskroto de Rat. Another band offering something new is Una Bèstia Incontrolable, giving the right twist to Barcelona punk sounding fresh and furious. As far as illustration, I really like the art and design of Teodoro Hernandez, King of Spain.

RAFITA: Well, outside of music, I want to emphasize the punk and non-punk scenes that take place in the Barcelona circuit of squats. The city is really impressive in that realm and there are huge projects in every sense. The problem is that I see that all these things are coming to an end. I see complacency, people that are comfortable and ignoring the subject. It is something that should never die.

MRR:Well, this question can be used to comment on you something that you believe appropriate... Something I've forgotten, a forecast of the future of our country increasingly African or the mystical side of paranormal phenomena. A big hug and see you tomorrow and every day, motherfuckers.

RAFA: I will say that Trance should be pronounced as it is written in Spanish, not "Trans" in English...as someone once told us in Mallorca, which is pretty ridiculous. Sure we, here, can pronounce it any way we want, haha!

TERE: Thanks so much to Bernat for taking the time to do this interview, "even though we know you'll love it." And thanks to the boys and girls at *MRR* for your interest in us.

RAFITA: Africa? Si, hombre Tio...we would like that just fine.

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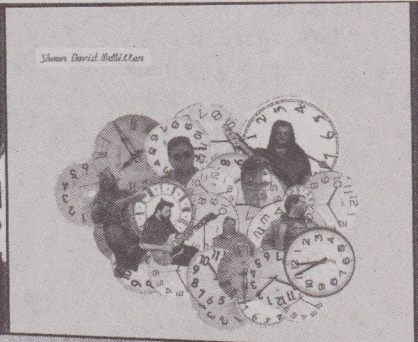

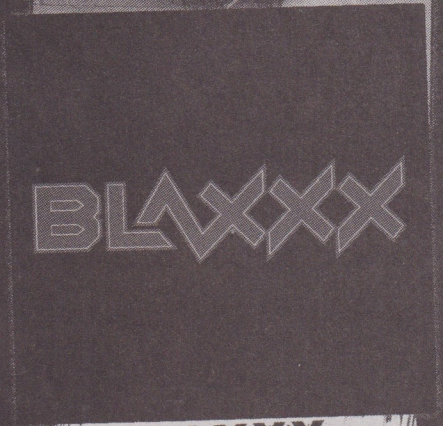

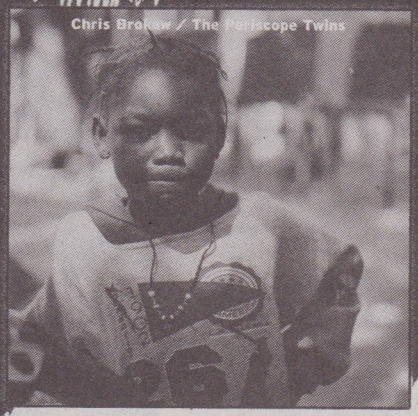

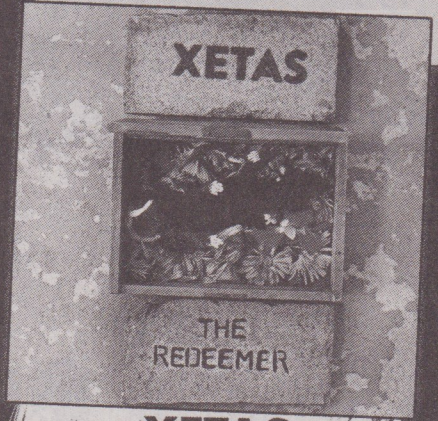

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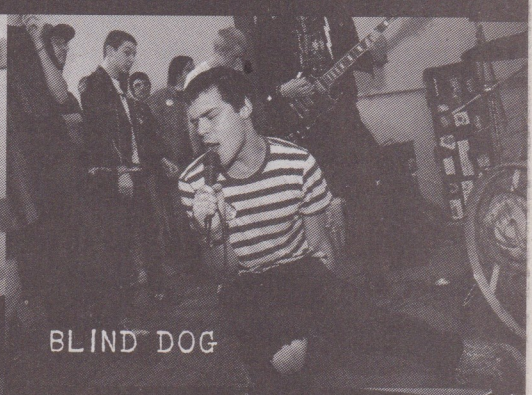

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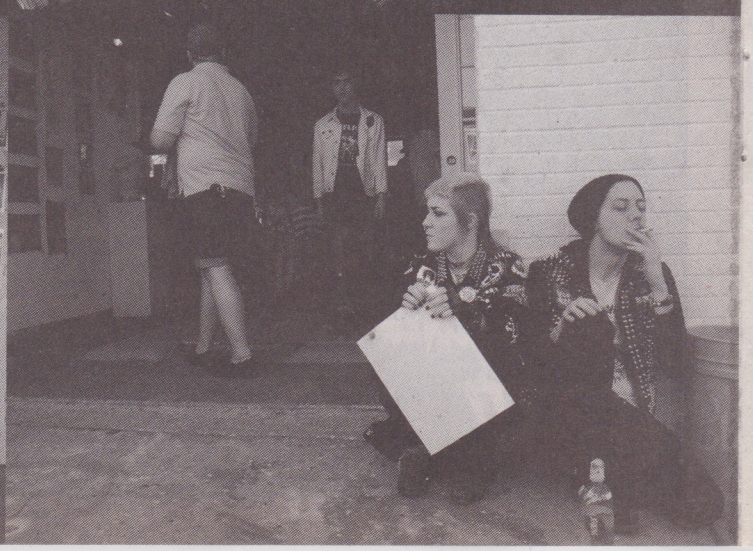

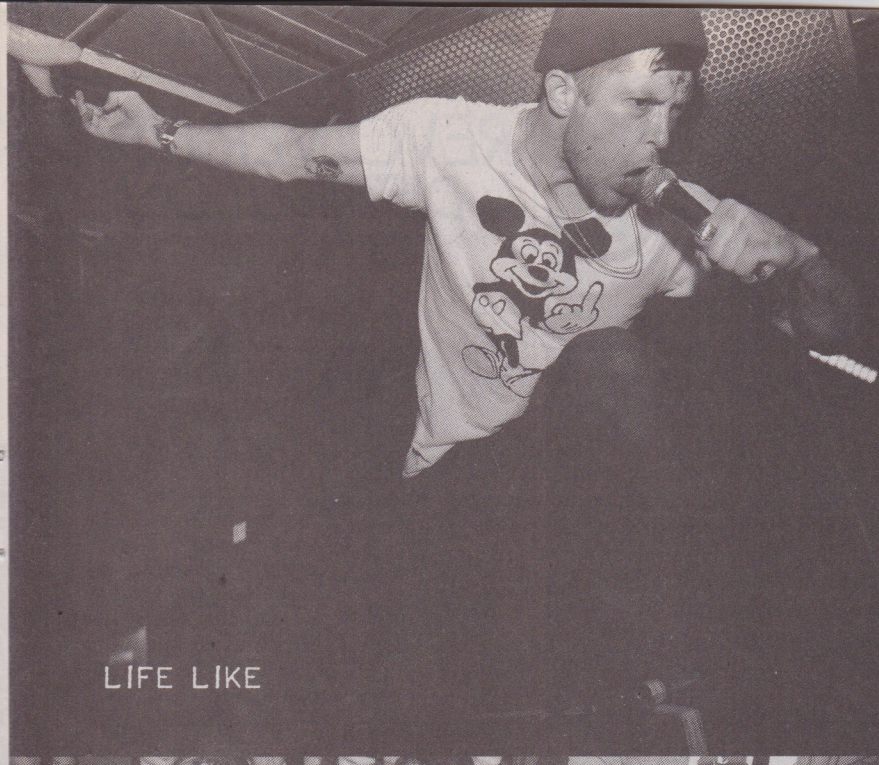

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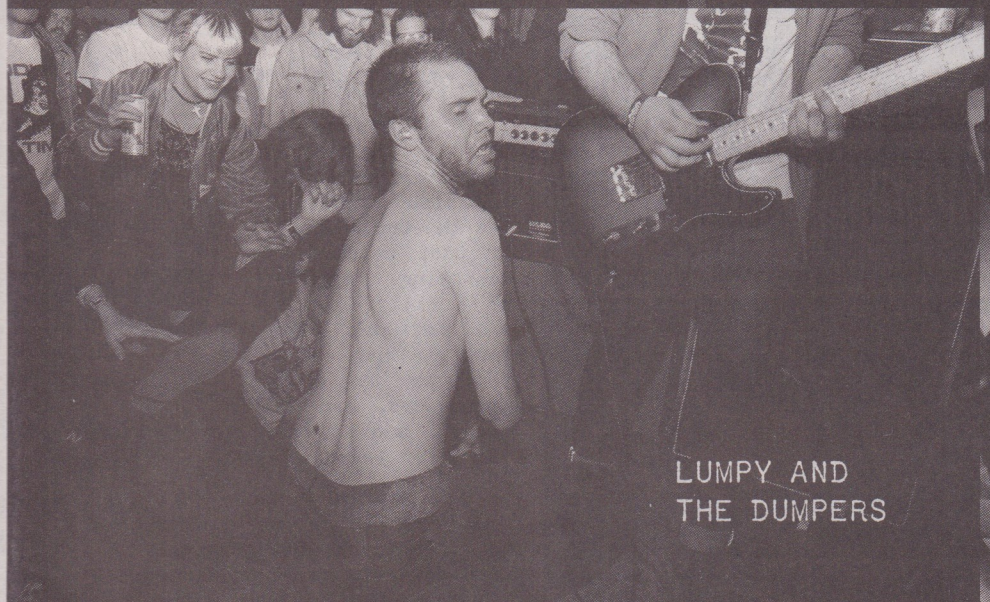

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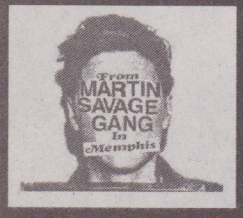

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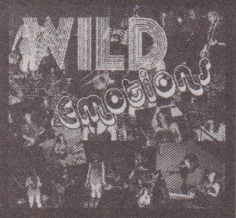

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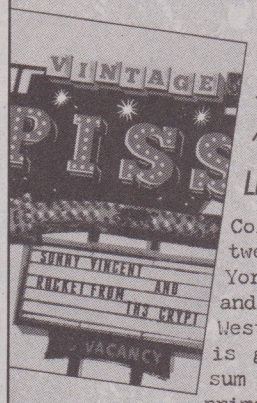

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FINLAND BOMBS AGAIN! *Vivisektio is a hardcore punk band from the small village of Äkäslompolo in the Northwest Lapland, Finland, about 130 kilometers of the Arctic Circle that existed shortly in the '80s. After centuries of sleep, the old crew from this place reactivated in 2008, finally released their LP in 2011, and started playing more gigs, including abroad. A year ago, they released their EP.*

I like all the old bands from Finland and Vivisektio is one of them. I did an interview with them for Pasażer *#31, a zine from Poland. Only a few people know the Polish language so here we have an interview "for all" in this scene. Check out this band because they are really worth it. And preferably—book them a gig somewhere! Introduction and interview with Pena by Grzester. Photos provided by the band.*

VIVISEKTIO

MRR: I cannot believe it—suddenly a punk band formed in the far, far north of Finland! Who figured that out? What was the reason for such a crazy decision?

Äkäslompolo is a small village in the northwest Lapland, near the Swedish border, located about 130 kilometres north of the Arctic Circle. And it wasn't suddenly. I've been punk since I was a teenager in 1979. I tried to form a punk/new wave band in 1980 with my cousin, but we failed because there weren't any kids who wanted to play with us. I was the first hardcore punk rocker in our village. In 1980 I was into rough punk bands like the UK Subs, Dead Kennedys, Cockney Rejects, and Lama. I didn't like the idea that punk turned to new wave in 1980. In 1981, I found Discharge, Disorder, Terveet Kädet, Kaaos, and those early American hardcore bands. I didn't have money to buy those records, but Vote Vasko of P. Tuotanto taped hundreds of punk records for me and other punk kids. I think it was 1981-82 when Pekka and I started planning a hardcore punk band, but we didn't succeed until 1983, because it wasn't easy to find a drummer and singer. And we were really bad musicians back then.

MRR: How many punks lived in Äkäslompolo? What's the population? I can't believe that there were more bands like yours.

There were only 200 people in Äkäslompolo year round in the early '80s, but there were thousands of tourists in springtime for skiing. There were about fifteen teenagers in our village, but for some reason about ten of them were punks! And yes, you're right. There weren't any other punk bands in Äkäslompolo. Not even normal rock bands. There were a couple of new wave bands in the bigger neighboring villages but Vivisektio was the first hardcore punk band in our region for sure.

MRR: Would other bands play punk concerts in your village? Ratsia or Eppu Normaali for example? Where would you go to see a live punk gig, or meet up with punks? Rovaniemi? Oulu?

There weren't any rock concerts in Äkäslompolo back then, but there was a venue in Kolari (about 40 kilometers away). Bands like Eppu Normaali, Ratsia, Vaavi, Pelle Miljoona, etc. played there. There were punk and new wave gigs in Kolari and Pello from 1979-81. It was a time when new wave was very popular among teenagers and teen magazines wrote about it. But when it ended in 1981 there was nothing. There were hardcore punk gigs in Rovaniemi and Oulu a couple times in the early and mid '80s. Punk gigs were very rare then. Remember that there were only couple hardcore punk gigs per year in all of Finland back then! Nothing like today. We noticed that the UK Subs, the Exploited, Dead Kennedys and Discharge played in Southern Finland between 1981-1983, but it may as well have happened on another planet. We were teenagers and it was long way to Helsinki by bus and train.

There were a couple of dozen punks in small Northern Lapland villages back then. We had contact with them. Many punks moved from Northern Lapland to Rovaniemi or Oulu for school or jobs. By 1987 there wasn't a scene in Lapland anymore.

MRR: When did you form? You probably didn't look so "normal." What did parents and teachers think about you? Would the rest of the population of Äkäslompolo look at you strangely?

When we started the band in 1983 we were 15-17 years old. I was more like a "herbert" in style in the early '80s, but the others looked like hardcore punks with mohawks, spikey hair, ripped clothes, and studded leather jackets. Winters were cold in those times, like -40° C. So, a studded leather jacket wasn't very warm clothing. We were the first strange looking hardcore punks in our area. People were amazed and even terrified. They hadn't seen a girl with a mohawk before. I'm sure our first singer Kirsi was the first woman with a mohawk above the Arctic Circle. Some of our parents and teachers were understanding, some of them were not. Lapland is very conservative and masculine. In the '80s young people quit listening to rock music when they turned 18 years. Even some tourists said to us, «When we come from hectic Helsinki to peaceful Lapland, we don't wanna see people like you.»

MRR: Surely you remember your first concert. When it was, where, with whom you played? Do you have a poster of this event?

It was in February 1985 in Kolari. The gig was arranged by some kind of municipal youth committee. There were three bands from our area. No other punk bands. We played only four songs and were awful. We were sober and it was -30° C outside. There weren't any punks in the audience. No pogo for sure. We played only eight gigs in the '80s.

MRR: This famous festival in Pietarsaari where you played had an amazing line-up of bands. Who was the organizer? How many people were there, and where was it exactly?

Vivisektio was very unknown in the '80s. So it was great to play with those big names like Rattus, Terveet Kädet, and Kaaos. I think Vox Populi organization arranged the festival. They arranged gigs and some festivals in the late '80s, like the Lieto punk festivals. They tried to get Inferno, Disorder, and Chaos UK to Pietarsaari festivals but all of these failed. Inferno's drummer broke his leg. Chaos UK didn't get travel money out of the bank office. Disorder came to Finland but customs officers wouldn't let them into our country.

There were a couple hundred punks there in the old harbour area in Pietarsaari. Everybody was drunk. Dozens of normal people came to stare at punks like we were in a zoo behind the fence. Pietarsaari is a very small town in the countryside, so they had never seen so many punks before. Our gig was disastrous. We were drunk and had some technical difficulties, but many people liked us for some reason. Even some of them pogo'd.

MRR: In Poland at this time, it wasn't possible to record an LP, so a lot of people would record music at concerts or rehearsals on cassette recorders. Was this a popular method in Finland?

It was very expensive to do a record in the '80s in Finland. We did as many other bands did: recorded our rehearsals on tape and mailed the tapes everywhere. Compilation tapes and zines were the big thing for small Finnish hardcore bands. I think Vivisektio was involved in dozens of compilation tapes. We did a couple of four-track demo tapes with our municipal high school's music teacher, but those tapes were shit. He wanted Vivisektio to sound like fucking Dire Straits!

MRR: Usually people hear that '80s Finnish punks were drunk at concerts. Did you encounter the same problem?

It was always this way. Bands and audience members were very drunk. But not every band was drunk—some bands like Rattus and Terveet Kädet were professional. They did their job well. We screwed couple gigs with alcohol, but some gigs we played sober.

MRR: There were women in the band, right? Had you specifically tried to find women to perform with, or did you play with women out of necessity since Äkäslompolo was so small?

We had two women in the band: Kirsi (singer) and Satu (drummer). Vendetta was an all-male band, but when the drummer and singer left the band we started Vivisektio with those women. Kirsi is Pekka's sister—they are twins. We didn't specifically seek out female members. There weren't any others in Äkäslompolo who wanted to play with us. I think we sounded original because of female members. By the way, we have female members again—Maria joined Vivisektio in last September.

MRR: Aside from you, the only bands I know of from the area and time that included women were Rutto and Pyhakoulu. Were there any other bands with mixed ensembles?

Those are the best known. I can't remember any other than Pravda from Miehikkälä, who had a female bass player. Pravda recorded a cool demo in 1985 but never released it as a record.

MRR: Was there a band that definitely influenced you musically? Would you try to imitate someone or play in your own style? In your profile appears "kaaospunk," linked with Jakke and company?

We were influenced by this whole international hardcore punk movement of the early '80s. British anarcho-punk was influence for us too. Our favorites were bands like Lama, Kaaos, Terveet Kädet, Musta Paraati, Subhumans, Minor Threat, Crass, UK Subs, and hundreds more. We didn't want to imitate other bands. The "kaaospunk" in our Facebook profile is written with some kind of humor. Miettinen, who published the legendary *Hilse* punk magazine in the late '70s, reviewed our first demo on Finnish rock magazine *Rumba* in 1985. He defined us as "kaaospunk." Maybe he defined us as a Kaaos-type band.

MRR: I can't help asking questions about the knowledge of Polish music in the '80s. I saw in an old fanzine from Finland some stuff about Polish bands, but I don't know if any tapes ever made it there...

I read many scene reports about Polish punk in the '80s. Dezerter was the best-known Polish band here, of course. I had their first EP on tape. I didn't see Dezerter live but they played in Finland in 1987 or 1988. Siekiera is well known here too. I remember band names like Moskwa and TZN Xenna from the '80s. I owned the Smierc Kliniczna 7" once but not anymore. I remember that Finnish rock magazine *Soundi* wrote about Jarocin Festival and wildly behaved Polish punks.

MRR: Why did Vivisektio break up? It was in May 1986, you played for such a short time...

Satu and Kirsi quit in 1986. They weren't interested in it anymore. Me and Pekka tried to find a new singer and drummer but it was hopeless in Lapland. We finally buried Vivisektio in 1988.

MRR: It seems to me that that year was the beginning of many other changes in Finland; more bands were turning towards metal, and the music changed. It was less chaos and more technology.

I didn't like metal-influenced hardcore bands. Hardcore punk "ended" in 1986. Most of the early '80s hardcore punks left the scene. Many bands like Rattus and Varaus went to metal. Many members of legendary bands like Riistetyt, Bastards, and Appendix started to play ridiculous pop rock. Nowadays it is funny to look photos of those guys with glam-rock costumes, make-up, and hairstyles.

***MRR: Another band from around your area was Aivoproteesi. Did you know of each other? They had more luck than you because of their appearance on the* Yalta Hi-Life LP.**

Aivoproteesi was a great band, a lot better than us. They started before us and I think they split in 1985. I knew their bass player Jussi (RIP) best. Me and Jussi planned a split EP with Aivoproteesi and Vivisektio. Aivoproteesi had already broken up but they had two unreleased songs left from the *Yalta Hi-Life* session. But the studio tape was lost and it never happened.

MRR: You took a break for a total of 22 years. In this time, what were each of you doing personally? Were Satu and Kirsi doing something related to hardcore punk? What did you and Pekka do?

After Vivisektio we studied, worked, normal stuff. Satu and Kirsi haven't been in band since Vivisektio. Kirsi still listens punk rock. I was the bass player for Amazing Tails (1989-1995). We played melodic hardcore like Hüsker Dü and Dag Nasty. Pekka was in some rock bands.

MRR: And then one day...Vivisektio rose from the ashes! Why? Boredom? Fame? Money?

Me and Pekka were always disappointed because Vivisektio never released a record. We planned to reform Vivisektio for years (mostly when we were drunk). And finally in 2008 we reformed the band with new members. It was truly great to play those simple songs again!

MRR: Are all of the band members are from Äkäslompolo? Thirty years ago there were ten punks. How many are there today? You've also played some gigs in your village?

No, just me and Pekka are from Äkäslompolo. I've lived in Oulu since 1987, but Pekka still lives in Äkäslompolo. All of the other members live in Oulu like me. Our drummer Miikka has played in bands like Totuus, Burn Again, Ödeema and many more. Tumppi was the singer of Jätesaha. Maria still sings for the Handshake. Äkäslompolo's population is about 500 people nowadays, but there aren't any punks in Äkäslompolo anymore. We haven't played in Äkäslompolo since 1986. Maybe someday.

MRR: What has the audience response to the reformed band been? How are the reviews for your LP? To me, it sounds great!

People have received us rather well. Many younger punks aren't interested in reformed old bands. I think we have done our job well because most reformed old bands are shitty. We want to play '80s hardcore influenced punk rock, but we don't wanna sound old, fat, and sloppy. We've gotten good reviews about our LP. Our *1984* LP has been released in Finland, Germany and Brazil. It is very important record to me and Pekka because almost all the songs were written in the '80s. We could not even have dreamt of releasing an LP back then.

MRR: Who's Vietkong Tapes that issued your CD-R? Is he still around?

Vietkong Tapes was my "record label" in the '80s. I released just one compilation tape in

1984 with Bastards, Sekaannus, Abortti 13, and some more. A couple years ago we wanted to release our 2008 demo and some live stuff as a CD-R. So I released this *Naamiaiset* CD-R on Vietkong Tapes. It is still available and it is available as a tape in Malaysia and Czech.

MRR: You've played concerts since you reformed—the audience must have been surprised that you're active again! Have you run into people at your concerts that were at your gigs in the '80s?

As I said, Vivisektio was very unknown band in the '80s Finnish scene, but surprisingly many people remembered us or had heard of us before when we reunited in 2008. And for sure everybody who remembered us from the '80s were very surprised, because we never recorded etc. I've met some people who saw us in the '80s. For example, Juggling Jugulars' bass player Jaani said that he pogo'd when we played in Pietarsaari in 1985. He was fifteen-years-old or something then.

MRR: Nowadays having a woman in a band in Finland isn't extraordinary. But does Maria have any problems with taunts at concerts, sexist remarks etc..?

Maria: I haven't had any problems with sexism with Vivisektio or with my other band, though I'm usually the one who gets weird comments after the shows—like compliments on my cheekbones...I think that the punk scene in Finland is quite equal (but of course there are idiots, too). I've been organizing gigs for several years but haven't really encountered sexism there either.

MRR: You managed to have a song on the MRR compilation* Sound the Alarms *and on the recent edition of* Hardcore '013. *It seems that you are appreciated for what you do.

There was an advertisement in *MRR* calling for bands for their international compilation album. We recorded "Tuhlattu Elämä" for them and they chose our song in their blind listening sessions. *MRR's* fifteen-person blind session committee weren't told band or song names. And they did three different listening sessions before each band was chosen. It is honor to be involved in *MRR*'s compilation record. I've read *MRR* since 1982. The *Hardcore '013* compilation was a lot easier. Ville of Roku Moguli released our LP in Finland and we just asked him. And we recorded three tracks for that, two new songs and an old song we wrote in 1983.

MRR: I hope that the next album will be released before another twenty years go by! Do you have something prepared for the next LP?

We have about twelve new songs ready. And we'll write a couple more for the next album. We'll try to release our second LP during 2015. It is very slow, because we rehearse irregularly because Pekka lives in Äkäslompolo. Our upcoming LP will be like our debut LP, fast '80s style hardcore and slower post-punk songs. Our LP sold quite well. We did a second pressing in 2012. It is still available through Höhnie Records and Roku Records. Kämäset Levyt will release our 7" soon. It includes two Amebix and Killing Joke influenced post-punk songs.

MRR: What elements of the punk scene of the '80s would you like to move to the present time? What would you prefer to have found back in 1984?

I do not miss the '80s. Of course it was great because you (and punk rock) were young and fresh, but there was lot of negative, too. People were more narrow-minded than nowadays. And the Cold War and fear of the nuclear war were very distressing things.

Punk is more professional nowadays. Bands play lot better and they aren't too drunk onstage. Punk is more political nowadays but there are more different tribes in the scene too. Punk is more popular nowadays and even normal people listen punk. I must say that punk was more fun in the '80s when normal people didn't listen to hardcore punk and they didn't like punks. It was our own little world.

MRR: Did any of you ever make a fanzine?

I did *Kuumat Kyynelet* fanzine from 1985-1988. Just four issues came out. It was rather popular in Finland. I have only my own copies left. *KK*#1: Kuolleet Kukat, Subhumans, Terveet Kädet, Ex-Humans. *KK*#2: Diatribe, WDM. *KK*#3: Extreme Noise Terror, Irstas. *KK*#4. Chumbawamba, Corrosion of Conformity, Concrete Sox.

MRR: It seems to me that in Finland you freeze and for half a year there is night. Is this true? What do you do when there is non-stop darkness? How many degrees is it in the summer?

There is winter from November to May in Lapland. From November to March it is very cold and dark. You can't see sun in November and December. But it is nothing for us because we are used to it. In the mid-summer sun shines around the clock. Lapland's summer is very short, but in July temperatures can exceed 25 C°. I like living here, I don't think I'm moving abroad ever.

***MRR: Is it true that in such small towns in the north people don't close their doors? Are people that live there madmen like you, or the hero of the film* Napapiriin sankarit?**

Yes, we are all like those guys in the film *Napapiirin sankarit* (*Lapland Odyssey* in English, some scenes of which were filmed in Äkäslompolo). When I was a teenager nobody would lock their doors when they left the house. Nowadays it is not possible. The world has changed.

Bad news is that a big mining company is planning a large iron mine very near Äkäslompolo. All the local people are against this because it will destroy nature. We really hope that those mine plans never realize.

MRR: Now we're at the end. Tell us something about the typical Lapland menu and drink. What do I really have to try, when I finally visit you?

Well, Lapland menu is very meat-oriented. If you want to eat reindeer and fish it is a good place to you. Drinking will be easier. Try Finnish vodka and beer.

MRR: And last one: are you a fan of Kärpät Oulu? Do you like a hockey?

We aren't big hockey fans but of course we support Kärpät because we are from Northern Finland. Miikka is frantic football fan. He supports Liverpool. My hobby is cross-country skiing. Tumppi's hobby is downhill biking.

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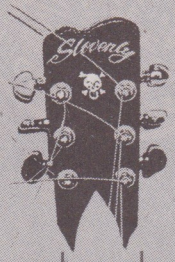

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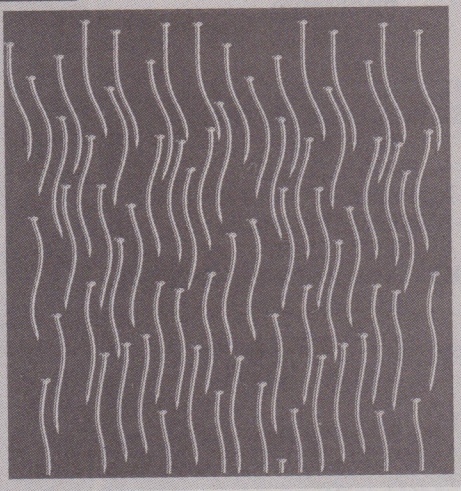

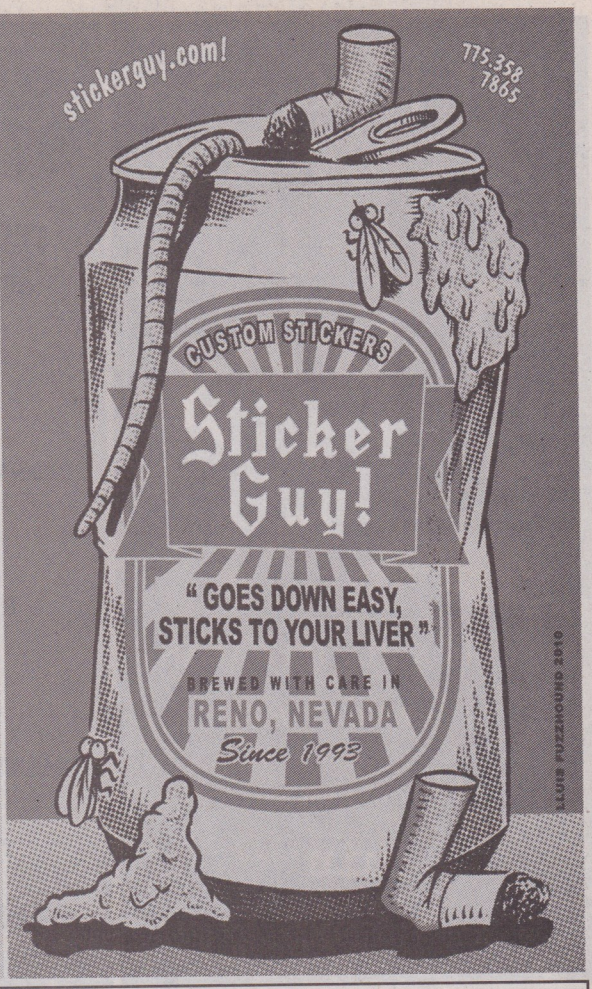

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BOOKS

Train to Pokipse
by Rami Shamir
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It seems that the general public loves to digest *bildungsroman* whole—hand any person who still reads a coming-of-age novel, and most will gobble it up quickly, aware of the genre's history and tropes, yet still able to find nuggets of "realness" in the trials and tribulations associated with growing up or into oneself. What makes Rami Shamir's *Train to Pokipse* such a strange entry in the genre is that while the reader can certainly find moments of intense clarity and insight in the story's telling, such moments serve mostly to underscore how despicable the narrator is as a human being.

Perhaps my jaded side is shining brightly, but I don't care about young gay dudes hoovering mountains of cocaine, drinking in Manhattan's after-hours clubs, getting fucked in strange apartments, longing after college flames, attempting suicide by taking too many Ambien, hoovering mountains of cocaine, longing after college flames, drinking in Manhattan's after-hours clubs, feeling terrible about their unfortunate upbringing, getting fucked in strange apartments, hoovering mountains of cocaine, and so on and so on.

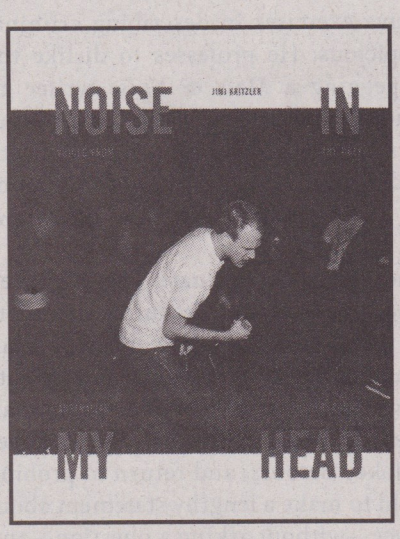
It just isn't interesting. I know it isn't interesting because I've been a cokehead in Brooklyn who went to a tony liberal arts school. I know because I have been fucked by men in strange apartments while out of my mind on drugs. I know because I've drunk in many an after-hours club on both coasts. And I know because I've attempted suicide, and I've longed after college flames.

What I came to realize several years ago about these aspects of my autobiography, is that they are completely uninteresting, and actually make me out to be a total asshole. I might be an asshole anyway, but I certainly don't want to be an asshole in the way that Shamir's narrator is an asshole. For this reason, I definitely do not participate in any of the activities mentioned above any longer, mostly for my own sanity and health.

But here's the great thing about *Train to Pokipse*: Shamir's narrator gets all of the details right. From jaw-grinding early mornings wondering where the next line is going to come from to utter despair on the clattering subway home remembering lost loves and spotting graffiti, the words in this novel detail genuine states of consciousness and unconsciousness in a manner that isn't romantic, and certainly isn't imbued with the sort of tough-guy drug-taking machismo that overtakes some novels of the same genre. What's more, Shamir writes with a deep knowledge and love of New York City and its boroughs, but also with an anti-capitalist eye that is ever-critical of the metropole, except when a bag of drugs is involved. Even the sadness of life on the circuit of gay clubs and druggy orgy parties is palpable in Shamir's narrator's telling.

The issue with *Train to Pokipse* is that, despite the genuineness of the situations and psychosocial landscapes depicted, these situations and landscapes are incredibly boring. People on drugs, especially drugs like cocaine, are incredibly boring. Thus, a reader like myself can only wonder why someone would dedicate themselves to detailing such mundanities. Though, if you've ever pondered what it might be like to be a confused gay twenty-something man with a coke problem living in near-poverty in a huge metropolis, you might find that *Train to Pokipse* is exactly the novel you've been waiting to read.

—Ted Rees



Noise in My Head: Voices from the Ugly Australian Underground
Jimi Kritzler
$55.75 ppd • 464 pages
HoZac Books
hozacrecords.com

There's a passage in Stewart Home's *Cranked Up Really High*, the cultural critic and provocateur's punk history polemic, where he draws attention to the book's publisher: Codex, the punk label Overground's book imprint. With characteristic glee, he contrasts this credential to the lofty university presses publishing, say, Home's favorite target, "Groovie Greil." Similarly, Joe Carducci's crucial *Rock & the Pop Narcotic*, another venomous rebuff to what he calls the "amateur sociology" school of music criticism, was self-published. It's in this lineage—autonomous from a proper publishing house yet bound as a proper tome—that Jimi Kritzler's *Noise in My Head: Voices from the Ugly Australian Underground* falls.

Available via HoZac Records in the United States, it's an exhaustive overview of Australian rock and rock-adjacent music issued from the continent by bands formed in the last ten

years or so. It's an attractive book, with stark, monochromatic photos, and an overall red, white, and blue color scheme (let's remember, Americans, that many other countries boast the familiar tri-color.) Throughout the book's foreword, nearly fifty interviews, and as many breathless introductions to the bands featured, it's clear that Kritzler is utterly besotted with his chosen subject.

Like a fanzine, *Noise in My Head* is beholden to the now and reported by a peer. Kritzler, an occasional music scribe and member of Slug Guts and White Hex, is of the tribe, if not the secret cabal of taste-making Aussies itself. Unlike a fanzine, this is a book, bound, albeit bearing a record label name, which lends it an air of the "definitive guide." Interestingly, Kritzler's enterprise nobly undermines its own authority: many of these bands are still active. The book is not subtitled with a span of years; it's an unfinished history, by design.

Kritzler's introductions to every interview are zealous, inventive, charmingly overwritten, and ultimately a bit redundant. In his eagerness to deal praise, Kritzler at times abuses terms like "avant-garde," and almost always relies on the zowee power of hyperbole. Judging by *Noise in My Head,* it would seem that most contemporary Australian rock bands are, to bite some of Kritzler's vocabulary and style, outfits of unrepentant, degenerate reprobates bent on conjuring blackened psychedelia and coercing a lifetime of failure into transcendent clamor. Doubtlessly, plenty of the bands covered create music evocative of petty thievery, lumpen idiocy, and anguished outsider missives, but Kritzler has a habit of conflating the players with the music they make. A ways into the book, Kritzler's creative exercises in describing criminal character get a little suspicious. He professes to dislike the rock press—memorably pegging a *Mess & Noise* writer an "undercover narc" in the Straightjacket Nation intro—but Kritzler indulges in their sensationalism. Still, while Kritzler's infatuation with the bands featured makes the introductions somewhat tiresome, the same thing makes the interviews thrilling.

The conversations are nothing if not intimate. The UV Race's Marcus Rechsteiner candidly discusses learning disorders and insecurities, HTRK reflects on founding member Sean Stewart's suicide, and, though not a Q&A, Kritzler's tribute chapter to the late *Negative Guest List* publisher and musician Brendon Annesley is extremely moving. The discussions hover in chatty territory, make jokey detours, and return to probing inquiry. Kritzler isn't afraid to make a lengthy statement about an artists' work to their face—without asking a question—and wait for a correction or, more often, a cackle, in response. It's a technique that in less natural and friendly interview scenarios doesn't really work.

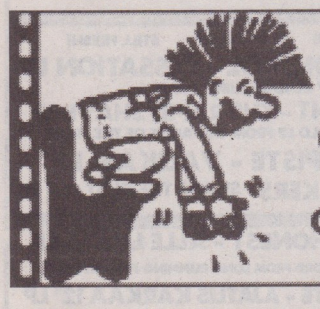
Most of the interviews, and thus most of the book, are committed to ruminative reflections on creative development and personal inspiration. Perhaps due largely to my American perspective, that focus leaves a lot of curiosity about the Aussie underground unsatisfied. Total Control is up for a lucrative national award, Eddy Current Suppression Ring has headlined festivals for audiences upwards of 10,000 people, and Australian acts touring America are able to do so partly because of government grants. These are just three situations that have no parallel for underground bands stateside. The national infrastructure for fostering the arts and the meaning of "underground" in a country where scrappy garage acts headline massive festivals remain unexplored in *Noise in My Head.* Discussions of the country mostly revolve around which cities have meaner audiences.

It's unfair to criticize the book for not analyzing the Aussie underground's broader cultural and political context. That's not the stated goal. Kritzler doesn't present to us the definitive account, and how could he? Nothing's settled. The onslaught of impeccable Australian music continues, some of it from the same bands featured in *Noise in My Head.* And anyway, that's the "amateur sociology" business. The author of that book doesn't get his or her very cool-looking full-page portrait published with the introduction.

When the academic culture vultures do come along, projecting their political biases onto neat narratives of underground Australian rock in the early 21st century and what not, it will be very fun to revile their detached proclamations and very square tone. It should be interesting to consider their conclusions about the Australian underground's sociopolitical context. Let's just hope they read *Noise in My Head: Voices from the Ugly Australian Underground* first.

—Sam Lefebvre

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

As the history of rock and roll continues to unfold for me, I still manage to be astonished at how it all came about, mutated and evolved. While it alleged to be so rebellious, it still managed to cross borders, oceans and languages. It spread so seemingly quickly and effortlessly. Of course each culture added its own twist, taking music in all sorts of wild directions.

Don't Think I've Forgotten: Cambodia's Lost Rock And Roll is the story of the vibrant music scene in Cambodia prior to the Khmer Rouge's takeover of the country. Initially, Cambodia's popular musicians were influenced by French, Cuban and South American music. Then in the '60s an English influence worked its way in. As the Vietnam War started up, the sounds of the US military radio made their way to the Cambodian airwaves.

Perhaps you, like I, own the compilation *Cambodia Rocks*. Hearing this compilation inspired John Pirozzi, the director of **Don't Think I've Forgotten: Cambodia's Lost Rock And Roll,** to look at this seemingly forgotten musical scene. The compilation presents itself mysteriously. The compiler simply put together some of his favorite songs from tapes he bought while visiting Cambodia. There were no track listings or artist's names. Pirozzi takes this minimal outline and runs with it. He fills in the details of the musicians.

The stories in **Don't Think I've Forgotten: Cambodia's Lost Rock And Roll** probably sound familiar. Sinn Sisamouth moved to the Cambodian capital Phnom Penh to study medicine. However he had an incredible singing voice and that led him to instead become one of Cambodia's most popular singers. Ros Serey Sothea was singing while working in a rice field when she was discovered. There is even the proto-punk Yol Aularong and the comedic songster Meas Saman.

As a result of the Vietnam War the Cambodians got a taste of American music, but also suffered because of American involvement in the country's politics. Although way too complicated to go into in **Don't Think I've Forgotten: Cambodia's Lost Rock And Roll**, the film needs to present an overview. Cambodia tried to remain neutral in the war. Cambodia's Prince Norodom Sihanouk was overthrown and then teamed up with the Khmer Rouge who would end up committing horrible atrocities against the people of Cambodia. When the Khmer Rouge came to power they sought to destroy all Western influence, a big one being music. Many of the musicians featured in this film were killed. Their records were forbidden and destroyed. A few managed to survive by denying her/his history.

The story is heartbreaking. The first half of **Don't Think I've Forgotten: Cambodia's Lost Rock And Roll** is filled with such amazing sounds. There is little footage or photographs of the bands performing, but there is the music. The second half is filled with inexplicable horror. Fortunately, the story is finally being told. **Don't Think I've Forgotten: Cambodia's Lost Rock And Roll** is a film you need to see. (dtifcambodia.com)

I don't why I would ever suspect a major label band would do the right thing. Wishful thinking I suppose. I went in to **Artifact** thinking it was the story of a band who finally wizened up and broke free of their major label, coming out victorious and showing all future bands that DIY is the only way to go. Gosh, am I naive.

Artifact is the story of the band Thirty Seconds To Mars (yes, groan away. The music is terrible, I know) who tried to get out of a shitty contract with their record company EMI and ended up getting countersued for thirty million dollars for breach of contract. I have to say I was immediately intrigued because if anyone can win something like this it is a good-looking, famous actor. If you don't know, Thirty Seconds To Mars is fronted by Jared Leto. Having heard the many stories of musicians who get screwed by the system, wouldn't it be nice to see one finally do the screwing?

Artifact starts in 2008 with the band getting ready to record their new album. They have been with EMI for nine years and decide they need a better contract since they have never received any royalties and are $2.7 million in debt to the label. California law apparently states that contracts are only good for seven years so the band tries to use this to get out of theirs. EMI insists the band deliver the final album in their contract. Then we are off running while the band records an album in their home studio and the label threatens the band give it to them or pay up.

If you can get past all the serious musician posturing of Leto, there is a lot of insider stuff about how the music industry works, why record labels are allegedly not making money anymore and all that stuff. This is the part that any band considering the major label route should watch. The story of EMI is similar to all the major labels. A corporation Terra Firma takes over the company and is going to save it by cutting jobs and firing the people at the company who know anything about music. So you get a bunch of businessmen running a record label who need to make money, but don't know anything about how to do it with music. It is no wonder major label music sucks.

Artifact interviews a few other members of bands who have been screwed by the major label system. There are also interviews with people who worked at EMI at the time. The guy behind Terra Firma, Guy Hands, doesn't appear. He ends up losing EMI before Thirty Seconds To Mars situation gets settled.

Thirty Seconds To Mars, their lawyer and manager do a lot of cursing to each other on the phone. There are so many shots of Leto holding his smartphone up to his mouth while talking into it it's creepy. The band endlessly debates what will happen to them if they don't have a major label. Leto frets that he will have to take on all the responsibilities of the band. I have to wonder what his manager does. Also he would probably be able to hire someone to do the business stuff he doesn't want to do. It's not like people won't hear about the new records. He is a celebrity. I bet he could get press.

Even after **Artifact** points out so many reasons for the band to not resign with EMI, (SPOILER ALERT) they do. It is a letdown, but not a surprising one. I am sure it is hard to be so handsome, talented and righteous. Something had to give. (artifactthefilm.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, c/o Maximum Rocknroll, *PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com*

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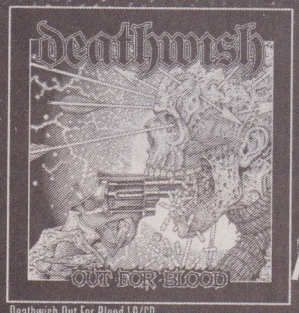

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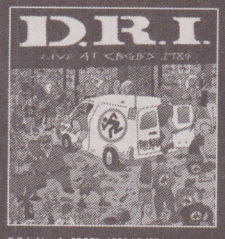

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(SZ) Shit Zoo
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(WN) Robert Collins

AKATHARSIA – LP

Now this is the kind of record I could really torch a church to, dirty and raw black metal out of Oakland. You can hear some crust influence, but for the most part this is strait up BURZUM and DARKTHRONE worship. They dirge through the cemetery, and blast into pandemonium. The rough recording just sounds black and really adds to the menacing evil. The whole thing reeks of a bleak death. They really nailed it all around. (BA)
(Econo Jam)

AMOEBAS - "Telephone/Ain't About Her"

It's a nice touch that the label for the "Telephone" side looks like a rotary phone. Two peppy, catchy, poppish punk tunes. The music is crisp and gets you moving. The vocals are just below the surface of the music making them mostly unintelligible, which I have a feeling is for the best—the break on "Telephone" where it's just vocals and drums reveals some goofy words. But I still like the songs. (CK)
(Modern Action)

ANDY T. – "Bring Whatever You Expect To Find/ Jolly Coppers"

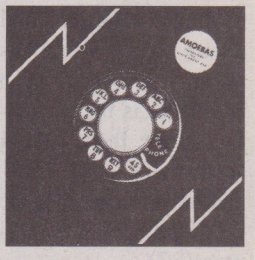
It's one thing when punk bands from years *(decades?)* past reform or record new material—and that "thing" is typically a crapshoot. But what if the artist from the past was a poet—more known for politics and association with Crass Records than the sounds themselves? I could easily imagine this single being dated singer-songwriter schlock, but ANDY T. has not only aged well—he's kept his fukkn teeth. Simple, repetitive tracks driven by dub bass and an airy '80s guitar lay a foundation for the lyrics—poetry that applies today perhaps even better than it did in a scene populated by individualistic and original artists. A bit base at times, but the simple (and even predictable) end of "Jolly Copper" is delivered perfectly, and it'll give you chills if you've still got a soul. A surprisingly great record that obliterated my shortsighted expectations. (WN)
(All the Madmen)

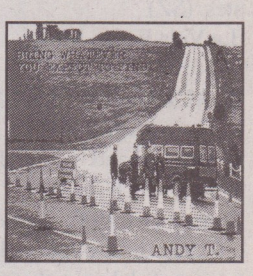
ARCHAGATHUS / SELF DECONSTRUCTION – split EP

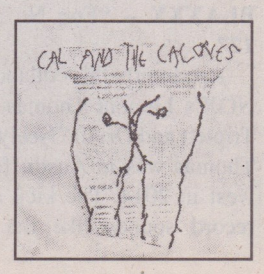
Two grindcore bands with completely different takes on grindcore and this is their second split together. SELF DECONSTRUCTION from Tokyo, Japan blew my mind. Slightly techie (they call it freestyle grindcore/powerviolence), with lots of changes, some roots in hardcore, and male and female vocals. Kuzuha use to play with SETE STAR SEPT and the creativeness of SETE STAR SEPT shows up a little in SELF DECONSTRUCTION. ARCHAGATHUS on the other hand, are veterans of the grindcore scene with over 25 releases since 2005. They started as what seemed like AGATHOCLES worship band, but over their last few releases have created a sound of their own—but don't worry, they still mince. Their tracks on this release are ridiculously heavy and fast, heads down grindcore with few frills and these songs are some of their best. An absolutely amazing 7" from both bands. (MH)
(Agromosh)

ASS – "Work Sucks" EP

If *River's Edge* was made in 2015, that one kid who says, "Oh, and I also play guitar in a band, by the way," while being interviewed about the murder of one of his classmates would be talking about this band. I feel like MUNICIPAL WASTE, in 2015, attracts the same type of folks that were filmed in the documentary *Heavy Metal Parking Lot* and then those dudes go and start bands like ASS. This record is the musical equivalent of *Heavy Metal Parking Lot*. If the back picture is any evidence, these dudes have a background in punk (note the HIS HERO IS GONE patch) but have decided to journey in to RAMMING SPEED territory. Not altogether a bad outing for ASS—they are technical and tight, their riffs go from chug oriented metal to a kind of later A.N.S. thrashy feel. They tackle the tried and true subjects of work and "bros" in their songs, which is entirely relatable (I hate getting up for work, too) and they do it all fairly quickly. For fans of: pick-up trucks, model train sets, Ecco the Dolphin for Sega Genesis. (MW)
(Little T&A)







BARCELONA – "Extremo Nihilismo" LP

Several things set BARCELONA apart from any prospective peers. First and foremost, the powerful vocals from the singer of FIRMEZA 10, with some of the most biting, bilious and determined lyrics in recent memory. Meanwhile the drums circle around conventional hardcore, never quite settling into anything comfortable, coming across more often as a struggle than a direct assault. "Bomba," for instance, plays for about fifteen seconds of a short and vicious song before sliding into a solid minute of despair. It might only be sixty seconds long, but in this context it acts as a lengthy statement: hypnotic, plodding rhythms undergird a wailing guitar expounding confused exasperation. This whole record feels like the cover artwork. Anxiety looms over each song (no subtlety or surprise as the album opens with "Ansiedad"), but so does anger—as esoteric as it is savage. *Extremo Nihilismo* is the defiant sum of its parts and its history: there is no mistaking this record as anything but the culmination of the best and most intriguing aspects of recent Spanish punk and hardcore. All in barely eleven minutes. (SZ)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

BLACKWOLF BEACH – "I Don't Believe In Horoscopes" EP

Worse band name than my own band's name, which is rare. "I Don't Believe in Horoscopes But" kicks things off with an off-kilter post-punk melody and vocals with an atonal delivery that remind me of COLD CIRCUITS. Things change abruptly, though, with "The Ballad of El Dude-Bro," which is an early 2000s indie alt regression. Like a more simplistic PROMISE RING and, at times, MODEST MOUSE, this is sung with whiny, out-of-tune vocals. Terrible stuff. "We are F Street" offers more of the same, but with a propulsive beat and an overlay of seemingly out-of-place post-punk guitar. "Beach Erosion" really enters into some bizarre territory with a fast bratty pop punk melody (did I mention the whiny off-tune vocals?) and ends with a metal breakdown and full-on hardcore screaming. An unfortunate surprise that totally weirded me the fuck out. (CR)
(Rumball)

BLAXXX – "For No Apparent Reason" 12"

Apparently this collaboration between OBNOX's Lamont Thomas and OBN IIIs Tom Triplett and Orville Neely was recorded while Thomas was in Austin for South By Southwest in 2014. The kick drum on this whole record sounds like the neighbors upstairs stomping on the ceiling to tell you they got to get up for work at 5am the next morning and it's time to kick out your loud friends. So this record is an extended jam session – why are you reading about it in our punk publication? Well these are desperate times, and this record is a living document as a soundtrack to the spectacle of watching the music industry trip on its own shoelaces while telling others to pull themselves up from their bootstraps. If this is a jam session, they do really settle into the groove by the time they reach the B-side of this record, two songs of perfect apocalyptic blues and punk psychedelia. A timely yet ageless-sounding record to that should still sound fresh each year as we approach the festival season. (EW)
(12XU)

BORN LIARS – "Show Some Couth" LP

The BORN LIARS take a stab at the throne vacated by their Texas brethren the MOTARDS with this crudely packaged long player. Recorded back in 2011 but apparently just seeing release in 2015, *Show Some Couth* conjures images of a barroom floor completely littered with busted bottles and sweat, the sort of thing that I can only assume is commonplace at the band's live shows. Sonically, this is squarely in the no-frills, all-action camp of '90s garage punk. Sunglasses, sneering, etc., etc., etc.. Not many acts around today who can pull this off as authentically as BORN LIARS do, so kudos and fuck-yous are warranted in equal measure. (MC)
(Little T&A)

THE BRIEFS – "Singles Only" 5 x 7" Boxset

Thought this came out a while ago but fuck if I know—here it is. Firstly, it must be said Modern Action Records fucking delivers! This is a beautifully packaged labor of love. You get ten, count 'em, ten of their singles pressed on five five five seven inches with beautiful black and white reproductions of the original covers. Fuck color. Black'n'white is punk as fuck. A couple of these were from splits with the SPITS and the DISTRACTION. All that with a booklet, poster, postcard, badge, and download card. If that ain't a fucking 'nuff there's a cassette of raw demo versions of some of these tunes. Dang. I'm still waiting for the limited version complete with a blowjob from the whole band. If you haven't heard the Briefs then let me clue you in. They cornered the market on the modern day version of '77 English punk combined with power pop that spawned shittons of horrible, horrible bands. Heavy, heavy on the VIBRATORS first album and ADVERTS singles with some TOY DOLLS and DICKIES thrown in for good measure. While I never found myself listening to their records much, they are a power force live that cannot be denied. My favorite one on here is definitely their first. "Poor and Weird" backed by a song named "Rotten Love" cannot be denied by this guy. Get it. (RO)
(Modern Action)

CAL AND THE CALORIES – "Bastard In A Yellow Suit/Pain In My Ass"

This band should require no introduction, but it's the melodic garage punk alter ego of Lumpy from international dumbfucks, LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS. Two quick songs here that sound like they were recorded on a broken four-track in a moldy closet. "Bastard In A Yellow Suit" is the hit for me, with its memorable lines like "I'm always on the prowl for a kiss, my drink of choice is Sierra Mist." On the flip side, I'm sold on the too-long drum fills and idiotic lyrics. The whole thing is over in about three minutes but makes a bigger impact than most garage punk schlock these days, as far as my ass is concerned. Buy this shit rather than all of the pale comparisons that "freaky" bros are trying to shit out recently. (GH)
(Total Punk)

CCR HEADCLEANER – "Cokesmoker" 12"

I thought I heard the bassline of the FALL's "L.A." as the title track started up, but in the rumblings somewhere I heard the flicker of a Bic lighter and knew we were in motion. Does it sound like SLEEP? No, even though they sound like them live sometimes. Is it the opposite of "Dopesmoker"? No, that would probably be DREAMIES. The A-side however sounds like a long SPACEMEN 3 demo, with some occasional arrhythmic tambourine, and synth squelch. The B-side moves along from theme to theme at a faster pace, from the hook of "Awaiting On You All" (or "Gates of Steel" if you want to try and keep it punk) to CHROME-style guitar bends dubbed over searchlights of feedback. It's a wild ride and as a good of an introduction to the Bay's most protean band as anyone could ask for. (EW)
(Stale Heat)

CHARRED REMAINS / MAN IS THE BASTARD – "A Call For Consciousness / Our Earth's Blood" 10"

Another MAN IS THE BASTARD. reissue of sorts. This 10" takes the MAN IS THE BASTARD tracks from their 1994 split with BORN AGAINST and their tracks from the 1993 *Our Earth's Blood* 7" and reissues them together. MAN IS THE BASTARD has always

had a unique sound, so much so, despite loving them, I never did understand why the rest of the powerviolence world loved them as well. If you don't know, they create a noisy (often with homemade electronics/amps), sludgy blend of hardcore, powerviolence, and grind that is very progressive. The MAN IS THE BASTARD side is just this, sounding like there isn't a guitar in sight and a bass is doing everything along with a drummer and some political yelling. CHARRED REMAINS is just a MAN IS THE BASTARD alter ego and sticks to more of the noise side of things. On these tracks we get almost spoken politics over noise. I've always thought these were the best CHARRED REMAINS tracks. The dual male/female scream/spoken words over the noise is the sound of anarchy to my ears. I love it. If you haven't heard the two original releases on this, this is a must listen. (MH)
(Deep Six)

CHICKEN CHAIN – "Birth of the Googus" 12"

Emerging fully-formed from a bucket of slime, here's fuckin' CHICKEN CHAIN, the latest project from Drew SICK THOUGHTS. Prolific as he may be, the new band's existence is justified, as the territory explored here is breakneck-fast, mutant hardcore. I'm on board for the whole ride, though it's entirely ridiculous and should be approached as such. The shit-fi recording augments the thematic absurdity quite well and the art walks a tightrope between OUTDOORSMEN and LUMPY. Probably already long out of print and fetching sums that'll make your jaw drop. (MC)
(Snot Releases)

CITIZENS PATROL / REPROACH – split EP

A pair of Dutch acts bring it on this furious 7". Both bands are blasting through tight, straight-on, fast hardcore. REPROACH nails it with catchy vocal cadences, making their side pretty mandatory. The first of their four songs isn't their best, but otherwise CITIZENS PATROL totally matches up. They have an intensity like almost too much is crammed in, but somehow they keep it together. There's rad cover art, if you like monsters. For my tastes, this is a near perfect EP. (JM)
(Deep Six)

COLD – "White Lines" CD

COLD has a buzz to the guitar, a sneer in the vocals and an infectious energy that illuminates each track on this thirteen-song album. Stoking the fires of pissed punk rock attitude with high energy blasts of searing hardcore, we are treated to a windows open, volume up, ass kicker of an album. These guys are coming out of Warsaw, Poland and represent a vibrant scene that continues to impress. This has been on repeat in the car since I got the disc, looking forward to more! (RM)
(Antena Krzyku)

THE COLTRANES – "Cat of Nine Tails" EP

This is my favorite record yet by the COLTRANES. Wild and free mutant sounds that bring to mind the strange psych-HC explorations of previous generations of Southern Cali freaks in a most enlightening/intoxicating manner. The riffs are total HC power, but each song has fifty dimensions to it; this isn't one of those bands where the influences swamp their sound until they become a weird reenactment troupe. I note that this band has been compared to SCRATCH ACID and other music of that ilk, and I can sort of see that...Meaning this does evoke certain band ideas from other eras, but the COLTRANES have such a true mutant appeal that they switch tactics as soon as you get comfortable and throw you off the trail. I would align them more with like SPIKE IN VAIN maybe?! I mean really. This isn't just some pigfuck thing, nor is it straight HC, it evokes both sound ideas while simultaneously fucking with you and them. For some reason I thought this band were somehow associated with the also genius NASA SPACE UNIVERSE but I might be just grouping random Southern California acts together in my mind. Perhaps they are brethren? Similar surreal/anarchic art/auto-destruction mindsets! At any rate grab this, the artwork is sick, the lyrics are sicker and the sound is outer spatial. (LG)
(SPHC)

LOS CONEJOS – "Caos Final" LP

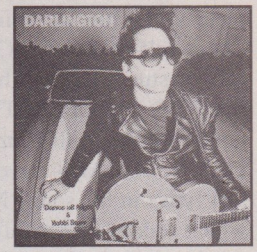
On this second LP by Logroño, Spain's LOS CONEJOS, my brain is flooded with a list of comparisons that are close but just don't fit. They sound a little like Sweden's KNUGEN FALLER (minus the female vocals) and, sometimes, the guitar tone reminds me of *really* early REM (no shame, those early records are killer). During other moments, I'm hearing some of the power pop energy that makes those early NERVES records so good. Overall, this is a good power pop record, played confidently and energetically. Some of the lyrics feel awkward and embarrassing (i.e.: "Moustache Ride"), but maybe that comes with the territory. I would recommend this to fans of Burger Records, pop punk and power pop. (GH)
(Against You / Discos Subterraneos / Discos Enfermos / Muerte A Tipo)

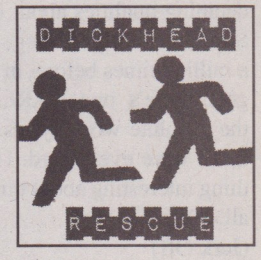
CUCHILLO – "Sin Miedo" EP

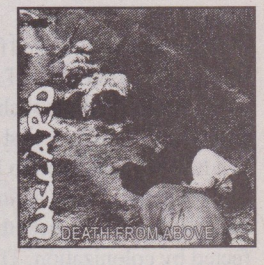
Thirteen tracks on one little 7" and not a single grind song! CUCHILLO is from Guadalajara, Mexico, and offer up a mix of fast and mid-tempo songs with a handful of hardcore tracks. At times I'm reminded of RULETA RUSA, but with the rawness removed. Dynamic and skilled in delivery, but perhaps a tad bit overproduced. Totally solid though, and plenty of music for your buck. (MA)
(H / Self Destructo)

DAMN BROADS – "Guilty as Charged" CD

Oi! band DAMN BROADS "[h]appen to consist of all girls but don't let their gender fool you—they are *not* a girl band" and are "not your typical girl band." Those are some morsels plucked off their online bios. This could not piss me off more. Seriously, fuck off. Don't associate the term "girl" with general disrespect, incompetency, impotency, or whatever the fuck you're trying to imply. Oh wait, you're claiming you do it like a man? Well bravo, assholes, how fucking unoriginal. What turned some seemingly badass bitches into com-







plete Girl-Bros was this implication alone. These self-described "CT Cunt Punx" are a mix of street, Oi! and hardcore punk. Think RANCID and OPERATION IVY, but not as good and sung with grizzled tough girl vocals. DAMN BROADS have some strong feminist lyrics in the song "Nature of the Game," which added to my confusion and disdain for this band, since the song's about being given shit for, wait for it, being a woman. Their album is aptly named *Guilty as Charged*. Sad and ironic. All of it. (CR)
(Vicious Mistress)

DARFÜR – "8 Tracks E.P." 12"

Blown-out, lightning fast hardcore punk. I feel like I've reviewed a lot of records this month that I could apply a similar descriptor to, but this one is especially appealing. The distortion doesn't sound calculated…it sounds mandatory. A European riff machine dealing in mayhem, flailing fists and really fukkn fast hardcore. Sign my ass up. (WN)
(Bad Hair Life / Nightstick Justice / Ratbite / Unleashed Noise)

DARLINGTON / PROZACS – split EP

Four pop punk turds, each track sounding so much worse than the previous one. I really do hate trashing bands. It's not fun, and it just makes me look like an asshole. This is really hard to listen to, though. I can't find any redeeming qualities about this lackluster record. Super formulaic, boring, and I heard it at least a million times before, in 1993. Oh, wait, I forgot…there's one DARLINGTON song with the absolute worst lyrics about booty shaking that I have ever heard. I guess there is something interesting about this terrible record, after all. (DZ)
(Jerk Off)

DEAD CULT – "Ghosts Still Dance/No Religion"

The much-anticipated first vinyl release from Portland's DEAD CULT finally made its way to our hands, and it's such a leap in proficiency and talent since their first demo. The title track is a haunting mid-tempo ballad, paying tribute to the Ghost Dance, a Native American dance ritual and prayer to heal the people and land affected by colonization. The B-side is a little bit more aggressive but not lacking their signature catchy riffs. Tawni sings with passion and purpose, weaving together stories we try so hard to forget. Bridging the gap between anarcho- and post-punk, as their predecessors did in the '80s, they uphold this legacy well without aesthetic posturing or gimmicks—this comes from the heart. (AP)
(All the Madmen)

DEATH EYES – LP

Erratic hardcore with serious swagger and no fukks given. These San Diego mutants do not care which rules they break, and nearly the only constant is Alberto's demented snarls. Start/stop California hardcore crashing headlong into damaged noisy guitars and disjointed construction. DEATH EYES requires intent listening about half of the time, but the other half is a balls out ripper…it's an excellent ratio. (WN)
(Route 44, no info / self-released)

DEATH SENTENCE – "Ryan Exhumed" LP

What we have here is a decent quality reissue of one of the most crucial early Australian hardcore bands. It's a little disappointing compared to recent reissues from labels like Radio Raheem or F.O.A.D., in that it's not a particularly elaborate package—there aren't really reproductions of the original record art or interesting photos or liner notes as such. I would love to know why the band was so hung up (pun not intended) on Ronald Joseph Ryan, who was the cover model and namesake of their EP and this LP as well as a petty criminal turned prison escapee/murderer who happened to be the last man put to death by the country of Australia. The good news is that it does reproduce their seminal '85 *Ryan – Thanks for the Support* EP with excellent audio quality and backs it up with a well-selected collection of demo and studio tracks from their later years with lyrics included. The *Ryan* EP is of course the real gem, an unrelenting NEOS/SEIGE-influenced blast of hard-fucking-core that stands up to almost any other hardcore record from 1985 you could name in terms of speed and potency. The '85 demo tracks (including a blistering CAUSE FOR ALARM cover) on the B-side are in the same vein and nearly as strong as the EP material, but the later stuff, while still pretty good, falls into a ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT / CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER crossover rut that sacrifices their straight-for-the-throat attack for a more metal sound. That being said, the rough rehearsal recording of the later-era "Release Me From My Cage" is raw and visceral in all the right ways and leads me to believe that that material was probably a lot better live than in the studio. This is a definite must for any fan of fast '80s HC, though I still wish there was more material about the history of the band and their context included in the packaging. (AU)
(Thought Crime)

DETHFOX – "Natural Media Teleforce" EP

Some visceral, dark and sharp anarcho-punk from Montreal. I'd never hear of this band before, even though the cover looks mildly familiar—perhaps it's the Blinko-looking artwork circled by the CRASS-looking font that predisposed me. Or, it could be the RUDIMENTARY PENI feel to their sound, compositions, and vocals. The production is basement-y yet manages to retain an atmosphere that's dark and spooky, accompanied by biting vocals, sampled sound-bites and spiraling riffs. Side B closer, "Fearless Media," is the standout track for me, but sadly I find that to be the one. I am interested to see where they take it from here, though. I hope it's a deeper, darker corner from where the band is now—which is pretty grim as it is, but I like it that way. (LA)
(Chaos Rurale)

DICKHEAD RESCUE – "More Than…" EP

The jury is still out on whether the toilets flush counter clockwise below the equator, but if anything is definitely inverted down there it's the usual correlation between dumb band names and dumb bands. Usually those bands end up trading in jangle pop (thinking of DICK DIVER, THIGH MASTER, BEEF JERK because I'm in the business of taking names), but the inversion can extend into more experimental planes. DICKHEAD RESCUE for instance: not bad! The A side is supposedly a MICHAEL HURLEY cover, but I'm not a big enough Hurley fan to pretend I can remember the original for contrast (and if I were, would I admit it in this magazine?). The guitars are backmasked or just wet as hell with reverse reverb, the bass is muddy and wobbly, and the drums run the show in a gradually intense kind of disco shuffle. The track is rhythmically propulsive with a barely-mumbled melody underneath all the action, which I could probably keep up with for another ten minutes even though the song wraps up in under three. The B-side "Erepeato" is another brief exercise in guitar noise kept alive by a sick two-note bassline and a motorik drumbeat that keeps flipping back and forth. I think fans of Montana's MORDECAI will dig this record, and I'm definitely looking forward to hearing them sprawl out on more and longer records. (EW)
(Ever/Never)

DISCARD – "Death From Above" EP

There are many things that can be done as simply as playing punk music. Walking, running, even rolling down the street on a skateboard. But the thing that separates punk from mainstream music is its subtle finesse and the harsh execution of it. Punk was never meant to be flashy—it was meant to actually cut you, wild and deep. It grinds, it sparks, and

it doesn't stop to let you process what it's doing. That is the impression I've always gotten from *Death From Above*. It is one of the first EPs in 1990 to pioneer the ever-emulated Swedish Dis-sound. It is simultaneously as classic and savvy as it is raw, establishment wasting, hardcore. When I was assigned this reissue I was more than a little excited and honored. It is one of my favorite '90s hardcore EPs and perhaps top five of the D-beat genre, in my opinion. The sheer stamina of this record pulls it ahead of most generic bands. If you are not familiar with this EP and partake in the crust noise audio onslaught, I highly recommend you pick up this reissue. I got my original press on Jesus Kudd for $30 and its still worth it. Well…perhaps not anymore, but you see my point. You need it on vinyl. It has been remastered, it comes in a fine silkscreened matte finish package, and you have to blast it. Forget about all your other crap that came afterward. (JR)
(Insane Society)

THE DISCONNECTS – "Wake Up Dead" LP

Creeper wearing, leather clad Jersey trash stroking their diseased members to JOHNNY THUNDERS and DEAD BOYS pin ups. The mess left on the floor for me to ponder is done with much spirit and love but too cliché ridden for this writer to care. Song titles like "Demolition Heart," "Lonely Boy," and "Beat Beat Beat" may sound familiar to listeners but *no*, they're not covers. No, just an unmemorable nicely packaged record to fall into the abyss of razorblade filled rock'n'roll slop. It's a nice pool to wade in but the dirty needles get stuck in your ass. (RO)
(Baldy Longhair)

DISROTTED – LP

I'll start by saying DISROTTED rattles within the chasms of doom metal and sludge yet they've applied a surprisingly clean aesthetic to their logo design and ominous artwork. They have my attention. Hailing from Chicago, DISROTTED bring forth a pace the likes of GRAVES AT SEA. The riffs are pure evil as opposed to depressing, which I find unique for the genre. Also dabbling in the sonic zones of dreamscape blackened submarine life, such as an orca might come up for air before it returns to the depths. Other areas visit cacophonous white noise. This is the band's first full LP after two split EPs and it delivers with the calm and cold hand of Charon. For fans of COFFINS and nightmares about drowning in darkness. (JR)
(Diseased Audio)

DOGHOUSE SWINE – "Fearless" CD EP

Decent enough slab (all six tracks of it) of punk rock'n'roll. J. Robbins at the production helm ensures that this packs a sonic punch, and there're plenty of guitar stylings to keep fans of that New York down-and-dirty rock à la HEARTBREAKERS, ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN et al toes a tapping. Nothing earth shattering, but I've certainly heard considerably worse attempts to fill seventeen minutes. (RK)
(Manta Ray)

DRUNK DIAL – EP

I think someone within these pages might have coined the term "crust pop" a few years ago and that term definitely applies to Oakland's DRUNK DIAL. Gruff gang vocals, dogs, alcohol (every song on this record refers to it), trains, more alcohol, depressed personal lyrics, etc… It's all here. There're some nods to CRIMPSHRINE, MURMURS, BENT OUTTA SHAPE, and SNUGGLE, so if you're a fan of those bands, you'll have a good idea of what you're getting yourself into here. Most songs stick to the mid-tempo trudge and harmonic-chord guitar leads. There's no hint of coloring outside the lines here, but if this is the kind of thing you're looking for, it's done well. I'll see you hoisting a 40 up front at the next basement show…Well, I won't, but someone will. (GH)
(Fuck Your Life)

EPIC PROBLEM / HOLIDAY – split EP

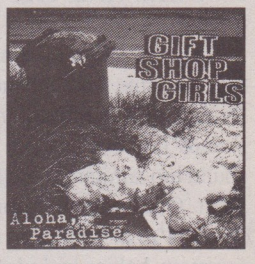
You know, almost all anthemic dude rock sounds the same to me. The same gravelly throated singer, singing the same tired lyrics, with the same "Whoa-oh-ohhs" backing him up, the same tempo, and the same "verse chorus verse chorus solo chorus" formula, and it drives me up the goddamned wall. For fans of dude rock, though, this is probably a solid release. Each band plays one shitty formulaic dude rock song, and one fairly tight, not so predictable song. Meh… (DZ)
(Brassneck)

EXORCISMS – "Scripted Lines/This Might Hurt a Bit"

"Indie rock" is an extremely broad term, almost as wide as "punk" is. EXORCISMS draw from both wells, although more from the former than the latter. The A-side sounds pretty straightforwardly punk, but is vocally more reminiscent of FRANZ FERDINAND or even KINGS OF LEON. The music is basically just rock'n'roll, but the tone and amount of distortion more or less place it in the punk/garage camp. Rhythmically, EXORCISMS filter the choppiness of early UK post-punk in much the same way as FRANZ FERDINAND. The track that backs the record, however, could have been the B-side to "Home" by EDWARD SHARPE AND THE MAGNETIC ZEROS. There's also a certain tonal affinity for the MAGNETIC FIELDS, although the singer stops trying to ape that shit once the distortion sets in. In the end, the rock-isms make it sound like it could have been a jokey track from an OFF WITH THEIR HEADS record. If radio music is your delightful hors d'oeuvres to the more sumptuous meal of a record, perhaps you should listen to this on the internet and decide on whether or not to buy it. (LP)
(self-released)

FELLOW PROJECT – "Basic Axemanship" 10"

This is sort of '90s emo. It ranges from anthemic, sort of poppy, HOT WATER MUSIC-esque stuff to a sort of mild version of post-Revolution Summer Dischord sound (like HOOVER lite) to early RAINER MARIA (yeah, because those ones have female vocals but also



because they are spot on and the music ain't that far off either). Your feelings about that kind of music aside, there isn't much that's memorable about any of these songs: no super catchy riff, unexpected change that blows you away, droning bass line that just pulls you in, none of it. It's not bad, it's played well, it's technically proficient, it just failed to grab me. (PA)
(Dead Broke)

FIRST BASE – "You've Got A Hold On Me" EP

Honestly, I've really been trying to cut down on my punky power pop intake lately. Like, for real, "punky" "power pop" is shite music. Burn all that fucking shit in a dumpster already. But then there's a band here like FIRST BASE that defies all logic and laws of testosterone and this fuckin' four songer EP is the shit. Like *Thee Shitt*. Truly folks. Further defying logic, it's from Canada. I mean, come the fuck on. Full disclosure, I am a couple cocktails into this tender little nugget of pop perfection, but fuck if this is not the greatest record ever made. This month, anyway. I mean, Mitch likes it, right? (GB)
(Hosehead)

FLATLINERS – "Resuscitation of the Year/Fangs"

To be honest, for a Fat release, this actually isn't terrible. Though still weaving in bits of the tempo and shitty drum beat that the label seems to demand, this record was a little darker and more aggressive than I excepted, and I kind of liked it, even when they dipped into tough guy territory. Probably not on the "must have" list for the most punxest of punx, but hey, I'd listen to it again, and I can't stand tough guy shit *or* Fat. (DZ)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

FRANKIE AND THE WITCH FINGERS – LP

This is another album of garage rock modern, this time from a band from Bloomington, IN. It's nice and fuzzy and poppy and such. It sounds fine enough, but all these style bands sound too similar. There is nothing to set them apart. One song "In Your Head" has the lame lyrics "I'm in your head now, baby" with *way* too many babies included. Is "baby" making a musical comeback? As the sticker on the front of this says "For fans of: COSMONAUTS, SPACEMEN 3, TY SEGALL, APACHE DROPOUT, WAND." You get the idea. (CK)
(Permanent)

GARYU – "From Reality" CD

This thing starts right out of the fukkn gate and just slays. It's traditional Japanese hardcore, but delivered with a mindblowing pace…*From Reality* is so fast your head will spin. Speed picking that RIGOR MORTIS would envy, and a collection of riffs that just leaves your jaw on the floor (not to mention the solos), all fronted by classic yeowls and ominous crew vox. The only thing I want that this disc doesn't offer is more; I couldn't hit play fast enough when it was over…exhausting and awesome! (WN)
(MCR Company)

GEVABOW / MIRACLE AFRO PUBLIC – "Violent Temptation" CD

I don't understand what's going on here and that's okay. *Violent Temptation* is eleven tracks of mystery that sounds like 2004, when MELT BANANA and a handful of other bands were exciting the more art-inclined punks and college students. People seemed to like it at the time because, if nothing else, those acid-jazz-esque freak sessions, with equal bursts of blast beats and melody, were executed with confidence and remarkable precision: pure energy and commitment. This CD opens with eight tracks from GEVABOW, who play the more rapid-fire songs with poppy synth leads that give the overall recording a bit of a video game touch, but sped up to fastcore tempos. The closing three tracks from MIRACLE AFRO PUBLIC are a bit slower in comparison, with more prog and No Wave elements but still in a similar vein. If *Violent Temptation* was a video game it would have a lot of flashing lights and a plot that doesn't quite make any sense, but you'd see a lot of cool/weird shit in just over ten minutes. (SZ)
(000 Sound)

GIFT SHOP GIRLS – "Aloha, Paradise" EP

I wonder if they mean aloha-hello or aloha-goodbye. The songs on this release titter-totter between early and later era Dischord releases. The faster tracks have an almost H.R. from BAD BRAINS-esque vocal delivery while the band spits out fast-paced pogo-your-ass-off punk. The slower/more melodic songs fall more in line with GRAY MATTER or RITES OF SPRING-style Dischord records. To me, the back and forth was a little off-putting, but maybe to you, it'd be refreshing. Give it a listen and see what aloha you want to say to it. (KC)
(Passion On Plastic)

HAGAR THE WOMB – "Life of Lies" EP

Reading a promo sheet proclaiming to present a certain band's first recording in over thirty years is almost certainly a reviewer's worst fucking nightmare, and it's a promo quote I've read far too many times. Instant images of batshit crazy, balding, has-beens with faded politics, and slowed down, sloppy bluesy guitar come to mind. Even worse, at times, the remaining original member dude hires a few young guns to keep the name of the band alive, often resulting in some of the worst shit you've ever heard, forcing you to consider tattoo removal. Fortunately, I'm not getting any of this with the new HAGAR THE WOMB record. It's actually super badass, and the opening track is crucial as fuck! Lady-fronted peace punk from the '80s, not unlike a more politically pissed and musically tight ANIMALS AND MEN. I am not going to lie, I've never heard their earlier material. I kind of hope this record *is* a weak, watered down version of their former glory. That would mean that everything else I hear from them is going to blow my fucking mind! This is fucking great! (DZ)
(All The Madmen)

HELL CITY KINGS – "Devil's Law/Surfin' On The A"

Another bona fide gazillion-seller from Little T&A, released back in 2012 but making it's way to *MRR* in 2015. Punctual. Anyway, HELL CITY KINGS sound a lot like their name: tuff-guy punk'n'roll that sounds really dated. It's not so much a high octane garage thing as it is a metal-leaning heroes of Satan's arena rock / sports bar kinda sound. Made it through each side once and can't get the fart smell outta my system. (MC)
(Little T&A)

HIDDEN WORLD – "Singles" CD

This CD compiles this Polish band's two singles, *Vows* and *Waiting For...*, and though I could very easily hate or just dismiss these sounds, I'm kind of fascinated by most of it. The song "Vows" brings to mind if *You're Living All Over Me* had been conceived of in post-Revolution Summer DC with immediate alternative rock commercial aspiration (though not in terms of production)—but in a good way, if that makes any sense at all. The rest of that EP is similar: driving, morose, rainy-day alternative rock with shimmering guitar leads, and is arguably kept in the "reviewable" category in a large part by the gruff singing and unpolished production, but is quite good nonetheless. *Waiting For...* is a similar albeit angrier sound for the first song, before descending into some sort of Death-wish-core indie rock for the last two songs, which isn't completely terrible but definitely forgettable. But 4/6 is OK with me. I think I'm actually going to keep this CD. (DG)
(Antena Krzyku)

HORSE & DEER – "座礁" CD

Neurotic and insane hardcore from Japan, HORSE & DEER are as much a challenge as a band. Spastic, erratic bursts of impassioned fastcore that occasionally borders on what we used to affectionately call "screamo." With injections of electronics and a pace that only slows long enough to get weird, HORSE & DEER just dropped an extremely challenging ten minutes in my lap. What if I said that my brain puts this somewhere between MINUTEMEN, '90s German metalcore and MELT BANANA? Would you want to listen to see what the fukk I was talking about? Good. But it's better than that…it's just weird, man, and there're lots of blastbeats. (WN)
(000 Sound)

HYPERSLOB AND THE GOAT MEAT EXPOSION – "Infectious Yarn" CD

Wacko noisy rock from Minneapolis (naturally). The vocals are *waaaay* gone on this one but in a interesting, "What the fuck is wrong with this band?!?" way. At times they can do some straight-ahead tunes like the strummy "Coelacanth," which reminds me of a marriage between (THE) COWS and BUTTHOLE SURFERS and maybe bits of the old Minneapolis band, BASTARDS. Their name is totally apropos as it sounds like a bunch of goat meat exploding in different directions. At times they're too weird for my own taste like the "KILLDOZER fronted by a spastic child" feeling of "Belt Box" but even this is at least compelling and there're more interesting jams later on. (JD)
(self-released)

ISOLIERBAND – "Keine Gnade/Kontrolle"

Super sick German post-punk reissue that reminds me of that amazing BRAUSPÖTER 7" that came out a few years ago. Desolate, tense wildness… That guitar sound! The A-Side reminds me of that COME ON song about a kitchen floor, so fucking cool and foreboding yet danceable… B-Side is a minimal synth punk masterwork, control and release! Frantic Germanic. This record fucking rules and I hope some US distros picked it up! (LG)
(Red Lounge)

INSTIGATORS – "Nobody Listens Anymore" LP

An anarcho classic, back in print! This is one of those albums that can be enjoyed pretty much any day, at any time, in any mood. Originally released 30 years ago by Bluurg, *Nobody Listens Anymore* is loaded with melodic fury at a galloping pace, sort of like a more youthful SUBHUMANS. "The Fix" and "The Blood Is On Your Hands" are examples of perfect punk anthems that stick with you forever. This reissue has all the original art, plus a poster and liner notes by an original member. All reissues flooding the online shops these days can make one's head spin, but if you have the slightest affinity for '80s UK punk and you don't already have this album, just buy it! (MA)
(Ruin Nation / Skuld)

INSULTS – "Stiff Love" EP

Very very dirty. This INSULTS EP is definitely NSFW material. And yet, so earnest. I must say, I do find it quite hard to believe that these young lads might be packing anything close to nine inches. For one, they wouldn't just sneak that little line in at the end of the song. And of course, this was 1979, and we all now know how large "Large" T-shirts were back then. Have you heard of Watsonville? They grow artichokes there. And apparently have gang problems. You might say these INSULTS introduced "dope" to greater Watsonville in 1979 and it has never been the same since. At least they made a decent punk song about it. If there wasn't YouTube footage (*check out the YouTube footage!!*), you would swear this was from 1993 and Russel Quan was somehow involved. But it's not. It's from 1979 folks. Nineteen Seventy Nine. (GB)
(Last Laugh)

IRON BORIS / PIGEON HUNT – split EP

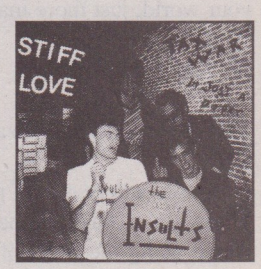
Two bands that create a racket and are very noisy. IRON BORIS does hardcore in a way that incorporates some sounds from noise rock. "Back To Our Graves" is a perfect example—it's not hardcore, it's noise rock and even has a guitar solo. It's in your face, like a heavier JESUS LIZARD. PIGEON HUNT on the other hand is crazy and discordant. Somehow they sound like they have keyboards, but I think it's the trumpet player making unique trumpet sounds on most songs or one of the guitar players with a lot of effects. For some reason I keep thinking of the LOCUST but mixed with a No Wave band playing discordant rock / hardcore. I love trumpet in punk and I love some spazzy craziness so I give them the thumbs up. (MH)
(Brown, no info / Johnny Park Avenue / Rämekuukkeli-Levyt / We Are the Trail, no info)

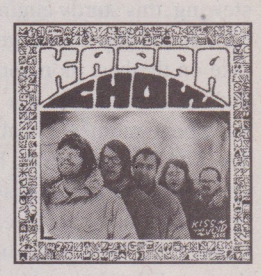
KAPPA CHOW – "Jump" EP

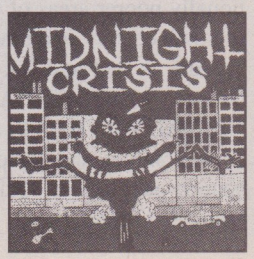
The A-side here is '80s style dream pop—like something from 4AD but maybe not that weird, pretty straightforward actually, like early DREAM SYNDICATE. It's a little droning and slow, the vocals are a bit monotone but fit the song well, there is some background saxophone that kind of flows along (but not that crappy solo stuff that everyone used to put in the bridge to ruin that super catchy song). Musically, it isn't punk by any stretch but punks might like it. The B-side is more rocking. It's short, it's a little garage, it's a little '60s pop song, it honestly sounds like a throwaway. On the whole, this sounds like a single, like they took the song you're supposed to listen to and put it on the A-side and put some filler on the other. (PA)
(Kiss the Void)

THE KNOWLE ROARS – "Rats" CDEP

These three dudes from Portland (the west coast version) crank out basement-born pop punk that recalls memories of MR T EXPERIENCE, JAWBREAKER and SICKO…heavy on the SICKO. The unpolished recording quality lends some needed grit to this usually overproduced genre of punk, but the songs themselves







sail past me without leaving a mark. There's a decent BILLY BRAGG cover to close out the CD. (GH)
(Braxeling)

KORSFÄST – "Huvuden Borde Rulla..." LP

Grown-ass men playing massive Swedish kång. I'm into it. Raw and massive, by the books and ferocious. Nothing here to change your world, just more mania to kick your ass. (WN)
(D-Takt & Råpunk)

THE KRAYONS – "Ready, Steady, Nuke!" CD

Tough, angry street punk from the UK. Throw in a dash of hardcore, too. Somewhere along the ways of recent AGNOSTIC FRONT, ANTI-FLAG, and GBH. There is a little melody in the guitar at times that almost has a ska feel but the vocals are raspy and in your face. This is decent for what it is. I can't say that I love it but if you want rowdy pub music this will hit the spot. (RL)
(Under Dogz)

KRONOFOGDEN – "Arbete Och / Eller Fritid" LP

The second full-length from Hudiksvall's KRONOFOGDEN ("Enforcement Officer") shares some obvious DNA with the legendary bands from their hometown (members of MISSBRUKARNA even guest chorus on one track), but charges harder on a ramshackle USHC bent, with vocals quickly spat out over fourteen straightforward hardcore bursts. Sturdy linear drumming propels the fuzzed-out gnarl of guitar distortion, as the angry vocals and shouted choruses in Swedish scrape the volume peaks of their slightly distorted recording. With enough elements stewing, this sturdy engine here stirs things up enough to keep it on edge like a noisier, rawer take on the best moments of DS-13 and ETA and the second side has a few more crunchy downbeat moments that shadow some TOTALITÄR poundings. The title (which translates to "Work and/or Leisure") reveals a good portion of the lyrics' meanings, with English translations explaining how they questioning the Swedish relationship to work and employment, the cost of public transportation in traditionally poorer areas of their city, the closing of youth centers, and other local issues. Cover artwork is pen and ink scribble somewhere between MAGGOT SANDWICH and MUNICIPAL WASTE with assembly lines, robot cops, zombies and more. Also comes with a sixteen-page comic! Killer! (KS)
(Blindead Productions)

LAZY – "Soft Sheets/Don't Die"

"Soft Sheets" starts off with promising, driving, minimalist approach to post-punk but when the vocals drop in, they transform into a band that would play at The Bronze on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. To the uninitiated, that means that they sound a little like a tepid alternative rock band. The lyrics are silly and the vocals trade off between genders. "Don't Die" is more palatable, but only slightly. The song is more driving and solid with the vocals giving off some vague traces of John Doe and Exene worship. Overall, this is decent, but the songs are a little hokey in a way that I fear is unintentional. (GH)
(Volar)

LIÉ – "Consent" 12"

LIÉ hail from the dreary and cold Pacific Northwest, specifically Canada's Vancouver. Self described as "cold punk" they bring a hardcore edge to traditional post-punk exploding into a crescendo of volatile and erratic force. Lyric sheet was not included but further investigation revealed that most of these songs deal with the topic of sexual assault. The chorus of "Capture Bonding" hauntingly chanted "I love you / I'll kill you" over a build-up to an explosion of guitars, bass and drums. The dualities of a sort of Stockholm syndrome are further explored, with the music just as torn as the emotional content of the lyrics. LIÉ are definitely on their own path creating emotional, heavy, and engagingly aggressive raw as hell punk for our hungry ears. This just leaves me wanting more. (AP)
(That's Cool)

LIFE – "The World Lies Across Them" LP

Yeah, you fucking need this. Alongside their new (as of 2013) LP and late 2014 EP, LIFE have authorized this reissue of their absolute classic 1999 debut LP, and it's as great now as it was then. Thick, militant crust-fucking-punk defined by the throaty vocals, hectic bass and some of the best drumming in the genre. (Kaziyan also played drums around the time of this recording on FRIGÖRA's seminal *Dance of the Plague Bearer* 12"; the man is an animal behind the kit.) By any metric this is one of the absolute best crust records released in the '90s, a fucking beast of a record. Every track is a hit, but A-side closer "What's the Nature?" into B-side opener "Eco System" might be the best such sequence in the history of the genre, and if the chugging breakdown in "Survive" doesn't get you moving I don't want to fucking know you. Bottom line: if you have a black leather jacket or any other garment with studs on it, *you need this fucking record*, and you can't go wrong picking up every other LIFE record while you're at it. Another reissue triumph for La Vida Es Un Mus. (AU)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

LOAD – "Drunken Warrior Chief" LP

Wild, riffy and rawkin' as hell reissue of this great Miami sludgy hardcore band. Really the latter description is true to form but this isn't EYEHATEGOD-type sludge—it's more of the KILLDOZER/FLIPPER type but at the same time they can also play fast. LOAD was fronted by the late, great Robert "Bobby" Load who wrote and sung some a bunch of songs that evoke a lot of pain, paranoia, and possibly drug-inspired dementia. It seems like some of Bobby's personal demons come out when he sings of "soup kitchens in Little Haiti." Additionally there're some gonzos dirges against Miami's Deco City and some great chunky riffs on "Rugburns." Other times the lyrics deal with '70s TV detective show *Cannon* whose protagonist LOAD puts over rivals (like Barnaby Jones). The wrestling-inspired "Lumberjack Death Luge" is another great one, which samples a truckload of territory wrestling greats: Dirty" Dutch Mantell, Gordon Solie and even "J.R." Jim Ross is in the mix. Can't go wrong with demented lines like "They gave me a pill...I thought it was fake blood / I kept drinkin' with 'em last night / Abudadein / King Kong Bundy /Ric Flair..." So, step away from your gimmicky MELVINS records and pick up some LOAD! (JD)
(Rat Town)

LOUD BOYZ – "Hard Feelings/4 the Ladies"

This single kinda sounds like two different bands with the same vocalist. The A-side powers through a very power pop/garage party anthem. Upbeat, dirty and fast-paced, "Hard Feelings" is more reminiscent of a quicker EXPLODING HEARTS jam. I took the time to watch the accompanying music video of them playing a "wild" show, intercut with clips of them having fun on the beach, jet skiing, and going crazy. That vibe totally fits and was not unenjoyable either. The B-side track "4 the Ladies" is a completely different story altogether though. The vocalist totally throws out this (intentional?) Black Schwarzenbach vocal delivery that colors the entire track. The guitar tone is the same on both sides but, instantly, I felt like I was listening to JAWBREAKER or SAMIAM. The riffing is in that total post-hardcore/emo Bay Area style that makes you feel like you're watching your friends play in a practice space or at 16th and Mission BART. The B-side is definitely my favorite, mostly because I wasn't expecting it, but all in all a worthwhile record. (MW)
(Cricket Cemetery)

MARTIM MONITZ – CD

Self-described as "post-noise, post-punk, post-hardcore and other posts," the debut album by this trio from Poznań, Poland, has a depth and dark intensity that cannot be denied. The clean, polished sound that dominates a lot of the record might turn off some *MRR* readers, but don't worry, this ain't no feeble college rock party. MARTIM MONITZ's angular, mature (*not* a code word for boring!) style roams seamlessley from MISSION OF BURMA-styled dirgey wanderings into some subdued noise-rock territory, complemented nicely by dual vocals that go from melodic hooks to shouting and back again. According to the online translation I just looked up, these guys have been making music in various projects since the early '90s, and MARTIM MONITZ is proof that the collaboration isn't running out of steam any time soon. (WB)
(Antena Krzyku)

MASQUERADE – "Blood is the New Black" 12"

A healthy dose of LOST CHEREES and early BANSHEES make up the backbone of this lesser known Finnish quartet. Sometimes it's hard to hear past the SIOUXSIE ape, even down to inflection, that their singer Suzi has perfected. This mid-tempo, reverb-heavy. dark pop whirls and trudges into darkness. A couple of the songs get a light synth treatment to break up the crashing and weaving guitars. Perfect for the people who can't get enough of *Juju*. (AP)
(Mass Media)

MIDNIGHT CRISIS – "Ulkopuolinen" EP

I went to Leipzig, Germany once and went to a show that was in this super bombed-out, post-apocalyptic abandoned communist housing project. They had shows on the bottom floor, a kitchen and housing around the middle, and one of the best record stores I've ever been to towards the top. The show was great and it was one of the most punk-positive affirming moments in my life. MIDNIGHT CRISIS is from Leipzig and this EP makes me feel giddy in the same way as that trip. Despite their hometown, they sing in Finnish (they share a vocalist with HERÄTYS) and their whole sound is drenched in early '80s Finnish hardcore filth with a hint of Oi! in parts. The lyrics are translated into English, making it a little more accessible. The artwork looks like how I remember Leipzig, and the liners are filled with every punk doodle you could ever want. If you like fun and early '80s Finnish hardcore then this is something that you don't want to miss. (KC)
(Rinderherz)

MIDNITE SNAXXX – "Don't Wake Me Up/Pull Down the Shades"

"Don't Wake Me Up" is a *Bloodstains Across Bedlam* klassik! Amazing, like the A-LINES playing REMO VOOR!!! Exactly the right length for maniac mindsets to get their nightly nourishments… A savage shot to the collapsing corpse of punk rock. B-Side is a sick sick sick cover of a NZ punk classic. If this doesn't make you wanna join a girl gang and ride off into a sunset stained with menstrual blood and male tears then I don't wanna know you. Eat it or beat it! (LG)
(Total Punk)

MISCALCULATIONS – "A View for Glass Eyes" LP

Some self-proclaimed "electro punk" out of London. Plenty of weird electro distortion and post-wave goodness going on in *A View for Glass Eyes*, which I like. It's also got the indie brattiness of FLAMING LIPS, and the feeling of a less gloomy CRIMINAL CODE, with super catchy melodies and undeniably good hooks. "Clairvoyant Stare," "Pain as Language" and "Invisible Uniform" all have some seriously sweet melodic post-punk guitar. And "Factory Life" is total '80s New Wave, with keyboards, canned beats, the whole shebang. It's both completely annoying and compelling at the same time. MISCALCULATIONS are not afraid to put in some creepy organ keyboard wherever the hell they like as well. Solid album. (CR)
(Rockstar)

MODERAT LIKVIDATION – "Mammutation" CD

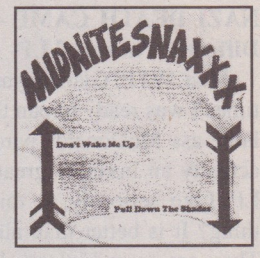
Legendary Swedish D-Beat hardcore band from the '80s releases a record in 2015…and it kinda sounds like a record that a legendary Swedish D-Beat hardcore band from the '80s released in 2015. I mean, it's recorded professionally, there are some legit rippers and some mid-tempo grown-up punk clunkers (sorry dudes, but "Hål I Marken" is an actual bore…) but the vocals are fukkn screaming throughout. Take the classic MODERAT LIKVIDATON sound and have them listen to WOLFBRIGADE and INEPSY for a decade and then decide to get back on the horse…I really want to like this, so I'll listen to tracks like "Masspsykos" on repeat. (WN)
(D-Takt & Råpunk)

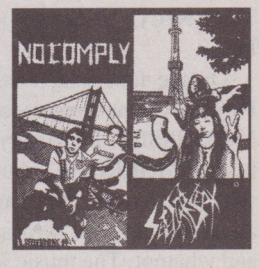
MODERN ACTION – "Molotov Solution" CD

This band has the first BAD RELIGION album sound down, and little SWINGIN' UTTERS guitar-wise too. Ten songs in twenty-two minutes with titles like "Radioactive Boy," "Sweat Shop," and "Self Destruction." Pretty damn old school even if they do have three guitar players. From Northern California with some punk vets—I will have to check this band out live. Good stuff. (RL)
(Modern Action)

THE MORONS – "Crackin' Up" EP

Four tracks of rawkin' garage burn, these MORONS sound like they could be from Australia circa '78 or on Rip Off Records circa '95. Eternal sound of a beat up denim jacket, pair of thrift store sneakers and stained t-shirt. The fifty nine million bands that formed after hearing "Blitzkrieg Bop" for the first time. The cover is essentially some leftover flash art of an intergalactic panther, and isn't the most appealing advertisement for this band, but this is tried and true music for tried and true people. (LG)
(self-released)





NAZI DEATH CAMP – "Same Shit in a Different Package" LP

Man, WTF! Glancing at the cover like three times I was ready to pan the fuck out of some lame ass McDonalds parody shit, but this is actually an insanely great over the top punk LP. Like seriously, is this a hoax or something? It is better than almost all real bands. They are from Finland. Weird as fuck. Red vinyl limited to 500 copies. Listen to this shit if you can get past the lame name and lamer cover. (GB)
(Red Lounge)

THE NEVERMORES – "Lock Your Doors..." LP

At first glance, I viewed the cover and thought, "Oh, brother. Edgar Allen Poe inspired '60s garage rock. Thanks." In actuality this is a document of a lost Bloomington band's recordings from '91 that is damn refreshing and may have "nevermore" been heard if not for this platter. There's an extensive write-up history for you to squint your eyes at on the back, like those Norton reissues. Not very original but a good time for sure with shades of the COUNT BACKWURDS, SONICS, and the GERMS that must have gotten many asses sweaty on those humid Midwestern summer nights. Ass sweat and beer. Yum. (RO)
(Magnetic South)

THE NICO MISSILE – "Ricky's Heart" EP

On the first song of this EP "Holiday In Purgatory" the singer sounds so much like MORRISSEY. It's freaky. Well, you can tell it's not MORRISSEY, but the inflections and style are exactly the same. He even sings about slitting your wrists to prove your love and whatnot. The music is a nice twangy pop tune playing underneath that strange homage. The other three songs utilize a different vocal style, sounding at time like JIM REID or some other '80s English tortured singer. The music is jangly alternative pop. It sounds nice and is well played. I also find it sweet that singer/label head Ricky sent a handwritten note with this 7". Maybe someday I'll call him at the number included. (CK)
(Quality Time)

NO COMPLY / SETE STAR SEPT – split 7"

I remember NO COMPLY from some powerviolence comp that I had back in high school. I thought their song "The Empire Kids" was so sick and I listened to it over and over. That was all I ever heard of them, and I had completely forgotten about them until now. Well, it's fifteen years later and I still think they are fucking sick! This is bare bones, bass and drum only, powerviolence from a 1997 demo tape. I can't tell if they are using a drum machine, but it is spastic as hell, and I love it. I still just want to play the songs over and over. Japan's SETE STAR SEPT delivers some mind mincing noise grind, kind of like UNHOLY GRAVE, but with more feedback. If you like your grind with a side of complete madness, you'll dig this. To top it all off the cover art is lifted from the SPAZZ/ROMANTIC GORILLA split, and NO COMPLY does a SPAZZ cover. Very sick! If you are a PCP smoking powerviolence freak, you need this 7"! (BA)
(Jerkoff / Ratgirl)

NUDITY – "Astronomicon" LP

I feel like this record is indirectly linked to that interview Ted Nugent gave in the '80s (during his involvement with the Nancy Reagan D.A.R.E. campaign against drug use) where he explained that he had no idea the AMBOY DUKES record *Journey to the Center of the Mind* was in any way about getting high. Like, come on dude, that record had twenty hash pipes on the cover. What I'm trying to say is, I don't know if these folks know that they released the most spot on '70s rock record or if this was meticulously thought out and planned. I feel like this was sent in to *MRR* because it was released on Iron Lung and the pedigree of the members includes HYSTERICS and SEX VID, but this is nothing like any of that. Not even in the same universe. Maybe that's also the reason this record wasn't thrown away during the assigning process either. Who knows? I wanna start this off by saying this is one of the most engaging, creative, and beautiful records I've been able to review here. This is not a punk record in any way. It is not constrained or marginalized by the tropes and themes we assign to our interpretation and execution of punk. This record honestly belongs in the pages of *Rolling Stone* or *Creem*. Lester Bangs should have reviewed this. NUDITY have distilled a lot of the themes and characteristics of some of the most creative bands of the '70s. On the whole, this record is more akin to the rust belt acts of that era. I hear a lot of the Detroit sound—the riffs remind me of the notable NUGENT tracks ("Motor City Madhouse," "Just What The Doctor Ordered"), especially on the tracks "Astronomicon" or "Lectric Motions," with little flurries of the STOOGES or the MC5. You could also say this is reminiscent of the earlier Bob Seger projects as well, like the BOB SEGER SYSTEM. When NUDITY finds their groove, it's definitely more of a Pontiac Silverdome feel than say, the crazier STOOGES shows in Michigan clubs. This record is not just tied to the bigger acts of the post '60s album-oriented rock movement though (although I feel that this record is great because it exists as a cohesive LP). I hear nods to some of the more garage/power pop acts of the late '60s as well. If I had to peg it, I kinda feel like there is a ROCKETS (pre-CRAZY HORSE) vibe hidden in between the more driving elements ("Myrna Loy/Leatrice Joy"). Or, back to the original reference in this review, much like the AMBOY DUKES, NUDITY seamlessly blend the more meat and potatoes take on rock'n'roll with a deft ability to create imaginative and grabbing psychedelic breaks. Not so much in the style of say PINK FLOYD or LED ZEPPLIN, but the more American brand of drawn out breaks, filled with guitar flourishes and driving effects motivated experimentation, à la "Stranglehold." NUDITY's overall groove isn't limited to the artists I've referenced above. While I hear a Midwestern sound on the whole, this record oozes British influence, especially when they venture into more psychedelic territory. To simply say psychedelic doesn't do their arrangements justice. I hear a prog influence as well. Not so much akin to, say, RUSH (although, I have to point out that the singer is a dead ringer, vocally speaking, for Geddy Lee—the delivery is identical almost) and the more itinerant time signatures characterized by records like *2112* or songs like "La Villa Strangiato," but to HAWKWIND or YES. "(I've Got The) Death Energy" could have been a song on *In Search of Space*. The guitars break, curve, and turn through different effects while the synthesizer holds the melody, all while the drums plod towards an indeterminate end. For me, this is also the crux of the record. The use of the vocodor (made popular on *Frampton Comes Alive* LP) feels like a deliberate nod to these influences and solidifies my belief that *Astronomicon* is one of the most well thought out, well recorded rock records I've heard in a long time. In all honesty, I hope to see NUDITY playing to thousands of adoring fans. This isn't music for a warehouse, or a party, or a dimly lit club, this is music for auditoriums and for summer festivals. This is music for experimentation and reflection. This is a great record. (MW)
(Iron Lung)

NÜ-KLē–əR BLAST SUNTAN – "Prophetic Visions" LP

Like, *whoa*, man. This is an unqualified mindmelter, some alien vision of toompa-toompa noise punx gone *kosmiche*. With a bass-heavy mix and song structures that emphasize whacked-out meanderings over your typical chaos war shock, you aren't gonna

CONFUSE this for a FRENZY or S.H.I.T. record any time soon; in fact, I can't imagine confusing them with any other band, on this planet or otherwise. Vocals are vicious and sharp as nails with thoughtful, evocative lyrics, and in case you couldn't tell I'm totally feeling the dystopian outer space imagery. This might be a bit innovative or just straight-up bizarro for some of our more conservative-minded genre adherents, but the rest of us will be left to crank it up and wonder if these guys do *all* of the drugs, or are the kind of folks that're so weird they don't need anything to trip way the fuck out. (WB)
(SPHC)

OBNOX – "Boogaloo Rated" LP

Otherworldly punk-space jam insurrection, created by an Ohio based sonic genius that combines the freedom and power of classic rock with dirt-bag punk and inner-spatial soul jam interludes. This is simultaneously "lie on your bed with headphones on" music *and* "muscle car tape deck" sound… There's an *MRR* dis! A Neil Young *and* a Stevie Wonder cover! It's claustrophobic and free at the same time. Six million tracks of guitar, disjointed beats and whispered/frantic vocals, in short what should be played on the radio… (LG)
(12xU)

PART 1 – "Pictures of Pain" LP

The album that launched a thousand punks into the darkness is now available for those who slept on it, those who were like three months old when it came out (me), and those who can't afford the $100+ price tag of the original. Originally released posthumously on Pushead's Pusmort label, this was a recording of their demo *In the Shadow of the Cross*, with iconic art by Deborah Valentine and Nick Blinko of images that bring to mind a Lovecraftian Giger horror gone awry. *Pictures of Pain* gets the ultimate reissue treatment, care of All the Madmen: a remaster that actually does it justice, a full-sized lyric booklet with unreleased art by guitarist Mark Ferelli, and fancy marbled brown and grey translucent wax reminiscent of dusty cobwebs, with none of the unnecessary outtakes or "lost" tracks reissues are usually saddled with.

The first time I ever heard this it was gold to my tender impressionable ears—this was far beyond the drudge of "goth" I was accustomed to. Martial pop drums that evoked Penny Rimbaud and CRISIS, guitars so flanged that they were almost unrecognizable, all held together by a walking bassline centered strongly in the mix. Singer Jake Baker's voice is so raw and commanding like many anarcho-punk outfits of that time but instead of a message of refusal he was weaving tales of gruesomeness and gore-filled religious macabre, making "Asylum" sound like a nighttime prayer. Within the first seconds of "Possessed" I knew I was listening to something beyond what I thought was possible—this was before the bridges we so nonchalantly cross between anarcho-punk and deathrock were established. PART 1 were truly playing into a void. Regularly gigging at the anarchist centers funded by CRASS even though they had been rejected from appearing on the infamous *Bullshit Detector* comps, they only existed for three years and wallowed in obscurity until the anarcho-punk revival of the mid-'00s, but their presence and creative output immediately left a touchstone in the burgeoning UK deathrock scene that rings true in punk today, even before this "post-punk revival" going on now. *Pictures of Pain* is an essential classic that will always sound groundbreaking. By the time you read this PART 1 will be playing the East Coast on their first foray in the states, 30 years after the release of this record. I'll see you in the pit, or should I say, the shadows. (AP)
(All the Madmen)

PETER PAN SPEED ROCK – "Buckle Up And Shove It" CD

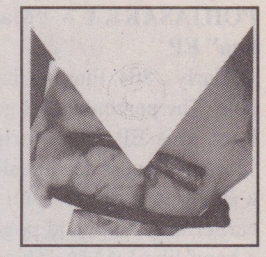
Apparently this Dutch trio have been at it for 20 years, and this is their ninth (or maybe tenth) full-length. Impressive longevity, I suppose. Musically, they tread the murky "crossover" punk/metal/rock waters soiled by the likes of ZEKE, SPEEDEALER, and DANKO JONES. Most of it is a variety of fairly nondescript metal and hard rock stuff, though I have to say, their cover of the DAMNED's "New Rose" is pretty stellar, with some superb lead guitar. Though, it's always kind of sad/weird/ says something (though maybe just about this reviewer) when the best track on a disc is a cover, however well executed… (RK)
(Self Destructo)

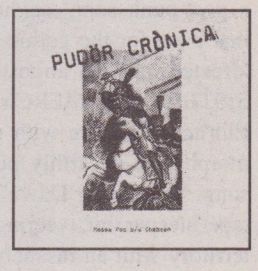
PILLAGE – "Lash Out" EP

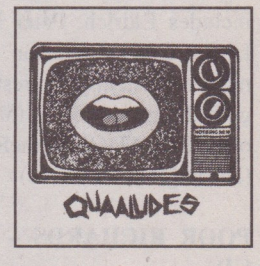
If you thought Ebro was pissed when he fronted PUNCH IN THE FACE, you haven't heard shit. Burly, blown-out hardcore driven by commandeering vocals, gripping riffs, and a drummer that hits hard as hell and has a knack for fills, mostly at a raging gallop, with the occasional slowing down that doesn't throw things off. If you genetically spliced NINE SHOCKS TERROR's *Zen and the Art of Beating Your Ass* and DOUBLE NEGATIVE's first LP, it would probably sound quite similar to this, and though both are classics as far as I'm concerned, PILLAGE aren't that far behind in the merit department. I can only imagine what this band is like live, and hopefully at some point I won't have to imagine! (DG)
(Residue)

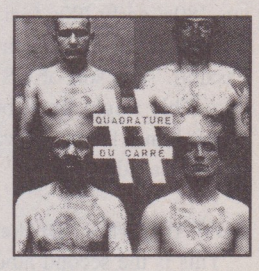
PISS ON AUTHORITY / SLUG – split CD

Four tracks apiece of pissed, political, raging hardcore. Listening, I thought I detected more than a hint of, well, Britishness. And bloody hell, old Sherlock here was right. As ascertained by a quick glance at the credits! If these chaps had been around in the '80s, they'd have been part of the anarcho-punk "scene" for sure, and SLUG in particular give more than a nod to the likes of ANTISECT and DISCHARGE. PISS ON AUTHORITY go for more of that raging hardcore '90s sound, à la BOY SETS FIRE, with TERMINUS in the mix, plenty of righteous rage and abrasion for sure, but with enough of a sense of a tune and melody to keep it interesting and engaged. Looks like a co-release with nine (count 'em) labels, so I guess co-operation is alive and well. (RK)
(Riot Ska)









POHJASAKKA – "Maailma Täynnä Vihaa" EP

Early '80s Finnish hardcore is untouchable. The percentage of good to bad is ridiculous. This EP, which originally came out in '85 (so I guess technically second wave), is a stone cold ripper, with its even mix of the earlier thrashers, and pogo-able catchiness of a band like LAMA. The almost ska-like, '77 approach of "Sortoa ja Vihaa," making it my favorite track. (JU)
(Ratbite / Rock'N'Roll Bullshit, no info)

POPULATION – "Relic/Mourning Dawn"

Chicago's POPULATION have tended to be hit and miss for me, and their recent *Beyond the Pale* was no exception, starting off with the powerful "Wine on the Lilies" but unable to sustain that haunting, candle-lit energy across a full LP. Getting to the record at hand, "Relic" is a nice, upbeat romper—for a post-punk song, anyhow—but I must say that even for the gothic its vocals feel oh-so affected, playing almost like a caricature of SISTERS OF MERCY frontman Andrew Eldritch. Opening with gorgeous synths that morph into unearthly pulsations later in the song, "Mourning Dawn" is a bona fide mixtape sleeper hit, veering into darkly poppy territory with an insanely catchy chorus. The vocals feel far more comfortable, too, standing on their own in a mighty lineage that includes Eldrich, Peter Murphy, and LOW-LIFE's Craig Lorentson. Certainly one of the most consistently interesting bands doing the goth thing nowadays, this is a representation of POPULATION at their strongest. (WB)
(Nostalgium Directive)

POOR RICHARDS – "Back To Basics" CD

Generic skate punk from Florida, this has a late '80s/ early '90s feel with a run at humor with titles like "Get Some" and "Blue Ribbon Passion." The sort of US punk I wasn't really into. This might have been ok in 1987, but certainly not for me now. (RL)
(self-released)

POW WOWS – "Broken Curses" CD

This is the second album from this Toronto band. It is droney, fuzzed out rock. It's repetitive, but gets a bit frantic at times. It sounds nice enough, but nothing really catches me. (CK)
(Get Hip)

PRAG – "Gas" EP

I'm trying to think of a visually evocative way to describe the gross guitar and vocal sound on this record, but the image that keeps coming to mind is someone trying to restore a Hieronymus Bosch triptych using a can of black spray paint. "Gas" actually starts off this record with a compelling case for inhaling paint fumes, with a SAVAGE or TANK quality riff played at some insane speed freak tempo and level of compulsive repetition and obsession. The riff in the middle of "Lavabo Del Hospital" alone is worth the price of admission (or postage if you're trying to get your filthy hands on this one in the States). Their guitarist knows when to back off and provide some of the negative space that keeps this record sounding creepy, which helps on the two slower tracks on this record. Impeccably packaged with great artwork to boot. (EW)
(No Patience / La Vida Es Un Mus)

PROFESSIONAL VICTIM – "Dearest Depression" CD

One of those releases I'm just not getting. These guys do melodic punk with rock tendencies. The band this most reminds me of is AFI just before they signed to a major, or even their first major release. The up tempo stuff can get NOFX-like also. Dark lyrics to boot. Maybe these guys are trying to push their limitations too much too soon. The vocals aren't quite there but the chops aren't dead on either. Perhaps they had limited time to record this and that's why things sound too rough. Not good. (RL)
(Snot Merchant)

PUBLIC ASSAULT – "No Way Out" EP

Five songs that bleed into one another—nonstop USHC with the ferocity of NEGATIVE APPROACH or H100S. Everything about this is sloppy, but in an endearing VOID kind of sloppy. If those three comparisons aren't enough to make you want to check this band out then I don't know what to tell you. (KC)
(Foreign Legion)

PUDÖR CRÒNICA – "Massa Poc / Chabran"

The A-side is a stompy mid-tempo hardcore number, set off by a dark guitar lead. Side B is nearly three minutes of chord/cymbal swells and crashes and the singer yelling "Chabran," like the way bands start or end a song, but this one never advances beyond that. The band sings in Catalan, and apparently this is their super limited farewell single. Unfortunately they do little to get my attention here. (MA)
(Ripper)

PUTRISECT – "Chaos Awaits" LP

Baltimore's PUTRISECT brings us a one sided LP of straight-up death metal. I don't listen to death metal that much, but these guys do it right. DIECIDE comes to mind, as well as *Heartwork*-era CARCASS. No metalcore influence, not too "chugga chugga," and tasteful double bass drumming, just the way I like it. Nice packaging as well, clear vinyl with their logo silk-screened on the back. No lyric sheet, but I think I heard something about blood and maggots. If you like metal, get this! (BA)
(Cricket Cemetery)

QUAALUDES – "Nothing New" 7"

I've said it before and I'll say it again: QUAALUDES are addictive. *Nothing New* is their first vinyl release, a limited press on pink bubblegum vinyl, and the rest on black. If you're late in the game you might be shit out of luck for both. QUAALUDES are a true force in San Francisco, an all-girl band that seemingly fits on any punk bill with ease. This phenomenon is true to their sound in terms of punk. It's '80s GERMS and a whole lotta Riot Grrrl, with a hardcore edge. They are a hot unhinged mess live, and although this recording is a hell of a lot cleaner than their live set, it does a fine job of capturing this. Aimee's bratty Riot Grrrl vocals are as salty as they are sweet. Faves on this 7": "Nothing New" which has some sweet melodic guitar and a rad solo to boot; "Drool" which is a bit tougher, faster and is great build up to "Stiff Little Single," which ebbs and throbs with a genius bass riff that makes this song an instant classic. If you see it, buy it. They are about to release a second EP so be on the lookout! (CR)
(Dollskin / Thrillhouse)

RECTAL HYGIENICS – "Ultimate Purity" 12"

I often get the feeling that offensive noise rockers are, at least outwardly, guys too nice to do the things they sing about. Why else sing about such simplistically bad mannered things? Such was my thought by the time "When I'm Alone" came on RECTAL HYGIENICS' new record (side B, track 2). Lyrics like "I want to watch you cry / While I fuck your face / And your boyfriend arrives / He's into it" seem born from someone who wouldn't really dare to do something like that. Which was a real disappointment, because the first side of the record seemed lyrically very candid and earnest. I spent some time trying to ferret out online whether or not RECTAL HYGIENICS are a queer noise rock band. Alas, (seemingly) no, just more worshippers at the gross dude throne of Gira / Albini / Yow, etc. Musically, this is arch-simplistic hardcore, with a minimal amount of riffs, much repetition, and some pretty textbook "gross/ugly" tone. True, these dudes draw some cues from Chicago history, but there's not enough

rawk, industry, or math to really earn the AmRep stamp. If you want to hear someone growl about feeling like a pervert over simple distorted riffs that never go beyond "mid" on the tempo speed scale, this may actually be a good choice for you, but if you read other reviews and are hoping for some COWS or SWANS or JESUS LIZARD, you might want to ask yourself what you like to get out of those bands, because these guys might just not have it. (LP)
(Permanent)

RESONANCE CASCADE – "Three Colour Fabric" EP

A new grindcore band from Scania, Sweden that doesn't follow the usual Swedish grind sound. The sound is big, somewhat melodic (for grind), and sounds more like heavy hardcore, somehow adding the chaos/mess that bands like PORTAL have to a grindcore sound. Somewhat like the melodic side of NASUM combined with middle-era NAPALM DEATH with more of a hardcore influence. This happens to be a secnd band for a handful of members as they also play in DERANGED, ARKHE, and SPLATTERED MERMAIDS and it also includes at least one former member of CROWPATH. This is the best new grindcore I've heard in a while, along with the SELF DECONSTRUCTION split also reviewed in this issue. (MH)
(Cricket Cemetery)

RIFLE DIET – "No Solace" 12"

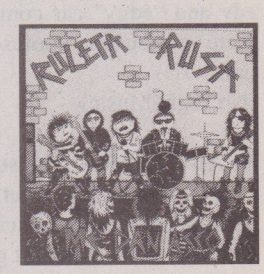
A burly seven-song 12" by Minneapolis RIFLE DIET following their debut EP and split 7" with THRASH COMPACTOR, a punchy mix of thundering hardcore, heavily distorted vocal wails (So distorted and gnarled with a hint of black metal style wickedness, I couldn't discern it was a Womyn singing! Totally savage howls and screams!) and heavy bleakness and metal-edged guitar riffs. It just edges on "epic crust" but pulls back into mostly just crushing. pummelling late '90s / early '00s WOLFBRIGADE / MARTYRDOD / TRAGEDY / HIS HERO IS GONE territory (including a tasteful and well done cover of HIS HERO IS GONE's "Chain Of Command") through an impressive and full recording and proficient skillful musicianship. Ex members of GARMONBOZIA and IN DEFENSE, this is creative and powerful, with bleak yet thoughtful lyrics about facing oppression, race relations, and self identity, lack of compassion, and some just dark ennui. Somewhat simple packaging is deceptive as to how crushing this record is. (KS)
(Blood of the Young / Profane Existence)

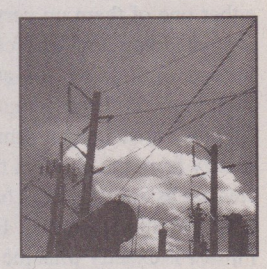
RITUAL CONTROL – "Inoculation" EP

Raw fucking power. One of the most blistering live units in the Bay throws down the gauntlet with four burly tracks of hardcore punk pummel, each one an exercise in thunderous precision. Their riffs have only gotten more and more massive with each release—not to speak of the breakdowns—and while RITUAL CONTROL isn't necessarily doing anything outside of the box here, this is definitely a case where the devil lies in the details. Years of collective experience in some of your fave bands (EFFLUXUS, NO STATIK, TØRSO, and PROVOS, to name a few) translate into an insanely dialed-in end product, from their downright brilliant use of feedback to Ethan's desperate, blown-out vocals. If you still care about the 'core in 2015, you'd be a fool to miss out on RITUAL CONTROL. (WB)
(Sabotage)

RIXE – "Coups Et Blessures" EP

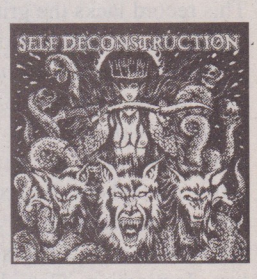
Fuck me. Everyone kept saying *"This record is great, this record is great I love this record, ooooooooohhhhhh this record is the best thing since I learned how to go potty in the toilet not all over my leg"* so of course I'm all like *"Eat my fukk, punks, the shit ain't that good."* And here I am, eating my own fukk, muttering to myself in disbelief… "It really is that good, it really is that good, it really is that good." All of you monkeys who think that simple Oi! punk shits are cool now and want to join in the fun by writing some dumbass generic two-chord punk, need to listen to this right the fukk now. Because nothing here is hard—but everything here is good. Filthy sounding and brutally straightforward punk rocks with riffs to last you the rest of the year (with the action on "Larmes de Crocodile," I'm good through summer at least) and ugh *those vocals* are just fukkn perfect!! I know everyone is gonna compare them to CRIMINAL DAMAGE, and they are surely going to fill that void for a lot of punks, but Paris rockers RIXE are dirtier, and dare I say punker? Seriously, this is so fukkn good. (WN)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)





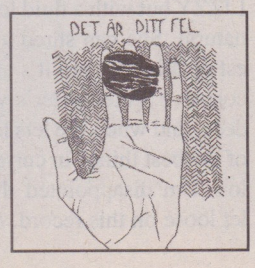
RULETA RUSA – "Me Dan Asco" EP

Another catchy and grooving record from the Bay's RULETA RUSA. The first track/side, "Me Dan Asco," is hook driven, riff heavy, sing-along, catchy grit punk, with enough pop and rock'n'roll sensibilities to keep you bopping, and shreddy solos, bouncy bass, and melodic choruses to keep you rocking—they could be sharing a bill with DAVILLA 666, ESKORBUTO, PROXY or PURA MANÍA and all those scenarios would sound equally cool to me—at least in theory; how things turn out in the end is a different story, but I digress. The first track is okay, but really, the good stuff is on Side B, which is a little more menacing, dirtier and more I-don't-give-a-shit (which apparently they don't), with a thundering main riff and scalding vocal delivery on "Meinara," blazing guitars and anthemic chorus on "No Cambiare." If you don't already know (if you like) this band, sonically, stylistically, aesthetically, the lot, then I think this EP does a good job of drawing a line in the sand for you. Which side are you on? (LA)
(Modern Action)



THE SAINTS OF 35th STREET – "Sorry for the Mess" LP

Yikes! It's melodic emo-y and usually wilting pop punk. Despite the sort of contemporary sound, there's still the overwhelming AOR/"City Rock" feel throughout the record. I found out this band had someone who later was in BAYSIDE in it and their sound isn't too far



off from this kack (albeit less polished, thank *glögg*). Even worse is the stupid line, "You move out to the west coast with the fuckin' Mexican." The weird thing is that they have three singers and only *one* of them is actually worth hearing, namely the NAKED RAYGUN-ish "Leaches." Not long after they do a song that mixes the worst of the MISFITS and the OUTFIELD!?! The rest comes off like an unholy mix of G.W. Bush-era teen comedy and "edgy" car commercial but I guess there're a buncha doofuses nostalgic for this junk. (JD)
(No Light Music)

SCAB EATER – "Constant Failure" EP

You want to talk about the jams—but I first gotta say how fukkn crucial this thing *sounds*. One blown out distorted guitar but panned all over to one side, while the flanged-out weirdo guitar chills in my other ear, but they didn't turn either one of them up very loud so the pounding, plodding low-end can just do its thing instead of fighting for attention. Super cool sounding…*and* the songs are total creamers. Creepy crawl mutant jams that explode with energy from the moment the needle drops. Vocals are as appropriately harsh as the lyrics are nihilistic and frustrated. Essentially, *Constant Failure* is exactly what the kids want today, and SCAB EATER delivers. (WN)
(Blow Blood / Hardcore Victim)

SCREAMING FEMALES – "Rose Mountain" LP

What makes *Rose Mountain* markedly different from SCREAMING FEMALES' earlier records is how clean and polished the overall sound is. This is both a blessing and a curse when you've reached the heights of notoriety that SCREAMING FEMALES have. Blame it on production, blame it on plain competency. This record lacks the grit the band so humbly served up on my favorite records of theirs, *Ugly* and *What If Someone Is Watching Their T.V.?* In the past SCREAMING FEMALES' songs would gleefully and chaotically fall apart, perhaps by accident or perhaps just the thrill of mayhem. But competent has always been an understatement when it comes to Marissa Paternoster's skills on guitar. It's absolute domination. Complete tyranny, in fact. Paternoster channels the tediousness of THIN LIZZY but with a fluid looseness. She is a true natural. She can shred a melody into the finest gelatinous goo; it's all juicy pulp, but still cohesive. Paternoster's voice is haunting and deep, and when she lets loose it's honestly one of the best things in current punk, in my opinion. I'm disappointed that they really never let loose on this record. *Rose Mountain* is decidedly less punk than their previous efforts. (CR)
(Don Giovanni)

SHADOWHOUSE – "Hand in Hand" 12"

Portland's SHADOWHOUSE have been a unique and somewhat underappreciated powerhouse ever since their arrival on the West Coast post-punk scene, standing on their own in terms of style, rejecting the deathrock realms for exploration into the more embellished and elegant styles made popular by the CURE and CHAMELEONS. Shoegaze seeps through warm and rich ballads tinged with minimal synth melodies, songs drearily trudge along letting it all creep in, letting you truly wallow in those fathoms they explore and brilliantly illustrate. Shane's baritone wail travels above these swirling masses. At times it can be a bit drowsy but overall this is truly intriguing. This was a sleeper for sure and I urge you to give it a listen. (AP)
(Mass Media)

THE SHANGRI BLAHS – "Rankka Päivä" EP

No shortage of catchy punk coming outta Finland these days. Seems like every month there's at least one in the new bin. This EP has four upbeat jangly tracks drenched in vocal and guitar hooks. Like a more loose version of PAA KÏÏ. Straightforward, no surprises. Solid stuff. (MA)
(self released)

SHITFUCKS – "Det Är Ditt Fel" EP

Killer first 7" from a group that feels like it could have been unearthed from Switzerland in 1981. Instead it's Sweden in 2015, and while normally a band called SHITFUCKS would immediately end up in Robert Collins' to-be-reviewed pile, names can be deceiving and this particular brand of post-punk is right up my alley. Shambolic in all the best ways, filled with counterintuitive drum patterns, songs that end out of nowhere, the perfect and perfectly intentional shitty recording quality, and a vocalist with a classssssic punk tone—I wish I could understand what she was saying, but I am sure it is the stuff of girl gang dreams. The deadly combo of the garage swagger of THEE HEADCOATEES and the angularity and open space of groups like KLEENEX or PLASTIX means I am sending off for my copy right now, postage be damned… (GA)
(self-released)

SIEGE – LP

What is left to say about SIEGE? For my money the SIEGE demo was the last benchmark in extreme music. Before them it was BAD BRAINS, and SABBATH before that. Nothing since has changed the game so hard for the next generation, even *if* SIEGE's influence didn't really hit hard for a good four or five years after the world first heard their demo and the tracks on Pushead's *Cleanse the Bacteria*. The living definition of the word "unhinged," if nothing else. After thirty years and countless reissues of these songs in various groupings, this is supposedly the first one to include the entire session. So there's that. (JU)
(Deep Six)

SIN ORDEN – "Raices de Resistencia" LP

Despite having numerous releases under their belts, this LP compiles only this Chicago band's *Brutalidad Juvenil* EP—their first—along with tracks from the *Histeria* and *Armagado de la Vida* comps, though songs from the latter comp are interspersed with the EP tracks, possibly due to having been recorded in the same session. For anyone uninitiated: SIN ORDEN have been playing their brand of blazing, simple-yet-inventive hardcore for damn near twenty years now, and their music smacks of a band playing their music and giving voice to their community because they have no other choice. Golnar did a fantastic job of summing up the EP and the context in which it was created and received for her "We Got Ways" feature on the *MRR* website, and Martin Sorrendeguy expands on this story in the insert of this record with a touching recollection of his discovery of the band (as high schoolers), seeing them play for the first time, showing them how to screen shirts, and giving them a copy of the *P.E.A.C.E./WAR* comp as a gift to share and to expose them to other alienated folks doing the same thing the world over. This collection isn't necessarily essential, given that at least the EP and *Histeria* can be found in used bins, but despite lacking original artwork other than thumbnails of the original record covers, it's very well put together, and worth picking up for anyone who doesn't have the first record. (DG)

SIVLE SI DOG – "Concussion" CD

Sometimes dads get drunk. But what happens when dads get drunk isn't always documented. That's what happened with this release. A bio on their bandcamp states that this is a recording made fifteen years after the band's initial break-up, which gives the release a "honey, we're getting the band back together" vibe. SIVLE SI DOG play Steve Albini-style noise rock, but unfortunately this recording makes it sound like you're listening to Mr. Albini recording something through a wall…or two. Everything sounds flat and

weak. Maybe if all the amps were a little bit louder, and everything was hit a little harder, this album would rock a little more. (KC)
(Girth)

SLEEPTALKER – "Big Dream" LP

This cover?! A male model band photo that would be right at home in a Vidal Baboon advertisement. "Running Out" kicks this off with some fine guitar licks that'll have you screaming WIPERS. Unfortunately they can't quite keep it up (No pun intended.) No. Their lasting powers quickly degenerate into mediocre surf guitar filled indie rock erectile dysfunction. Energetic at times but worthy of a well deserved nap minus any nocturnal conversation to make this in any way interesting. (RO)
(self-released)

SLOW WALKER – LP

At first, this just seemed like standard dirtbag rock, but there's at least one pop obsessed dude and at least one grunge fueled dude in this band, I'm quite sure. I hear a good deal of MUDHONEY in the vocals and a most of the guitar solos, and even a few MONSTER MAGNET styled riffs scattered here and there. Some really sweet, candy coated, early '60s sounding backup vocals are making me put this on repeat. I probably wouldn't make a huge effort to go see these guys live, but I'd put a song or two on a mixtape, and I think it's some pretty solid rock with sweet hooks. (DZ)
(Stale Heat)

SOLUTIONS – "Life of Joy" 12"

Absolutely relentless in approach, the SOLUTIONS record is fast, diverse, and flawlessly executed. The music is textured with an unreal degree of precision and skill. With a foot firmly planted on the gas SOLUTIONS delivers an elite caliber of songwriting and musicianship that falls somewhere between the traditional rage of powerviolence and the mind-melting vision of progressive, melodic hardcore. Not unlike Buffalo's GAS CHAMBER, with whom they share two members, the SOLUTIONS collection is a myriad of sounds pushing and playing off of each other only to combine for a galloping dive into a unified force of strength and rhythm, effectively rendering comparisons and genre assignments useless. Upping the ante rendered by the likes of the DEAD LANGUAGE or the crippling works of IRON LUNG, these boundary pushing and genre-defining efforts have new company. Truly an impressive effort on this tragically short and criminally scarce release. Buy this record, tape this record, steal download codes, whatever it takes…hear this, because you haven't heard it before. (RM)
(Iron Lung)

SOMERSET THROWER – "Falling Swingers" EP

This is very '90s. At some point in time there were a bunch of pop punk bands that thought JAWBREAKER was a pop punk band and they tried to be them but couldn't get it exactly right (because they were actually just a pop punk band). Anyway, this sort of sounds like that. It's sort of like alternative rock with a slight edge. The vocalist is a little too gruff to be radio friendly and the songs are a little too hard but maybe not hard enough to be called punk. It's vaguely catchy, it's not bad. It will probably appeal to those of you who wanted pop punk in the late '90s but didn't want goofy songs about girls. (PA)
(Dead Broke)

STITCHES – "Ript-Off #1" EP

OMG, I never thought I'd be reviewing a STITCHES EP in *Maximum Rocknroll*. If you never heard of 'em before, these guys broke up alotta years ago. Y'know, kinda "modern punk" sounding, if that makes sense. I guess this is the first release of some demo/practice tape stuff from classic bands. Sooper limited, like 1 out of 277 copies or something. Just mindblowingly elusive and difficult to track down, you better order one unless, yep! Too Late! Arghh! That always happens. So yeah, you might wanna grab one. (GB)
(Modern Action)

THE STOVEBOLTS – "Over The Limit" LP

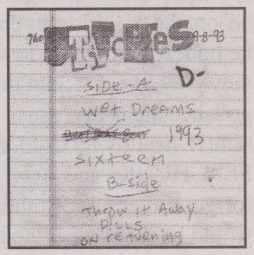
This is the second LP by these Mississippi rock'n'roll scum but I can't honestly say I heard their first. You get some warm, heartfelt liner notes from Alan "The Goddamn" King of HELLSTOMPER fame tooting their chew spit filled horn. That's enough to get me to take notice, as I do love some good Southern sleazy boogie. Unfortunately, this only gives one's ass a half shake. The songs are there as in the "Stovebolts Theme" which echoes some of Ronnie Van Zant's finer moments, but the tempos are a little dragging and vocals flat more often than I'd like. Music like this cries out to be heard live in a sticky-floored dive full of beards. Men, women, dogs…whatever. (RO)
(Blahll!)

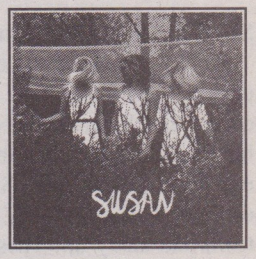
STRANGLED – "Body Bag" 12"

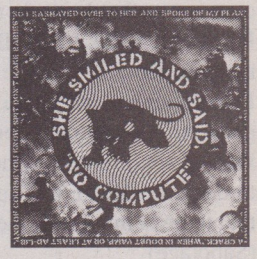
We have another Crude City gem on our hands here. This one sounds like an amalgamation of a variety of '80s UK punk jams, such as the anarcho-goth of RUBELLA BALLET mixed with some Riot City material in the way of CHAOTIC DISCHORD or VICE SQUAD with a darker, more aggressive twist. There is some grim content here, touching on the cold futility of urban existence resolved by the warm comfort you might find on the inside of a body bag. The powerful and moody tone of the vocals complements the razor sharp distortion of the guitars. The mid-tempo keeps their sound away from the modern definition of hardcore which is more than fine by me. Check out these Edmonton rippers if/when they roll through your town. (LT)
(Crude City)

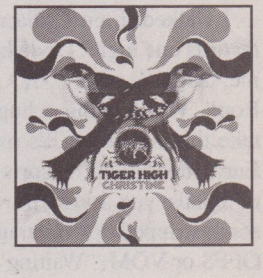
STRUNG OUT – "Transmission.Alpha.Delta" LP

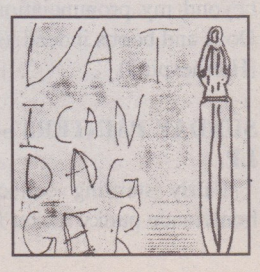
These SoCal guys have been at it since 1989, and as one of the Fat Records house bands, this is not raw and in your face music. This is tight, melodic, slick music with rock and metal chops and lots of harmonies. Before A WILHELM SCREAM and PROPAGHANDI there was these guys as far as twin guitar punk rock bands. These guys are good at what they do. When you tire of











sloppy off-key punk you can always turn here for what is more commonly known as Warped Tour punk. These guys are excellent at it. (RL)
(Fat Wreck)

STUPORHERO – "Clams?" LP

Hmm, I guess you could call this pop punk. It's super fast, super clean, and the lyrics are kind of pointless. It doesn't piss me off, like most pop punk, though. The focus seems to be on the killer, high-energy hooks, and, to be honest, I bet they drive folks apeshit when they play live. Despite this being a little more polished than my usual tastes, this is pretty tight, a healthy mix of DESCENDENTS, SUPERCHUNK, and even a dash of RADON for good measure. I think my only complaint would be that I wish the lyrics were good, because they aren't. (DZ)
(Basement Tapes)

SUICIDAS – "Los Primeros 7"s" 12"

This 12" collects the first two now out-of-print 7"s from this band based between Barcelona and Vienna and by the time you'll be holding this magazine, they'll be gracing the east coast of the United States with their presence, so find out if they are coming to your town and study up! These are tunes that demand sing-alongs. Melancholic female leads trade off with gruffer male vocals, soaring over songs that bring to mind the BRAT and ULTIMO RESORTE. Definitely the most melodic band to emerge from a very fertile Iberian punk scene, these are anthemic, in the gnawing at your core rather than lifting a glass kind of way, songs for the perpetually downtrodden. Lucky for us "Los Primeros" implies that there is more to come… (GA)
(Sabotage)

SUN BATHER – "Waiting" EP

I walked in on Lydia and Layla assigning records one night. Layla held this record up to me, laughing madly. "It's got dogs and boobs, Ron!" While being a huge fan of both, let's take this record on it's own merits. This is a Euro supergroup of sorts featuring members of bands you kids know and love playing some stripped down garage punk à la the RIP OFFS or VOM. "Waiting" is the clear winner here with the other being in a foreign tongue beyond my pronunciation skills. Good slop. Dogs and boobs indeed. (RO)
(Hjernespind)

SUNDAY PAINTERS – "In My Dreams" LP

Fairly startling collection of early '80s homemade punky racket from some way-out-there smudge on Australia's map. Collecting the band's three self-released singles, *In My Dreams* is bursting with moments of pure inspiration and marvel, the sort of things that tend to inform and infuse themselves into most classics of DIY punk of this era. Their use of electronics, primitive as they may be, is a great distinguishing characteristic for the band, making them harsher and more critical (their biting lyrics help their cause in this department as well) than many of the recognized and romantically inclined DIY punk heavies championed via reissue and blog hype in recent years. I'm going to the record store to buy my own copy right now, so consider that a ringing endorsement. (MC)
(What's Your Rupture?)

SUSAN – "Just Call It" EP

Super dreamy yet hateful all-girl power pop/garage combo from LA that have a cool (early '60s-obsessed era) BANGLES meets TY SEGALL beat… SUSAN has this certain style of heavy reverb curtain that also sorta reminds me of some of the *Babies and Bunnies*-era FRUMPIES classix in a really excellent manner. This impression is added to by the *Girls in the Garage* back-up vocals and cool lyrics that seem to center on wishing the boy would just go away and get over it. I know punks complain about the seemingly endless Burger Records induced girl-punk explosion but I have no problem with it at all if things like this EP are gonna keep slinking out of the beach towns and east side gentrification zones of LA… (LG)
(Volar)

TAPEHEAD – "The Flexi" EP

Super energetic, guitar wailin' punk outta Rochester from some members of BROWN SUGAR, RATIONAL ANIMALS, and INSUBORDINATES (the latter 2 I've never heard of). All three songs are the really tight and no frills punk of the "right now" mixed with a good serving of garage and BLUE CHEER-type guitar tone. Can't go wrong with any song but my only complaint is why does the last one fade so early? (JD)
(Reel Time)

THE TELEVISIONARIES – LP

This is an album of straight-up surf music. It's mostly instrumentals with lots of reverb. Nothing too fancy or weird, just well played tunes. I like surf music so this sounds very nice to me. Instead of including the lyrics (it is surf music after all), the liner notes are comments from the band members on the songs. It's a nice touch. (CK)
(Reel Time)

THUNDERBABIES – "Kick-Off!" CD

This is one of those hard rock-ish bands that haven't practiced enough so they play "garage rock." The tunes are basic rhythms with guitar solos and a singer that has LEMMY-esque style. Since they are from Slovenia I will give these guys the benefit of the doubt and assume it is the language barrier, but the lyrics are filled with so many clichés that they are really unappealing. (CK)
(FV Music)

TIGER HELICIDE – "Rock 'N' Roll Commandos" CD

Punk'n'roll dudes from Gasden, Alabama. I'm hearing stuff I've never had a good feeling about. Namely, the MENTORS, later-era G.G. (without the corpse stench smell of course), and a less-metalized version of NEOMORT along with bursts of generic hardcore. Really rudimentary riffs and boring song structures that I wouldn't want to go on for more than a minute. Yet they at least put some thought into the lyrics—you don't feel like you need several showers after listening like the previously mentioned bands. They cover topics like kung-fu fighting with Ginsu knifes, JOHNNY THUNDERS, and ass-kicking dinosaur riders. At least they have that going for them but I'm not gonna go out of my way to listen to this again. (JD)
(GAD! / Tiger Helicide)

TIGER HIGH – "Christine" EP

Some gauche cover artwork of psychedelic birds, tigers, and '60s paisleys on this 7". Shit is ugly. Not to say that this is necessarily a bad thing. Boring and/or offensive is way worse. Side A features "Christine," which sounds like a mundane take on BILLY IDOL with a Jagger drawl. Not as terrible as that last sentence might lead you to believe. Side B's "More" and "Shakey Legs" are more upbeat garage power-pop, with a heavy dose of the STROKES and some serious sleaze. Reminds me of some dirty bar power pop band that you find yourself fucking falling in love with after way too much whiskey. (CR)
(Trashy Creatures / Volar)

TIGER HIGH – "Inside The Acid Coven" LP

This is a really nice album of psych-ish pop. It's as if that band who was too cool for the Summer of Love got timed warped to the '90s and hung out with BLUR. The music is light and airy with a sincere vocalist who just seems like he's having a fun time. TIGER HIGH are from Memphis, but they have such a LA feel—the music is too day-at-the-beach summery for the South. (CK)
(Trashy Creatures)

TO THE POINT – "Give Me A Reason" EP

Deep Six back at it again with, what I think they do best: straightforward, no nonsense powerviolence. I feel like *Give Me A Resaon*is more along the lines of a first wave PV record, kinda like CROSSED OUT, with a heaviness that reminds me of INTENSE DEGREE. This makes sense, as I've heard Chris Dodge is at the helm of this project, which also features members of LACK OF INTEREST. The lyrical content sways towards the more conscious and thoughtful (the exception being "All of your co-workers are douchebags," which I can get behind) and I feel like the track listing (the songs are numbered 17, 3, 25, 21, 24, 15) is an existentialist argument regarding linear thought (?). Worth picking up. For fans of: Pomona, Ice-T's *Freedom of Speech*, gelato. (MW)
(Deep Six)

TRTRKMMR – "Avec La Souillure Nous Entrons Au Règne De La Terreur" LP

A record that asks more questions than it answers is never a bad thing. In this case, those questions would include: what the fuck am I listening to, and how is my head bobbing to this right now? TRTRKMMR is strangely musical compared to the mediocre messes of mixers and effects pedals that generally get billed as "power electronics" nowadays, an exploration of locked grooves and crawling, repetitive loops that veer at times towards the outer fringes of black metal, only to dissolve into a maddening frenzy of dark ambient/avant-garde/sound collage. The sheer depth of thought that went into every element of this release, from layer upon layer of vocal and (a)tonal samples to the gorgeous, heavily detailed artwork within its painstakingly crafted lyric book, is seriously inspiring, and will definitely reward listeners with the patience to take it all in. A complete success on its own highly idiosyncratic terms, this will be highly prized by those who seek true subterranean horror in their auditory lives. (WB)
(Iron Lung)

UKRYTE ZALETY SYSTEMU – CD

Captivating Polish post-punk that is experimental yet very danceable. I'm impressed with how they pull off this complex sound as a three-piece, but after some diligent investigation I've gathered that for their live sound the bass and guitar players trade off synth duties while the other is wailing. Their sound maintains a punk combativeness like the MOB, but I also hear more poppy elements of the CURE with a pinch of the synth-laden dancey stomp of SIEKIERA. The CD is nicely packaged with textured paper sleeve, geometric artwork, and all the Polish lyrics. Great stuff. (LT)
(Antena Krzyku)

VATICAN DAGGER – "Not To Be/The Mess"

Kudos to VATICAN DAGGER for foisting their hate on us this early in the year. Birthed from Louisiana shit and boasting the always-deadly GARY WRONG on guitar, VATICAN DAGGER take classic neg-vibe aggression and make it an earworm. It's great to hear punk rock this dark and ugly imbed a hook in the listener…It just makes the pop camp look like bigger idiots. The first great punk record of 2015, I'd say. (MC)
(Total Punk)

VIOLETA VIL – "Mujeres Ulaga" LP

These fierce women from Venezuela and Chile, residing in northern Spain, are cranking out some vibrant witchy-goth inspired new wave punk. The haunting keyboard driven soundscapes and Latin beat inspired jams remind me of RAKTA but if they were thriving during the heyday of *La Movida Madrileña*. In fact, they proudly bear the influence of this 1980s Spanish artistic milieu with a cover of "Vírgenes Sangrantes" by DERRIBOS ARIAS. Released by the Madrid based label that brought us some early JUANITA Y LOS FEOS records as well as the incredible ATAQUE DE CASPA reissue. Important feminist themes underlie the existential and mystical lyrics. This is a good soundtrack for parting cobwebs as you romp through the forgotten corner of a remote forest. Creatively solid. (LT)
(Gramaciones Grabofónicas)

VIOLENT PARTY – "Ex Libris" EP

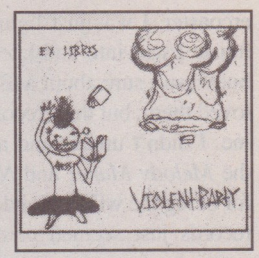
Perfect bouncy 1-2, 1-2 noise-punk. A wonderful swirl of modulated madness in the guitar. I wish this had lyrics included cause you're not figuring out shit from the blown out vocals here. The song titles suggest something for bibliophiles: "Autodidacticism" and "Theoretical Propositions," bookended by "Useless Fuckers" and the title track, while the cover shows a crudely drawn punker tossing books on a pyre. There is not too much more to say about this release, but for what it is I think it's great. VIOLENT PARTY continues to put out solid records that don't bother with reinventing the wheel because CONFUSE and GAI already made, like, *the best wheel* 30+ years ago. (SZ)
(Imminent Destruction)

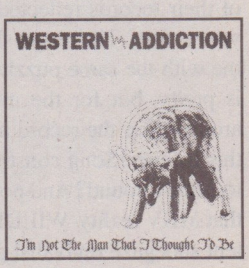
WESTERN ADDICTION – "I'm Not the Man That I Thought I'd Be" EP

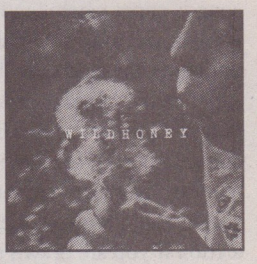
A sort of a change from WESTERN ADDICTION's usual driving hardcore on the title track. This comes like, I dunno, FUGAZI and AC/DC mixed with KYLESA?!? Well, it sounds better than that description, I assure you. Plus, Dana Santhai (via local metallers, SERPENT CROWN) sounds really good in her guest vocal spot. The other two tracks are more typical but a bit more favorable, modern-styled hardcore with a lotta bass underneath and even more dual vocals. Overall, above-par songs from a band I otherwise didn't know too much about. (Jeez, I just realized I made a golf reference which reminds me of the time when Fat Mike was on the cover of the "alternative golf" magazine *Schwing!* Barf. But hey, *at least* he's putting more energy into putting out a decent record like this 'un) (JD)
(Fat Wreck)

WILDHONEY – "Like Me" EP

When I was a teenager I went to see MY BLOODY VALENTINE play with the JESUS AND MARY CHAIN as part of this Creation records tour called Roll-







ercoaster. I was just figuring out what sort of music I was into and knew I loved the JAMC but wasn't sure about MBV yet. My friends all loved them, but their records seemed wimpy to me. I didn't understand all the hyperbole that the *Melody Maker* and *NME* heaped on them for being the wildest/loudest band ever, as their records just seemed *pretty* to me. Live they were a total assault—it was so loud people were in pain and leaving the room, but again, none of their records reflected that insane attack on your senses. The recent shoegaze revival leaves me with the same puzzled feelings. The music is pretty, but for the most part doesn't stick around after the record has come to an end for this listener. Song construction is lost in trying to catch a sound? And none of it comes close to that MBV reality. WILDHONEY is a hazy/violent shoegaze revivalist group from Baltimore. They are definitely on the wilder end of the spectrum, and I bet they rule live. The standout song is super catchy and tough/cool, and has a woman sneering something I can't quite make out along the lines of: "I hang around / Being super stupid" over aggressive waves of guitars. I can definitely see this being a mixtape staple this summer… Not sure if this record is enough to shift my stance on shoegaze but it's pretty/tough, and a worthwhile addition to your collection if you are drawn to this idea… (LG)
(Nostalgium Directive)

XETAS – "The Redeemer" LP

The first thing that grabs me about this LP is that this band is playing big-sounding melodic riffs with the intensity of hardcore rather than your typical pop punk, which is always a plus in my book. The first band that comes to mind is TENEMENT…maybe not as a direct comparison but I feel like these two groups are approaching melodic music from similar starting points: intensity, aggression and melody while taking strides to avoid well-worn clichés. Almost every song on here is immediately catchy and makes an effort to lodge itself deeply into your brain. The last song, "The Deep," is a total fucking beast that thrives on a mutating heavy riff and is worth the price of admission on its own. So good! (GH)
(12XU)

V/A – "Columbus Blood" LP

Why the fuck would anyone put Christopher Columbus on the cover of a compilation LP without commentary? Dude is a racist and a lying idiot. Sure, your comp is documenting Columbus, OH, but why not have a picture of something that represents your actual town… like a photo of all of the bands hanging out at Buckeye Doughnuts at 2:00 a.m. or buying records at Used Kids? Getting to the music, I can describe this with a blanket term of "soulless." Each band appears to be competent at stringing chords together and presenting a cohesive song to the listener, but each fails at making a lasting impact. An argument could be made for COMRADE QUESTION'S pop number "Quitter," but the song feels like it's never gonna end. Styles represented are variations of bar rock, garage rock, power pop and Americana-type bullshit. In addition to the tepid rock contained within these grooves, there's no insert and no information about *any* of the bands. Punishing. (GH)
(Break-Up)

V/A – "Four Words Is Enough for the Idiots" CD

It's a fairly common sentiment, but one that bears repeating: Japanese hardcore aficionados who aren't buying CDs are missing out. Compared to most scenes that skew towards vinyl and cassette (or digital download) as the format of choice, the Japanese punks are still putting out absolutely crucial shit on CD only and this compilation is no exception. In the '90s, BY-PASS would probably have been labeled "bandana thrash," 100% high energy beer-fueled hardcore punk that is extremely circle pit friendly. DIMWIT aren't far from BY-PASS stylistically, though they have an engagingly rough recording and a touch more melody in the mix, supported by standout drumming. Seriously, this drummer is the shit, totally fast with no cheat-beats and throwing in crazy fills without overshadowing the rest of the band. This is great! LOWCARD DE LA MORTE (aka LOW CARD on earlier releases) carry a Spaghetti Western theme throughout their tracks, from the brilliant art to the song titles to the occasional cow-punk touches. The meat of their material is tough, fast hardcore with Spanish vocals and tasteful blastbeats. This is the stuff that people will either hate or love; I happen to love it. Extra credit to the entire CD for the cool graphic treatment that joins a classic deco font with ultra-modern digital design. (AU)
(Hardcore Kitchen)

V/A – "Quadrature Du Carré" EP

An EP with four French bands commemorating a show they did together in November 2014. It was the last show ever for the first band on this EP, ANTEENAGERS MC. Their song is called "Message Promotionnel (Pour Les Radios)." It is, as it says, an ad for the show read over a garage tune. PIERRE ET BASTIEN blast out a catchy, post-punkish song. SUBTLE TURNIPS play a garage-y one with flat vocals that remind me of SUPERCHARGER. BOSOM DIVINE closes it with a jangly DAVID BOWIE-ish inspired one. This is a cool EP, though I would have preferred an actual ANTEENAGERS MC song. I also wish I was at the show. (CK)
(SDZ)

V/A – "The Wheel" EP

This is the first in a series of 7-inch compilations of Baltimore bands. While they are only meant to be Baltimore centric, this one also happens to be all female-fronted bands, which is cool. There are four bands and they are all pretty heavy in different ways. Side A features WET BRAIN who sound like BIKINI KILL with BLACK SABBATH breakdowns, and CURSE, featuring Jane formally of ABIKU playing a droned-out, throbbing electronic number, driven along by heavy metal drums. Side B starts out with the stuttered out hardcore of HIVE BENT and ends with BIG MOUTH, who have managed to find a cool crossroads between L7 and the SLITS. All of the bands were recorded by the same guy, and while the cohesiveness, like that thread of similarity, can be weird, every band suddenly sounds like they have the same drummer somehow. Overall I'm interested to see how this concept progresses. (MM)
(Girl Problem)

V/A – "Windian Records Subscription Series #3" 6 x 7" boxset

Well, here's the 2015 installment of this label's singles subscription series, all collected in a handsome, sturdy and completely boxy singles box. Let's address the contents in order, shall we? SEEERS offer up buzz-pop that feels like a spacier alternative to their better-known sonic cousins from Denton, TX. DD OWEN trades some of SICK THOUGHTS' punk fury for some newfound punk brains, resulting in this lad's catchiest and most adventurous recording to date. PLATINUM BOYS deliver some glam-indebted pop that I wish had more punch and less sugar. CHURCH BATS offer a schizo take on modern garage punk: one burner, one lurcher, neither a classic but neither a dud. I found WAR PARTY's novelty doo-wop party-punk horseshit the box's most grating and worthless installment, but children new to this rock'n'roll thing will probably cum all over it. Lastly, JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN III brings things home with a full-band recording that's drunken, dreamy and off-kilter in a totally endearing way. I'd prefer the opportunity to visit these singles individually rather than jammed together as a label-showcase type of affair. 250 of you will have to swallow this whole, but the winners can cherry-pick and bask in the unencumbered glow of freedom. (MC)
(Windian)

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Blahll!: Blahllrecs.com
Blindead Productions: blindeadproductions.com
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Brassneck: brassneckrecords.bigcartel.com
Braxeling: braxelingrecords1.bandcamp.com
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Girl Problem: girlproblemrecords.bandcamp.com
Girth: girthrecords.com
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Imminent Destruction: imminentdestruction.blogspot.co.uk
Insane Society: insanesociety.net
Iron Lung: PO Box 95521, Seattle, WA 98145, lifeironlungdeath.blogspot.com,
Jerkoff: jerkoffrecords.com
Johnny Park Avenue: jpar.blogspot.com, piparnakkeli.kamakarhu@gmail.com
Kiss the Void: jchamandy@hotmail.com
Last Laugh: 313 President St #2, Brooklyn, NY 11231, lastlaughrecords.us
La Vida Es Un Mus: 2 Cazenove Rd., N16 6BD, London, UNITED KINGDOM, lavidaesunmus.com
Les Nains Aussi: lustucrust.org
Little T&A: littletandarecords.bigcartel.com
Magnetic South: magneticsouthrecordings.com
Manta Ray: mantarayrecords.com
Mass Media: PO Box 2692, Costa Mesa, CA 92626, massmediadistro.com
Modern Action: PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476, modernactionrecords.com
The Morons: themorons.bandcamp.com
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No Light Music: saintsof35thstreet.com
No Patience: nopatience.org
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Ripper: pudorcronica.bandcamp.com
Ruin Nation: ruinnationhq.blogspot.de
Sabotage: info@sabotagerecords.net
SDZ: sdzrecords.free.fr
Self Destructo: selfdestructorecords.com
The Shangri Blahs: theshangri-blahs.bandcamp.com
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Snot Releases: snotreleases.com
SPHC: sphc.bigcartel.com
Stale Heat: staleheat.bigcartel.com
That's Cool: thatscoolrecords.bandcamp.com
Thought Crime: Elbestr. 16, 12045 Berlin, GERMANY
Thrillhouse: PO Box 460207, San Francisco, CA 94146, thrillhouserecords.com
Tiger Helicide/GAD!: PO Box 394, Gasden, AL 35902, tigerhelicide.bandcamp.com
Total Punk: floridasdying.com
Trashy Creatures: trashycreatures.com
Under Dogz: 103 Linton Road, Wakefield, West Yorkshire WF14HT, UNITED KINGDOM, underdogzrecords.co.uk
Volar: volarrecords.bandcamp.com
What's Your Rupture?: whatsyourrupture.bigcartel.com
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DEMOS

Send cassettes and CD-Rs to: MRR Attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide contact information and a post-paid price! Please note, anything other than vinyl or CD will be reviewed in this section. CD-Rs with no artwork will not be considered. Reviews by Matt Badenhop, Heather Blotto, Robert Collins, Greg Harvester, Mike Leslie, Sean Nieves-Quiñones, and Jason Ryan.

100 AND ZERO – I'm happy to review this caffeine-core punk rock bulldozer from Beacon, NY. I'm from Peekskill, which is only a few towns down the Hudson River. I love Beacon, and I love Brothers Pizza, but I digress. Various tempo changes, jazz licks, and aggressive vocal deliveries pack a solid punch on this tape. Definitely rotting'n'rolling swagger going on and the one-word song titles add to their extra no-fucks-given grit. I'm guessing 100 AND ZERO are some ex-hardcore dudes around my age still spitting fire and feeling the pain, so therefore bringing the pain with experience and without compromise. Each instrument is addressing their individual needs as the whole band creates a memorable relationship that complements each other. Great tape all around and I hope to hear more. (Jason) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, reverbnation.com/100andzero)

ACRYLICS – *Fuck Freek!* – Weird writhing scenes from the laboratory. ACRYLICS have a bizarre circus caravan sound that is truly inspired. Parts angsty nut-boy of a high school halls, parts party, parts spirit of the '80s hardcore scene. This is very spazzy, and I am somewhat uncomfortable, which leads me to believe I am getting old. Tinny musicbox guitar bridges, heartbreaking big beat drum pounding, screechy funk and punk vocals. Nothing here is conventional in structure, creating a wide array of flavors for your earholes. This tape is clowning me, with influences ranging from dream pop, punk, metal, surf and '60s dance grooves. Need I saw more? For the fucking Fuck Freeqqz. (Jason) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, acrylics.bandcamp.com)

BASTARD SHADOW – Neurotic freakout goth/synth punk with killer sounding keys on a few tracks and drug-induced (inducing?) psych weirdness on the whole damn recording. Just fukkn weirdness throughout…you'll go from an acoustic missive to plodding garage/psych to pure oppressive synths and then back again…equal parts JAY REATARD, Peter Murphy, and CHROME. Apparently Atlanta is out there. (Robert) (8-song CD-R, lyrics not included, bastardshadow.bandcamp.com)

BUFF TANNEN – This is a cassingle! The cover is a handsome blue color, with a nice drawing of sunglasses featuring various symbols on the lenses (Mickey Mouse, the ROLLING STONES symbol, and the broken cross, or peace sign). It's just a simple paper sleeve. Tape opens on the track "Fade to Fuzz," that starts with a guitar being strummed with a church bell or maybe a big pot. This intro goes on for so long, I was unsure if it was an intro! Figured they were some sort of drone group, but drums and bass kick in a slow trudging manner. Vocals are echoey and haunting, and I can barely make out a word. The other side, "Rude Awakening," opens with guitar and some spoken word rant, and then kicks in in a similar trudging manner to the first side. (Mike) (2-song cassingle, lyrics not included, no info)

CHAPPA'AI/UNADULTERATEDPARASITES – *split* – Arguably senseless no fidelity noise/grind from Hungary's CHAPPA'AI, including a twenty-second reggae interlude that precedes an intriguing wall of grind that comes from a sound…while the drums just do weird shit. It's a trip, and not at all uninteresting. Malaysia's UNADULTERATED PARASITES are way more traditional and no less brutal. Four tracks of crushing, screaming, churning grind. If you are still reading these words, then you should get on this…excellent work from both acts. (Robert) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, cxaxnoise.blogspot.com, unadulteratedparasites.bandcamp.com)

COMPOSITE – Like the fresh offspring of a coral reef, COMPOSITE is a new Bay Area band that budded off of Midwestern post-punks AUTONOMY during Ray Suburbia's brief stint on the West Coast. Don't be surprised then that it also draws on that same '80s post-punk / new wave sound; there's chorus on *everything* on this motherfucker. Flange? You got it. Call me a fucking poseur (*fucking poseur*!), but I really dig how "(On The) Desperate Edge of Now" sounds like MODERN ENGLISH, or *Second Empire Justice*, that one BLITZ record that skinheads don't like. There are some moments that draw on a harder-edged hardcore or anarcho-punk sound, but COMPOSITE really shines in their more melodic moments. Doubled vocal harmonies soar on those tracks, and are a huge highlight of production. I also have to give Heather Blotto a hats-off (this didn't start as a pun, but here we are, I guess) for some nicely placed hi-hat accents that are the (not-so?) secret sauce for me liking post-punk. (Sean) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, compositeoakland@gmail.com)

CRYING 4 KAFKA – This is a weird one. It's a band put together by Paul Abramson, a professor of psychology at UCLA. The songs detail stories of how he was an "expert witness" in a federal obscenity litigation for the US' largest adult video company. It sorta reminds me of slam poetry over something between a '90s-era CRUCIFUCKS and MEAT PUPPETS. I love the aforementioned bands, but this is so, so terrible. (Greg) (10-song CD, no lyrics included, abramson@psych.ucla.edu)

ГРУППА ЖЕНСКОГО АЙКИДО – *Космос немного* – The opening track is an upbeat new wave-inspired track with fluttering keyboards and a pleasing, uplifting chorus. Track two is slow, meandering, and boring. The next one is a discordant post-punk attack at a frantic pace. The unpredictability continues, but stays mostly within the confines of post-punk and dreamy pop, all sung in Russian. The dreamy quality is enhanced by heavily reverbed guitars and vocals that float long and high over a solid rhythm section. At their best moments they remind me of Macedonian greats BERNAYS PROPAGANDA, but mostly this just sounds like indie pop. (Matt) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, siyanie.bandcamp.com)

CUMSTAIN / POOKIE AND THE POODLEZ – *Round 2* – Lez start off with CUMSTAIN…raw and loose garage rock from these Oakland fools. I'm guessing that this is the kind of shit that people from Burger Records like to jizz their jeans over and I can't blame 'em. I like that the three songs on here are over before they even feel like they started. It leaves you wanting more and I want more. Great rock'n'roll! POOKIE AND THE POODLEZ follow up on their excellent 12" with more brief and fun garage rock. I can't help but draw some comparisons to HUNX, but this is *way more* lo-fi (recorded on a Walkman from the thrift store). On this tape, POOKIE mostly plays solo, doing some vaguely somber shit that sounds just about perfect on this balmy afternoon. Excellent split tape. CUMSTAIN also sent in a floppy disk for review, as if anyone has the technology to play that shit. (Greg) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, cumstain.bandcamp.com)

DETROIT 442 – The first track is a soundtrack for a legitimately mutated life—a simple, plodding, dark punk beat with sneering, snarling vocals and weird guitar leads (think CIRIL or CRUCIFUCKS). Then there's a New York '79 punk sounding banger called "Ted Nugent Sucks Dog Cock" that I can totally get behind….and they finish shit off with a sub minute Neanderthal hardcore number with more deranged vocals. I'm guessing that their vision, when fully realized, will be less interesting than my three song introduction, but this shit is fukkn cool. (Robert) (3-song CD-R, lyrics not included, detroit442.com)

THE DOLTS – *NADINE* – The cover of *NADINE* has a snarling, smiling man on it that kind of looks like professional skateboarder Frank Gerwer to me. The other interesting part about it is above the credits, inside the J-card is something written very small, and incredibly crossed out! I keep trying to figure out what it says, but it appears like it's a dark pen scribble that has been scribbled over! The tape opens with bluesy guitar noodling and bangs right into some heavily distorted hardcore. The song "Ivy League Handjob" stands out the most and may feature a separate vocalist, or is just sung in a higher register? This is humorous hardcore, with

the occasional heavy metal guitar flourish. (Mike) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, phillydolts@gmail.com)

THE DOOMED – Post-hardcore with a solid bassline reminiscent of UK anarcho bands. Derivative guitars, predictable vocals and tight drumming, which also becomes quite derivative with the extended breakdowns. Things get altogether bar rock halfway through the second song, but the DOOMED enjoy what they're doing so that's important. Again, I do like the muffled pulse of the bass guitar; this really carries the DOOMED along with the drums. Rhythm section on this tape is strong. The lyrical themes are about road trips, drinking, small town America, contemplative moments, and family abandonment. It's like SUICIDAL TENDENCES meets STEELY DAN. If that is what it means to be doomed, sign me up. (Jason) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, facebook.com/thedoomed, wearethedoomed@gmail.com)

FORCED CONTROL – Forceful and distant hardcore. The tracks are killer, and the mysterious affected vocals might add to the intrigue while detracting from the overall impact. That's a relatively minor aural observation though, as these tracks fukkn smoke and the delivery is boss. Into it. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, cedarcowart.storenvy.com)

FU MARY LOU – *MI BOUNCY! The Live Superdrum Sessions* – FU MARY LOU play power pop/rock, and seem like they're really into LA punk from the late '70s. Songs range from looking for some NSA sex on the weekend to comparing boobs to needing someone to eat you out ASAP to *not giving a fuck* about eating ice cream. It's LA as hell! It's kinda like Regina George's mom started a band. (Sean) (7-song CD, lyrics not included, fumarylou.la)

GANG NAILS – *Its Ok To Be Sad* – These LA dudes are bringing back the early 2000s! It's cool guys, I am too! But never have I ever released a 3" CD-R, so this round goes to you. With a sound that's somewhere between LIGHTNING BOLT and DEATH FROM ABOVE 1979, GANG NAILS pairs trebly, distorted and sometimes pitch-shifted, snakey basslines with powerful, skittering drums full of time changes. The dual vocals from both members can lilt playfully on top of the tunes, or cut desperately across like a knife. This is sassy prog punk that wouldn't have sounded out of place on GSL or Troubleman Unlimited. (Sean) (6-song 3-inch CD-R, lyrics not included, gangnailz.bandcamp.com, gangnailz@gmail.com)

GAST – Dark punk from Houston, TX that is grittier and noisier than some of the more recently popular bands of this genre. The style and energy level of the songs are consistent throughout the tape, creating a cohesive sound—something that doesn't always come easily, especially to new bands. The vocals sound, like the singer, is desperately trying to escape some unspeakable horror inside a deep, dark cave. Dissonant but catchy chorus-distorted guitar leads drive the songs forward alongside darkwave-appropriate and very danceable disco beats. The bass is subtle and heavy. On huge speakers it would be shaking the whole haunted house. The lyrics explore similarly anguished themes, with some of the songs sung in English and some in Spanish. There is an unmistakable influence from the archetypal dark punk band CHRISTIAN DEATH, but with new and noisier elements added in to the mix. If you liked CEMETERY and MORAL HEX, definitely check this out! (Heather) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, jkparmer89@gmail.com)

G.L.O.S.S. – For a brief moment, let's forget all of our recent history and act like G.L.O.S.S. wasn't one of the most internet-hyped bands in the world (at least in our punk bubble) from the last few months. We live in a time where a band can be praised by everyone you know and then practically forgotten two weeks later, so it's up to the band to write the songs that will still destroy you, still make you forget about coffee in the morning, and still challenge your assumptions long after the hype machine has moved on to the next station. At its core, G.L.O.S.S. (Girls Living Outside Society's Shit) is a hardcore band; a furious, totally aggressive, take-no-shit, raging, screaming-their-vocal-cords-to-shreds, "fuck you" hardcore band. When I first heard them, I thought "Yeah, it's pretty good hardcore shit," but then it grew on me and I realized it's *really fucking good.* The first couple songs rage right out of the gate, giving me that feeling from when I first heard LIMP WRIST and remembered that punk can still sound dangerous. By the time they hit the mid-tempo indignation of "Outcast Stomp" I was fully on board. There are a lot of bands out there now who are hanging on this vibe of "we're mutants" or "we're really fucking weird," but at the end of the day, they're primarily just white cis-dudes like me who can walk down the street unencumbered by *society's shit.* G.L.O.S.S. is singing about real shit, about feeling like real-ass mutants and freaks in a world that wants them dead! I was confused when the coords asked me to write this review because this music isn't written for me. It's written for queers, women, trans-people, genderqueers, real-ass freaks, and their allies (I mean, that's me, but still...you get the point). It's written to destroy and when the hype dies down, I'm looking forward to what they have in store for the future…since they're from the future. "'Tranny, Shemale, Faggot, Whore' but I'm a flawless bitch and you're a fucking bore!" (Greg) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, notnormaltapes.storeenvy.com. girlslivingoutsidesocietysshit.bandcamp.com)

GLUERASH – A new band from Scotland who seem to *stick* to glue-related lyrical themes. I was surprised to be reminded of LOGICAL NONSENSE at first, especially in the vocal delivery and fast fluid drumming. The general influence seems to be more USHC than UK82. This doesn't come off as goofy as I expected, despite the probability that the lyrics are ridiculous. No memorable choruses or anything, but really solid stuff. (Matt) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, gluerash.bandcamp.com)

GRIN AND BEAR IT / HANG TEN – *split* – Speaking of dank Philly basements on a weekday night way too late, I first saw Ohio's GRIN AND BEAR IT in exactly that setting a couple of years ago. They play hard-hitting grind-violence the way it should be—with blazing fast blasting, churning mosh parts, heavy sludge, feedback and anti-authoritarian vocal samples. Certain moments recall bits of CHARLES BRONSON, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES and PLUTOCRACY, but I'm sure these guys would point to some genre-obvious bands I've never heard of as more accurate influences. Great multitracked feedback solo over agit-heavy bass and drums for their closing track. *Short! To the point*! HANG TEN's side is more straightforward to me, even though it employs similar tropes as the previous side. It's definitely more metal influenced and has 100% more pitch-shifted PULP FICTION samples. And 100% more (one) NOFX covers. (Sean) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, grinandbearithc.blogspot.com / hangten.bandcamp.com)

HEARTLESS FOLK – *It Gets Worse* – Clean, politically charged pop punk from filthy Berkeley, CA. It's good in the way *Les Miserables* is good. I've got to hand it to these HEARTLESS FOLK, they've got a lot of fucking heart. Fifteen-year-old *"Sleep long, Sleep well"* me would have loved the optimism this CD sings out like the song of the turtledove. That is certainly not to say HEARTLESS FOLK is peace-loving hippie garbage from Berkeley, CA. They are sharp, edgy, fierce pop punkers from Berkeley, CA. If you want to tell your friends about some solid pop punk they've never heard of, seek out this CD. It could be worse. *It Gets Worse*. (Jason) (10-song CD, lyrics included, heartlessfolk.bandcamp.com)

ИЮЛЬСКИЕ ДНИ – *Канатоходец* – A solid new wave release from Nizhny Novgorod, Russia. Mostly vocal and keyboard driven with a consistent dance-sizzle drumbeat, bringing to mind some early 4AD stuff like MODERN ENGLISH, but not particularly dark. The compositions are good, but sometimes drag on a bit too long. I guess it doesn't matter when you're busy gettin' your groove on though. (Matt) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, siyanie.bandcamp.com)

JINX – *Inner Turmoil* – Alt rock from Moscow reminiscent of the '90s. I already had to live though them once. I could see this crossing over into early emo or Fat Wreck territory, but just a tiny bit. Well-played, sung in English, but incredibly boring and the vocals sound horrendously auto-tuned. (Matt) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, siyanie.bandcamp.com)

KRIGSSYSTEMET – *Who's Next To Be The Fucking Government?* – Raw, bombastic D-beat mania from Malaysia, KRIGSSYSTEMET take the erratic, tuneless ramshackle approach and make it sound huge. Guitars seem like one string is out just enough to put a crook in your neck as you listen, drums lurch and ramble while never releasing their hold on all out intensity…and the vocals are textbook primal D-beat—when Medium yells *"ONLY A FOOL!"* during the chorus of "Fool Life," you are raging my little punk friends. You are fukkn raging. *We are not your dumb ass // I am not your dumb ass // Am I your "punk?"* (Robert) (6-track cassette, lyrics included, krigssystemet.bandcamp.com)

THE LADIES – *Blow Your Mind* – This sounds so much like mid-era DWARVES, with a singer who even sounds a lot like Blag, with songs that touch on similar juvenile male humor. The arrangements are somewhere between garage-y pop and '80s US hardcore. The tape cover has a dancing brain with sunglasses and an erect orange penis connected by an accordion or three plates. *Blow Your Mind* is written in what can only be described as jizm, it

features a standard band in black leather in front of a brick wall photo. This release is a discography of all the band's vinyl output released posthumously. (Mike) (18-song cassette, lyrics not included, gravemistakerecords.com)

LAIKA'S ORBIT – Power pop from New England that has all of the trappings of power pop…like 100% by the numbers, bowling right down the middle, no coloring outside of the lines power pop. Check this out: it's really good too. Clean, jangly guitars, smooth ass vocals, lyrics about relationships, tight hooks, etc…Sometimes, you don't need people to push against all the boundaries…you just need them to write upbeat songs that will make you forget that we're all gonna die alone on this godforsaken rock in a remote outpost of space. (Greg) (5-song cassette, no lyrics included, laikasorbit.bandcamp.com)

LOVE MOON – Self-described as "psychedelic sludge," but with a very non-sludgy intro track. I hear heavy rock, plenty of it up-tempo, with a pop-sensibility that indicates they can craft good tunes. The drumming is pretty creative and unpredictable at times, and the riffs are memorable. Apparently LOVE MOON was formed from members of MALE BONDAGE after moving to Oakland from Indianapolis. Like a poppier BIG BUSINESS? Thankfully this doesn't remind me of beards and flannel as much as I thought it would. (Matt) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, headdressrecords.bandcamp.com)

MALOSO – *Discography* – Some bands don't need a high volume of output to make an impression. The first thing I noticed about this record (besides the genuinely-not-at-all-an-insult, super screamo-looking bear etching on the cover, which I am hella into) was that this discography is only six songs long. DC's MALOSO manage to make their statement of intent in less than fifteen minutes, peppering NAUSEA-like crust songs with those mosh grooves that we love so much. Pair that with super pissed vocals that scrape the paint from the walls, and lyrics about trying to survive outside of the straight / white / male paradigm, and you're on your way. Track three, "Just A Memory," has a really good junkyard noise guitar solo. (Sean) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, malosodc@gmail.com, PO Box 56244, Washington, DC 20040)

MARGEN ZERO – *Degeneración* – It might be bad and North American of me to find this band instantly engaging because of the mysterious hooks that my non-Spanish-speaking ass hears in the vocals…but honesty is key in this whole game, and I find myself yearning to sing along to what are essentially four slick ass modern melodic hardcore songs. Think about *Less Talk, More Rock* era PROPAGANDHI and make it a little faster…the tracks and the delivery are superb—check out the weird timing at the end of the title tracks and then the burner "Fin De La Doctrina" that follows if you doubt me. I'll take whatever the kids call "melodic punk" any damn day if it's this damn good. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, margenzero.bandcamp.com)

MENTALLY AXED – *Desperate Living* – Light speed Scandicrust / D-beat from a two-man studio project. Consider the lyrics to "Scank Tramp Walk" [sic] to be questionable (though maybe lost in a language shift), and consider the sounds on this entire demo to be raging as fukk. Gruff, hollow vocals atop a thunderous mountain of riffs. I will listen to this a great many more times. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, mentallyaxed@gmail.com)

NAZOILIVYE BLIZNECY – *Svyashennaya Govadina* – Oh my, what a racket. Improv-jazz / punk / hardcore / noise with drums, guitar, squealy sax, and lots of screaming. It's like an hour long. Do people really casually listen to stuff like this? (Matt) (15-song cassette, lyrics not included, spinarec.net)

NEGATIVE RAGE – Absolute chaos. Two tracks of completely inept and marginally listenable shit-fi punk from the depths of Nova Scotia, NEGATIVE RAGE concentrate on execution instead of precision and they absolutely annihilate the two poor tracks on this cassingle. "I'm Controlled, You're Controlled" is the sound of dementia, and the other track is a TINA, AGE 13 cover (which will confuse anyone familiar with that '90s SF act) that sounds more like FLIPPER than anything those SF miscreants ever recorded. Why…why does this band just tease me with two songs? Twisted and uncomfortable sounds. Sold. (Robert) (2-song cassette, lyrics not included, cody_cross@hotmail.com, craftsingles.bandcamp.com)

NOVEL – *Discrete Noise* – It looks like three guys who grew up in the '80s got together to jam on some dreamy spy-TV surf-shoegaze. Amiright? This is a great tape. Easy-going, lounge versions of MINUTEMEN with the eccentricity of DEVO. Last year, I reviewed a tape by GUNK that I enjoyed very much, which was in the vain of NOVEL. NOVEL also has a lot of weird grooves from the '60 psyche and mod scene. Sort of ULTIMATE SPINACH, PROCOL HARUM or *Nuggets* worthy. Victoria, BC you've got a unique handful of dudes making jangly music over there. This is perfect for a trippy sunset and a chill pill. Their music is addictive too. Recommending you get one, because there are only 50, and they are hand pressed to look like an old Maxell cassette. Cool. (Jason) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, experienceshake.com/store)

NOWHERE MEN – Raw, hardcore, catchy, pissed, punk. That's pretty much all you need, right? That's what I thought. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, PO Box 60458, Washington DC, 20039 rssantucci@gmail.com)

OIL BOOM – *Red Metal* – Indie rock that sounds like that song you might hear on the radio and think "damn, that song is actually kinda good." A few tracks are actual jammers ("Scumcusker" and the flange driven "Mid-Range Jumper") and most of the disc is solid, if a bit slick, rock'n'roll (or, if you read the titles closely, "Röcknröül"). (Robert) (9-song CD-R, lyrics not included, oilboomband.com)

PATSY – Nervous, on-the-edge-of-moronic, anxious punk from New Orleans that is busting apart at the seams. Sounds like it was recorded in a hole in the ground. I mean that in a positive way. There's no real way to explain this, besides it's simple, suuuuper-catchy and raw punk that you most definitely need in your life, produced by members of MYSTIC INANE, DISPLEASURE and SWAMPASS. Good enough? Yeah, you should be sending off your cash now. (Greg) (7?-song cassette, lyrics not included, 1431 Lesseps St., New Orleans, LA 70117)

PEDRO SAYS HI – *The Creep-Over* – This tape is a relic of a punk band from the south that formed to breathe new life into a solo project by a fellow named Crab Jackson. The band was active about eight years ago, and this is a basement four-track recording from 2011. At first it's basic raw mid-tempo punk with a little southern pop punk backbone, but the unique, deranged vocal quality and guitar melodies transform it into something else. DEAD MOON comes to mind for sure, though this is more exploratory and bizarre lyrically. Example: "cat torso coming alive behind the dumpster." True punk is born far away from the trends, y'all. I'm always glad to see stuff like this getting documented. (Matt) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, letspretendrecords.com)

PISSING MATCH – It's like these monkeys are on a PUSRAD kick—a barrage of sub 60-second blasts of crucial riffing and start/stop hardcore. Few tapes have compelled me to reach for the rewind button as quickly as this one. Track of the month: "Inflated Balloons," in case you were wondering. Dear punks: more bands like this please. (Robert) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, More Power Tapes, PO Box 467, Buffalo, NY 14226, morepowertapes@gmail.com, pissingmatchpunx@gmail.com)

SEX SNOBS – *Ugly* – Three offerings of atypical rhythms, bass-heavy rock riffs, and weird guitar noise parts. This sounds more like RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE than punk to me. The vocals are buried so deep in the mix I can't even hardly tell you what they sound like. Snoozer. (Matt) (3-song cassette, no lyrics, sexsnobs.bandcamp.com)

SICK SAD WORLD – *Fate Unknown* – I had heard this name here and there for a while, but never had the chance to see or hear their recordings. However, it's clear from just the first few notes of this record, that this is a band to be paid attention. First bass, and then guitar, teases the intro of "Life Inside" only to give way to the sharpest/meanest saxophone stabs you've ever heard, opening headlong into anarcho hardcore fury. The guitar and saxophone frequently harmonize or double each other, and then pull apart in different directions. The record bounces to about nine different places, from HC punk to heavy metal, to ska (!) to places beyond and unknown, but never loses focus. Its production and songwriting sound unhinged and raw, but only in ways that highlight the incredible power and meaning that SICK SAD WORLD must obviously bring live. I can't imagine the whole room *not* going apeshit every time these fools played. The lyrics tell of desperate survival under and against the kind of existence their band name proclaims. Kinda reminds me of SPITBOY in more than a couple places. Oh, and they cover one of my favorite FUGAZI songs, "Shut The Door," as a closer. I feel as if I'm forever finding out about incredible bands that speak to me on musical and spiritual levels just always a moment too late. Unfortunately, this Chicago powerhouse gifts us with their final release, as band member Jason Hammond is locked up for the next three years after participating in direct action against a group of white supremacists in 2012. *[Ed. note: Jason's twin brother Jeremy is also serving time and contributed*

a column to this issue—check it out and send both of them mail!] (Sean) (9-song CD, lyrics included, freejasonhammond.blogspot.com, sicksadworldchi.bandcamp.com, sicksadworldchicago@gmail.com, 2811 S. Archer Ave Chicago, IL 60608)

SLENDER LORIS – *World Tour* – This guy opens up with a ripper track that takes hardcore punk and peppers in subtle time changes, melodic ghost vocals, unhinged screaming and creative guitar work together for a wild mixed up concoction. They keep you guessing and disoriented in the best way. It's the tape's standout track to me, as the songs give way to more post-hardcore/'90s math rock sound. That's not a bad thing; I love '90s math rock and post-hardcore. The music is deft, well played, and well thought out. Its weakness, however, lies in its epic length. The songs are good, but they just dragged out one after another and felt a million years long. (Sean) (17-song cassette, lyrics not included, download code included, slenderloris.bandcamp.com)

SLOPPY KISSES – Eight songs on this full-length cassette release. Most of the songs are mid-tempo punk without too many bells or whistles, clearly sung female vocals and clean-ish guitar and bass tones. Some of the more melodic songs, like "Wasted Mind," sound refreshingly unfazed by four decades of punk canon, and remind me of early UK bands that were inventing punk before it had already been beaten into the ground. The faster, angrier parts sound like a slightly less aggressive NAKED AGGRESSION, and the slower melodic parts channel the AVENGERS. The lyrics are thoughtful and sometimes political, sometimes tougher than the music itself sounds. The mix emphasizes the vocals and keeps the drums in the background, making me suspect this band might sound a lot more punchy and aggressive live. At the very least, the singer's threat, that she will kick you in the face, is probably more convincing live. (Heather) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, sloppykissespdx@gmail.com)

SOCIETY PROBLEM – *Self Offense* – We got some weird ass drum machine punk here, Philadelphia's SOCIETY PROBLEM seem to be more adept at making the shit weird than making it palatable…which is a good thing. Erratic riffing, a barrage of twe(a)rked vocals coming from different mouths, and that primal backbeat that comes across like seismic orgasm analysis erupting all over your speakers. In other words, this shit is a complete fukkn mess. Standout tracks include "Boner For Power (pt. 2)" and "Dog Biscuit Bakery," and both belie their content with their ridiculous titles. *Self Offense* was released in 2011 according to the internet—and is far more advanced than the recordings that preceded it…commence complete mind melt in 3… 2… 1… (Robert) (13-song cassette, lyrics included, societyproblem.bandcamp.com)

SODA – *Lisa Asks The Questions* – The first two songs on this tape tend to get lost in their effects. SODA plays shoegazey-style indie rock that feels like it has too much going on and you can never just get lost in the song. Instead, you get lost in the myriad of guitar effects and blasé, reverb-caked vocals. Side two is a side-long clusterfuck that truly goes overboard with effects, drum machines, the band singing over the BEACH BOYS' "Good Vibrations," backmasking, experimentation and so much more. It walks that thin line between interesting and exhausting with the release unfortunately falling over into the latter territory. The tape ends with a wholly unnecessary deconstruction of ROBERT PALMER's "Addicted To Love." (Greg) (3-song cassette, lyrics not included, c/o Meredith Kite, 929 NE 6th Ave., Gainesville, FL 32601, sodagainesville.bandcamp.com)

SPELLS – *Jet Set/A Huevo* – This is a cassingle which, judging from the cover, I assumed to be math rock. I just got that feeling from the artwork! But it's feel-good party melodic hardcore, complete with male and female gang backup vocals. "Jet Set," the A-side, is about going other places and general longing to be elsewhere. It features a tambourine, as well as the requisite punk instruments, and has a fake out ending, chorus repeat reprise. "A Huevo," the other side, is yet again about travel, but specifically Mexico, complete with a Spanish four count, and backup shouts of "Arriba." (Mike) (2-song cassingle, lyrics not included, spellsrules.bandcamp.com)

SPLIT VEINS – *Demonstration Tape* – From the art, I would have guessed that this was a USHC band playing Japanese-style noise punk; turns out they're based out of London. These guys inject mid-tempo mosh parts into the usual blazingly fast noisecore blueprint, bellowing unintelligible lyrics over it, all in delayed tenor. Not afraid to drop a little wah / envelope filter on the guitar to fill out the soundscape. Dangly-earring wearers with tucked-in shirts take note. (Sean) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, split-veins.bandcamp.com, kzotty@yahoo.com)

TEENAGE CHAINSAW – *Is A Buzzkill* – Sloshy, sloppy garage punk from Philly. More RAMONES than Burger Records, plus a touch of '80s hardcore. The guitarist and drummer switch off vocal duties on a few songs, but I'm a sucker for those of the high-pitched, bratty, yelping, urgent variety featured on the majority of tracks, like opener "Yr Dumb" and "Pissed Off." This rules, and I can totally imagine the band banging away in some dank Philly basement on a weekday night way too late. (Sean) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, teenagechainsaw.bandcamp.com)

TOWANDA – *Black Sheep* – The comparisons to a handful of female powerhouses are inevitable, and Montreal's TOWANDA do indeed fall somewhere between the bluesy low end sludge of BABES IN TOYLAND and the irreverent determination of a litany of bands under the Riot Grrrl umbrella….*but*. Listen to the guitar? Compare that shit to *anything* and you'll be doing a disservice—distorted and mangled beyond any recognizable version of a six-stringed battle axe until the sound that comes out is simply a rumble of ugly low end. Vocals come in bursts with the swagger of Belinda Carlisle fronting MUDHONEY, and this shit has so much swing that I can hardly stand it. Whatever song I said was my favorite song of the month somewhere else in these reviews has just been relegated to runner-up status, because "Slacker" is the undeniable fukkn jam. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, R. Gripton, 4832b Parc Avenue, Montreal, QC H2V 4E6 CANADA, paxxomelon@hotmail.com)

TV STATIC – *Beware The Moon* – Ill slacker fuzz punk from the Bay. Pop enough to be cola-freak addictive, edgy enough to be punk. I've seen TV STATIC a few times live and they never disappoint. You would be doing yourself a grave diservice if they are in your town and you miss them. This EP will hold you over quite sufficiently. Ryan is a new drummer for the three-piece and he simply devastates for this tried-and-true sound. George on bass packs a wallop with a rhythm from Coney Island all the way to Playland Ocean Beach. Davide shreds every song as if it were his last. You know what I'm talking about; get into this band now and GABA GABA, Never Forget. (Jason) (5-song CD, lyrics not included, outloudrecords.bandcamp.com)

UNREAL THOUGHT – *Isolate the Mind* – I feel like I ask this question every month, but *what the fukk is going on in Nova Scotia*?!?! This time around it's the killer NEGATIVE RAGE cassingle and this infectious burner from UNREAL THOUGHT. Cold, deliberate sounds with affected guitars and sharp spoken/sung vocals all propelled forward by a snappy drum attack reminiscent of CRIMINAL CODE. Methinks that this gets filed amongst the current dark punk resurgence, but UNREAL THOUGHT will shine a bright ass light on most of that shit. "Lost in Time" might be the track of the month. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, unrealthought.bandcamp.com, cody_cross@hotmail.com)

WEAKWICK – *For Show* – This full-length tape release starts out with a tonal ambient soundscape that slowly builds tension until the rest of the instruments break in and reassure us that we are, in fact, listening to music made by punks. Distorted, unintelligible vocals seem to bleed through the barriers of someone's bad dream to lead us through ten songs of ferociously precise experimental psychedelic hardcore. I don't mean they lead us, as in "show us the way," it's more like they pull us on a chain, running too fast through a forest of sound on an alien planet, on acid. The dream-state vocals channel the singing style of the vocalist from LIARS, while the music is more in the vein of USAISAMONSTER or ONEIDA. Unusual time signatures, plus a billion different effects on everything, combined with insane skill and imagination really make this tape stick. (Heather) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, weakwickduo@gmail.com, weakwick.bandcamp.com)

V/A – *This Is West Coast: Hell Tight Fer Dayz 'N Shit* – This thing is pretty epic, especially for such a limited release. Massive double cassette compilation of a ton of West Coast punk and hardcore acts, including: CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, NUDES, RAD, BI-MARKS, the LIGHT, SIDE EFFECTS, RAW NERVES, REPLICA and a shitpile of bands you've never fukkn heard of. The quality here is shockingly high for a fifty some-odd band comp with somewhere around 100 tracks—punk, hardcore, thrash, garage…whatever you need, young punk. Life needs more comps like this one, *Hella Tight Fer Dayz* makes me stoked as shit. (Robert) (?-song double cassette, some lyrics included, fybsrecords.blogspot.com)

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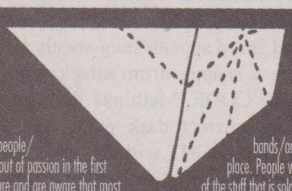

We like to meet people/ do what they do out of passion in the first underground culture and are aware that most that flag is total crap only made to make money. get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

bands/art/sport/etc. that place. People who believe in a of the stuff that is sold nowadays under And, if you feel you can write and relate,

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ZINES

Send zines for review to: ***MRR, PO Box 46760, San Francisco, CA 94146.*** *Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, if you take trades, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, and email address.*

Reviewers:
(AP) Ari Perezdiez
(DG) Dan Goetz
(DS) Dionne Stevens
(DV) Diana Vashti
(DZ) Ryan Modee
(EC) E. Conner
(EW) Eli Wald
(GA) Grace Ambrose
(JB) Julia Booz
(JD) Justin Davisson
(JM) Jeff Mason
(KC) Kyle Canyon
(LA) Lydia Athanasopoulos
(MM) Marissa Magic
(MR) Mikey Minicomix
(OG) Oscar Gutierrez

CAR VS. PEDESTRIAN
26 pgs
This zine is a two-person effort, each telling their different stories about getting hit by a car, which really made me cringe and consider not reading it. I think most of us know several people who have been hit by cars. Many survive, most are a little bit fucked up from the accident, and some are just dead now. I went ahead and read it anyway. It's not exactly a punk zine, but it's a good read. I think we could all use a reminder to be really careful in this terrible world. I'm going to sound like a complete dick, and I certainly can't pretend that I don't do stupid shit all the time, but don't text while crossing the street. Nope, not even if you have a green light, a walk sign, a crossing guard, or anything. It's probably my least favorite thing that I see being done constantly. Dang, y' all. (DZ)
mark@monstark.com / catherinettezine@gmail.com

CATHERINETTE #1
free / 20 pgs
I can't figure out whom this zine is intended for. There're some stories of being really direct when hitting on people, but they only have sad endings with no hooking up, or worse, shitty sex! There're some "instructions" on how to approach BDSM if you are new to the game, and a general declaration of independence on being both a harlot and a homebody as the subtitle describes. Some celebration of spinsterhood, but both of these authors talk about their partners. Aren't spinsters supposed to be single? There's definitely a tone of defiance and feminism (maybe I'm reading into it too hard) but the kind that Ari calls cupcake feminism. Like they can't stop talking about Victorian lace-up boots and other flowery dress-up clothes. Ugh. Can't say I would recommend this, it's sort of dribbley and uncertain. Plus: c'mon if you are going to tell me how to hit on someone, give me an example where it *worked*. (JB)
catherinettezine@gmail.com

CRETINS OF DISTORTION #6
$7 ppd / 22 pgs
The person responsible for producing *Cretins of Distortion* is doing something so right! Please allow me to gush for a moment: upon returning to this reviewer position after a two-year hiatus, to have my box be "Graced" only by the finest fanzines photo-copied in the US is a sweet welcome home. The Midwest is a world that I know little of through personal experience; just what I have read in oral histories and music mostly, always assuming that shit is wretched and therefore, inspiring. *Cretins of Distortion* is a fabulous example of that (assumed) disgust transformed into insight and vivification. It starts off with a solid essay about keeping it real in the modern age of the instant asshole. In this issue you get interviews with bands Pagan Piss and CHUD, as well as an editorial piece that will likely lead the reader to explore new sounds, reviews and a superstumper crossword puzzle about the Midwest punk. The layout is a perfect mix of cut'n'paste and photo collage in the classic fanzine style—I want to read more. (DS)
Emmy Ramone / 2656 Dayton Ave. / Columbus / OH 43202

DISPOSABLE #3 & #4
$4 / 24 pgs
DISPOSABLE is a photo and collage zine out of Seattle, documenting some of the most important and shape-shifting bands currently in punk. Yeah, photo zines become redundant and, at times, literally disposable after the first pass, but the essence of this zine makes me both excited and grateful for the current documentation in punk. *DISPOSABLE* includes photos of Lebenden Toten, White Wards, Tercer Mundo, and S.H.I.T. amongst others under my list of favorite fucked up music. I enjoyed *DISPOSABLE* and as much as I think all photo zines should never quit, I definitely don't think this one should give out any time soon. Oh, those collages are pretty cool too! (OG)
disposablefanzine.tumblr.com

EQUALIZING X DISTORT Vol. 15 #1
The other great punk radio show that does the other cool punk zine, is at it again. This whole issue is dedicated to an interview with School Jerks that was supposed to run in this rag, but never came to be. The interview covers the whole history of the band, as well as a pretty interesting "members of" flow chart. There's also some cool talk about different scenes, including a secret spot under a bridge in Toronto, and the old Silenzio Statico house in LA. There's a song-by-song break down of the "new LP" which at this point is three years old, but still probably one of the best hardcore records of this decade. If you wanna get fucking bummed out and miss School Jerks, then you should check out this zine. (KC)
equalizingxdistort@gmail.com / equalizingxdistort.blogspot.com

GHOST PINE: BOYS #13
$4 ppd / 56 pgs
Nostalgia is a b-word. So often it's perceived as some kind of delicate moment. Wind coming through the

windows and moving the curtains softly while you lift the tea cup to your stupid face and breathe in the perfume of your own fresh dump of revisionist history. This kind of la-la-landia is dangerous and even potentially disastrous. Disclaimers aside, nostalgia has its purpose. Remembering, though inherently toxic, is like all bad things: plenty fine in small doses especially when applied medicinally. Jeff has been penning these short stories for years now. Writing from his small town '90s emo hell and then moving to the big wide city and of course cataloging his romps 'round the world in between all that. *BOYS* is a look back and dwells on precious moments. There are plenty of big-eyed tales full of fraternal love. The issue culminates in eleven short pieces eulogizing Will Munro. Munro was a crucial figure in Toronto's freak scene for years and Jeff's deep love and memory is sweetly articulated. I've always appreciated Jeff's consistent aesthetic and this issue is, of course, no different. This issue is 1/4 size as all the others, and features limited/no graphics but instead is flourished by titles showcasing a (probably) obscene Letraset collection. (EC)
jeff@thearchive.ca

ISOLATED DISTORT #4
A good read from the land of cheese, beer and "The Crusher" Lisowski—Milwaukee that is. This is focused on a ton of grindcore, black metal and even underground hip-hop, as well as dark ambient. The layout is nice and easy to follow (and it helps that there're obscure *Simpsons* characters like Roy and images from Ralph Bakshi's *Lord of the Rings* on a few pages). The music reviews cover more a mix of metal and grind than crust (as I would've expected more of the latter, given the zine title). Specifically, reviews of "blackened faerical punkers" Nuit Noire, legends like Amebix, the-oft bootlegged Moonblood, the dodgy Goatpenis, and grinders Sixbrewbantha. And later there are another few pages with more reviews of metal, grind, and a few punk records. But this doesn't limit itself musically, as this also has a short interview with Chicago rapper, simply called God (whose music and attitude seemed kinda generic). More up my alley was the interview with "dungeon synth" artist, Lord Lovidicus, who gets really in-depth with his recording process and inspirations, musical and otherwise (the excess of CGI in *The Hobbit* films, as well as how winter effects making his creation process. And really, what's not to love about a zine that has a cartoon of Moe Szyslak as a tall elf Yoda? (JD)
truthdecay.storenvy.com / milano.nicholas@gmail.com

MODULATOR/DEMODULATOR #1
free / 15 pgs
Just a warning: this is a book of short poetry about computers and web sites and shit. It looks like a school project, especially because it's a bound book with floppy disks for covers. That part is actually kind of cool looking. As a person who isn't *against* poetry but is hesitant to endorse it, I think only die-hards would really like this. Especially if you are into old-ish technology and you appreciate somewhat vague writing that is sometimes about clicking and being at the library. I'll spoil it by including the best poem here: "Checkbox: Few things say Love Like Yes Sign me up for your e-mail newsletter." It actually looks a lot cooler on the page because there's a lot of blank space so you sort of wait to read it. Or something. (JB)
Nicolas Kostas Kratsas / 2076 W 89th St. / Cleveland / OH 44102

NOT LIKE YOU #3
$4 ppd in the US / 40 pgs
This is a pretty cool hardcore zine coming out of Albuquerque, zeroing in on NYHC and skate punk thrashers old and new. Well, mostly old. Though we get rolling with an interview with Rev Records riffers Soul Search, the focus in Issue #3 is on older bands dating back to 1980s USHC. I'm perfectly cool with this, maybe because all the bands interviewed are still touring at least semi-regularly and putting out records. If you open this up, look forward to some enthusiastic interviews with SNFU, Final Conflict, the Loud Ones, Beyond and Bl'ast! The reviews section covers new records and demos, as well as reissues of everyone from PF Commando to YDI. Stay punk in New Mexico! (EW)
102 Richmond Ave SE, Albuquerque, NM 87106 / notlikeyouzine@gmail.com / notlikeyourecords.com

NUTS! #15
$4 / onesheet
Some freaks read lifestyle blogs and watch TV to stay au currant and vicariously connect to youth culture. With pride, I do declare that what the tabloids say is hot is not usually relevant to my life, even as I wither on my hammock in the sun. My ripening ass believes in DIY and the punks, still, and I will not stray in this lifetime. *Nuts!* refills me with that "not dead yet" warmness and admiration for something real-er and better than popular culture could ever shit upon. At some point in my early years of reviewing for this section of the magazine, I must have mentioned that the one-sheet is like my favorite format in the zine universe. It feels so cool, sliding beneath my calloused fingertip. The fanzine basics adorn this folded-open page: NYC shows and music reviews, an interview—this time with Blazing Eye—a bit of art, and a concise "punk book" reviews section is presented by one of my favorite young minds, Golnar Nikpour—perhaps you have read her stuff. I also found the "Teen Talk" section to be super helpful; while the poster sized drawing of a (bad) cop being gripped by death is totally awesome and will forever live, taped to my wall! (DS)
PO Box 1959 / New York / NY 10013

PUS, Spring 2015
$3 / 40 pgs
A neat first installment for Clevo-based artist, punk and zinester, Nathan Ward. Perhaps you have seen his art in *MRR*—he was also in our Art Issue last month. *PUS* includes interviews, comix (by Nathan and guests), photography, record and movie reviews, a couple ads and a glossy hand-drawn cover. The layout is minimal without being too scrappy. A bit less of the word.doc format would be nice, but hey, a lot of the times, the first issue is about getting it out there and learning what to improve for the next issue. I liked the handwritten parts, and thought the back cover, subtitled "Better Than Maximum Rcok n Roll!!" [sic] was hilarious! The interviews were by far the most interesting, as the questions were well researched and the interviewees obviously seem to enjoy this—it makes for a good read. In this issue, conversations with Food Fortunata of Sockeye, John Morton of legendary Electric Eels and X__X, and Craig Willis Bell of Mirrors, Rocket from the Crypt and, most recently, of revived X__X. Nathan's editing and formatting is sharp (does reading *MRR* have anything to do with this I wonder?), though the Xeroxed photos could have used some light editing, to do them better justice, as the shows depicted all seem radical and fun. It was interesting to see

how Yes-Yes' handwriting deteriorates (though still legible) as the record reviews progress—makes me think they were written in one listening session to capture the power of the records. I'd definitely wanna see more, not only because Clevo had and has a lot of unique punk history and activity, but also because Nathan seems to enjoy being part of the local scene there—and loving what you do always makes for better results I think. Pick this up, even if you ain't from there—it's worth a read. (LA)
nwardscomics@gmail.com/nwardcomics.storenvy.com

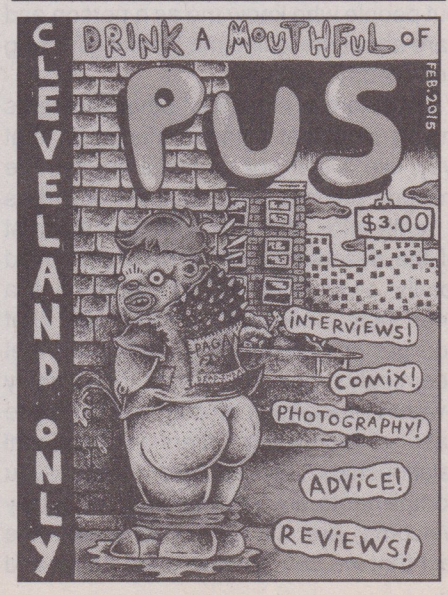
THE RE(A)D ZONE #23
10 pgs
Most of this French zine consists of interviews with George Tabb and '80s NYHC photographer Bri Hurley (following the release of his photobook), both of which are in English save the introductions, whereas the rest of this zine is in French. The questions are somewhat uninformed and not always relevant, and Hurley's perspective shows a flippant disregard for what history and hindsight has deemed important, taking more of a "this is what I saw" stance. George Tabb is factually challenged and claims that Raybeez sang for Urban Waste, and his interview largely focuses on his musical history, which is primarily of interest to any Roach Motel fans or readers of his column in these pages. (DG)
no info

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING #71
2 stamps or trade / 32 pgs
Very nostalgic issue here, not necessarily in a bad way. The whole issue focuses on the scenes between Massillon, Cleveland and Akron. The local bands and the details (and I do mean details) of their shows and discographies…mostly from memory. I gotta say, I'm not that interested, although I think this would be rad for other people who were around in the mid to late '90s in this area. The issue does look really nice, with a tight layout of carefully placed typewriter font words and pictures. The best part is the listing and descriptions of the local zines at the time. I'd love to see some of them but they seem pretty hard to get a hold of if you weren't there. (JB)
516 Third St. NE / Massillon / OH 44646

TEN MOMENT FOTOZINE #2
42 pgs
...of photos from shows around Poland that date back to the early 2000s. Local and international bands, great quality photos with good definition and a range of shades (though a few are too dark), and the up-close shots capture the exhilaration of live DIY punk quite well. (DG)
fshutslonca@poczta.fm

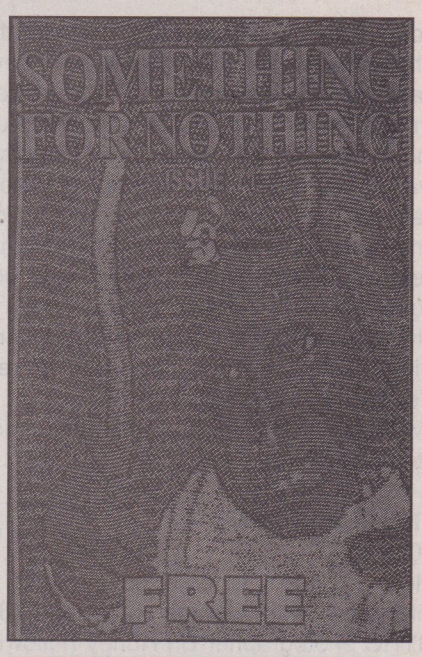
TERMBO Issue-01
$6 ppd in the US / 36 pgs
Good old *Terminal Boredom*, home of marginal music on the web and now in print. This, the first issue of a promised "at least a couple," compiles articles and interviews from a range of Termbo contributors. There's a little bit of an editorial statement at the beginning—this will not be supplanting the Termbo online coverage, some things "just look better on paper," ya dig? The mag kicks off with an interview with Jimbo Easter (fans of Timmy Vulgar, take note), whose drawings pop up throughout the rest of the zine before delving into a variety of reviews (records, movies), an extended contextualization of everyone's favorite Black Flag record, *What the…*, (complete with a helpful list of Greg Ginn's 2013 discography), and a tribute to White Load, including what I consider to be one of the iconic punk photographs of our times (which was the centerfold of one of my own zines a few years back!), charmingly pixelated here. Of course, there are the requisite musings on Skull Music (long may it ride) with one of its progenitors, Jim of the FNU Ronnies, and thankfully, Rob Vertigo's TV As Eyes column from the site makes it into print. This is as terminally male as anything else associated with these termbozos, but somehow, I don't mind. Early copies came with another zine—*Terminal Boredom: The Early Years*–which compiled interviews from the nascent days of the site. I took long enough with this review (sorry!) that issue #2 is apparently just over the horizon. (GA)
301 Tremaine Ave, Kenmore, NY 14217 / termibore@aol.com / terminal-boredom.com

THINGS MEN HAVE TOLD ME ABOUT MY BODY
32 pgs
So this zine is mainly anecdotes on, as the title suggests, things that men have said about other people's bodies. There are some cool things about this zine, and then some shit I just find perplexing. I like it because, while it definitely touches on insults and street harassment, it also



touches on things like concern trolling ("you look too young and healthy to be in a wheelchair!"), gender variances ("you should dress as a male, it would be easier") and just a lot of general none-of-your-fucking-business shit. While I think it's really fucking cool to move beyond the scope of sexual harassment, it seems to reach beyond awful/weird things men have said to these writers, into a realm of things said that I can't tell if this zine is like trying to say that men should *never* say anything about women's bodies—positive or negative—or, and I do feel so fucking weird about saying this, that it seems like some of these writers can't take a compliment; like even stuff that seems like it would be positive or nice is being perceived as being fucked up. Generally zines addressing things men have said about women's bodies have the implied context that things that were said are a bummer or awful. It's weird to me to have the *"your-hair-looks-good-in-that-ponytail guy that I'm seeing"* presented in the same context as the *"you-fat-bitch homeless man I passed by without giving change to,"* because it implies that both things are negative, and is it really a bummer to have your partner compliment you on your hairstyle? For real, my boyfriend compliments me on my butt all the time because my butt rules and honestly it would be weird to me if he didn't say nice things about it, but a random fucking dude on the street that I don't know telling me about my awesome butt is completely unwelcome and a fucking gross downer. It's because when the random guy says that then I become nothing but a body he'd like to fuck, guy doesn't give a shit about me otherwise; but people who know me as a person and care about me telling me I looking fucking good today is great.

There are a couple of other moments in this zine that I find confusing in that way, like a story of an awful date where the guy commented that the writer "has a really nice clavicle." Granted the rest of the description of the date did sound totally awful, but feeling bad about a seemingly innocent compliment that you get on a date? The implication that seemingly genuine, not necessarily I-want-to-fuck-you compliments (or in the case of significant others in functional relationships, I feel like I-want-to-fuck-you compliments are pretty chill if not totally welcome) are still fucked up erases the fact that we can be smart and funny and interesting and creative and have a body that is real and have style that is probably pretty fucking cool and that sometimes our friends or family just want to tell us about it; it denies that there are people in our lives who care about us and know us as people and want us to know that they find our butts attractive. It's true that people who give a shit about us can still say awful things, like when this guy I dated briefly years ago commented on my blackheads right after we finished having sex (I swiftly pointed out that he was being a turd). But really, finding every comment about one's body hurtful across the board seems destructive. I mean, I get it that this shit is complex and people feel differently and react differently, and context and details make a huge difference, but for reals, not all body comments are negative, they don't all have to make you feel like shit. In the right context from the right people in the right ways they can be appreciative, they can be nice, they can be loving. (MM)
catherinettezine@gmail.com



PUNK

MIMI THI NGUYEN
GOLNAR NIKPOUR

Punk is an unwieldy object of study – because of fictions that circulate as truth, absences in archives and the questionable subject of recovery, and the passage of "minor" details into fields of knowledge. A conversation between Mimi Thi Nguyen and Golnar Nikpour about the politics of methodology, and historiography, of subculture. Now in its second printing!

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RAZOR CAKE

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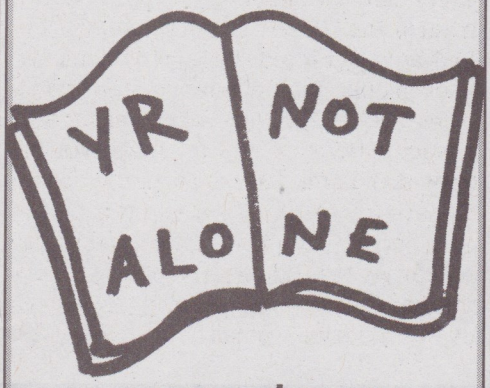

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SCENIC
★ PRESENTS ★
NEW YORK CITY

GANG GREEN
ANTAGONIZERS ATL / DRUG SHOCK / GÖZER
APRIL 18TH @ THE GRAND VICTORY

THE PARTISANS
CHEM-TRAILS/OPPOSITION RISING / ALL TORN UP!
APRIL 25TH @ THE GRAND VICTORY - SOLD OUT

ROUGH FRANCIS
PIONEERS OF SEDUCTION / GÖZER
MAY 9TH @ THE GRAND VICTORY

EDDIE SPAGHETTI
(THE SUPERSUCKERS)
MAY 16TH @ THE GRAND VICTORY

JEFF ROSENSTOCK
MAY 30TH @ BROOKLYN NIGHT BAZAAR - FREE! ALL AGES!

JACK OBLIVIAN & THE SHEIKS
JUNE 26 @ THE GRAND VICTORY

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ABC NO RIO
SATURDAY MATINEE
3:00PM
156 RIVINGTON STREET LES || NYC
ALL-AGES $7

NO BOOZE
NO DRUGS
NO STUPIDITY

SHOW INFO + BOOKING QUERIES:
WWW.ABCNORIO.ORG/PUNK

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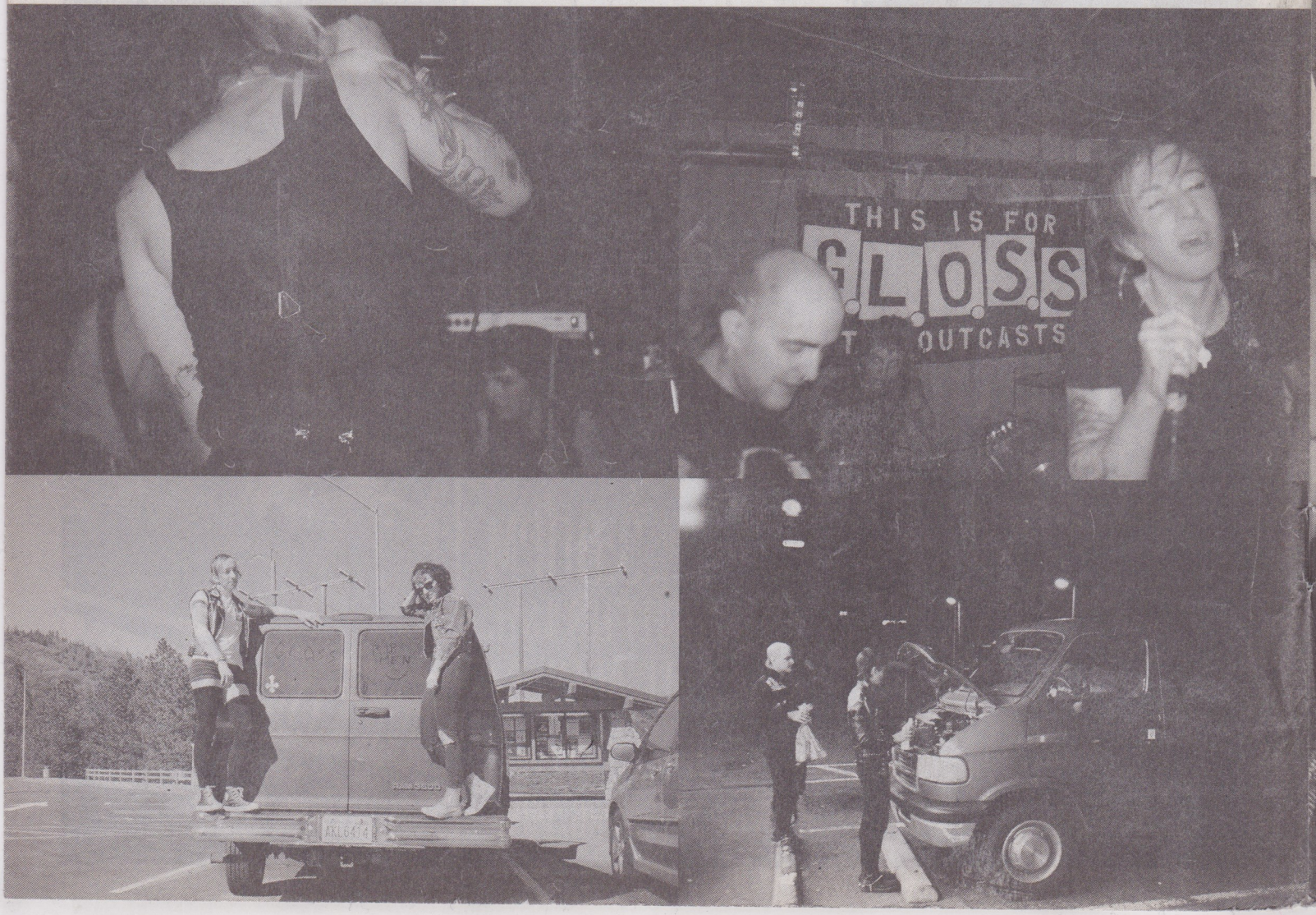
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